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HARRIS ACCUSES ROTTEN; CONTRACT FARCE HOTS UP. P3.

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

EAGLES, GABRIEL, CLAPTON DATES

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: A STAR IS STYMIED

Interview page 7

Pic: Allan Tannenbaum

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending March 26, 1977

This Week	Last		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(3)	KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU — Abba (Epic)	4	1
2	(1)	CHANSON D'AMOUR — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	7	1
3	(8)	WHEN — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	3
4	(6)	SOUND AND VISION — David Bowie (RCA)	6	4
5	(12)	MOODY BLUE — Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	5
6	(2)	BOOGIE NIGHTS — Heatwave (GTO)	8	2
7	(4)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS — Mary MacGregor (Ariola)	5	4
8	(—)	GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN — David Soul (Private Stock)	1	8
9	(11)	ROCKARIA — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	9
10	(7)	ROMEO — Mr.Big (EMI)	6	4
11	(25)	MY KINDA LIFE — Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	11
12	(28)	SUNNY — Boney M (Atlantic)	2	12
13	(—)	I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU — Berni Flint (EMI)	1	13
14	(10)	BABY I KNOW — Rubettes (State)	5	10
15	(29)	LOVE HIT ME — Maxine Nightingale (United Artists)	2	15
16	(9)	THIS IS TOMORROW — Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	6	9
17	(13)	WHAT CAN I SAY — Boz Scaggs (CBS)	8	11
18	(26)	OH BOY — Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	2	18
19	(—)	RED SPELLS DANGER — Billy Ocean (GTO)	1	19
20	(20)	SATURDAY NITE — Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	19
21	(18)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY — Thelma Houston (Motown)	8	14
22	(—)	LOVE IN C MINOR — Cerrone (Atlantic)	1	22
23	(17)	SING ME — The Brothers (Bus Stop)	9	10
24	(30)	LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE — Smokie (Rak)	2	24
25	(—)	TIE YOUR MOTHER DOWN — Queen (EMI)	1	25
26	(23)	CRAZY WATER — Elton John (Rocket)	3	23
27	(—)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR — Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis (ABC)	1	27
28	(19)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US — David Soul (Private Stock)	13	1
29	(—)	HOLD BACK THE NIGHT — Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo)	1	29
30	(—)	MORE THAN A LOVER — Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

TEAR ME APART . Suzi Quatro (RAK); GIMME SOME — Brendon (Magnet); DOUBLE DUTCH — Fatback Band (Spring); BECAUSE — Demis Roussos (Philips); ROCK BOTTOM — Lynsey De Paul & Mike Moran (Polydor).

ALBUMS

Week ending March 26, 1977

This Week	Last		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS (EMI)	8	1
2	(5)	ARRIVAL — Abba (Epic)	18	1
3	(14)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	3	3
4	(4)	ANIMALS — Pink Floyd (Harvest)	7	2
5	(2)	ENDLESS FLIGHT — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	11	2
6	(3)	20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS — (K-Tel)	7	3
7	(7)	STATUS QUO LIVE — (Phonogram)	4	7
8	(8)	IN YOUR MIND — Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	5	8
9	(6)	EVITA — Various Artists (MCA)	11	1
10	(10)	LOW — David Bowie (RCA)	10	7
11	(9)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	5	8
12	(15)	COMING OUT — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	2	12
13	(12)	ABBA GREATEST HITS — (Epic)	51	1
14	(18)	PETER GABRIEL — (Charisma)	2	14
15	(21)	A NEW WORLD RECORD — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	16	8
16	(16)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE — Stevie Wonder (Motown)	23	2
17	(—)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS — (Polydor)	1	17
18	(17)	VISION — Don Williams (ABC)	3	15
19	(13)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA — Eagles (Asylum)	13	4
20	(11)	DAVID SOUL — (Private Stock)	16	2
21	(—)	DAMNED DAMNED DAMNED — Damned (Stiff)	1	21
22	(25)	WINGS OVER AMERICA — (EMI)	12	8
23	(30)	EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY — Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	23
24	(28)	THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER II (RCA)	2	24
25	(22)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD — Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	5	18
26	(26)	BEST OF LENA MARTELL — (Pye)	4	26
27	(—)	BURNING SKY — Bad Company (Island)	1	27
28	(27)	WIND AND WUTHERING — Genesis (Charisma)	11	8
29	(20)	BOSTON — (Epic)	7	12
30	(24)	RED RIVER VALLEY — Slim Whitman (United Artists)	11	1

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

SONGWRITER — Justin Hayward (Deram); SILK DEGREES — Boz Scaggs (CBS); IN FLIGHT — George Benson (Warner Bros); AN EVENING WITH DIANA ROSS — Diana Ross (Motown); PLACE IN THE SUN — Pablo Cruise (A&M) FUN HOUSE — The Stooges (Elektra).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 26, 1977

This Week	Last	
1	(3)	RICH GIRL — Daryl Hall & John Oates
2	(1)	LOVE THEME FROM 'A STAR IS BORN' — Barbra Streisand
3	(4)	DANCING QUEEN — Abba
4	(5)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US — David Soul
5	(6)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY — Thelma Houston
6	(8)	THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE — 10cc
7	(7)	CARRY ON WAYWARD — Kansas
8	(2)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS — Mary MacGregor
9	(9)	I LIKE DREAMIN' — Kenny Nolan
10	(14)	SO IN TO YOU — Atlanta Rythm Section
11	(13)	MAYBE I'M AMAZED — Wings
12	(10)	YEAR OF THE CAT — Al Stewart
13	(20)	I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND — Natalie Cole
14	(27)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS — Glen Campbell
15	(16)	SAY YOU'LL STAY UNTIL TOMORROW — Tom Jones
16	(28)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA — Eagles
17	(18)	DO YA — Electric Light Orchestra
18	(19)	THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST — Rod Stewart
19	(22)	HERE COME THOSE TEARS AGAIN — Jackson Browne
20	(24)	RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT — Jennifer Warnes
21	(21)	FREE — Deniece Williams
22	(25)	DISCO LUCY — Wilton Place Street Band
23	(26)	TRYIN' TO LOVE TWO — William Bell
24	(17)	CRACKERBOX PALACE — George Harrison
25	(12)	LONG TIME — Boston
26	(11)	NIGHT MOVES — Bob Seger
27	(—)	LIDO SHUFFLE — Boz Scaggs
28	(30)	ALL STRUNG OUT ON YOU — John Travolta
29	(—)	WHEN I NEED YOU — Leo Sayer
30	(—)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND — Barry Manilow

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 26, 1977

This Week	Last	
1	(2)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac
2	(1)	A STAR IS BORN — Streisand, Kristofferson
3	(3)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA — Eagles
4	(5)	BOSTON — Boston
5	(4)	ANIMALS — Pink Floyd
6	(15)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU — Barry Manilow
7	(6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE — Stevie Wonder
8	(9)	LOVE AT THE GREEK — Neil Diamond
9	(10)	LEFTOVERTURE — Kansas
10	(8)	NIGHT MOVES — Bob Seger
11	(12)	IN FLIGHT — George Benson
12	(7)	YEAR OF THE CAT — Al Stewart
13	(14)	ASK RUFUS — Rufus featuring Chaka Khan
14	(11)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE — Steve Miller Band
15	(13)	GREATEST HITS — Linda Ronstadt
16	(18)	UNPREDICTABLE — Natalie Cole
17	(21)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD — Jethro Tull
18	(23)	JOHN DENVER'S GREATEST HITS VOL 2 — John Denver
19	(16)	A NEW WORLD RECORD — Electric Light Orchestra
20	(17)	WINGS OVER AMERICA — Wings
21	(20)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES — Doobie Brothers
22	(19)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE — Peter Frampton
23	(24)	WIND & WUTHERING — Genesis
24	(27)	ROOTS — Quincy Jones
25	(25)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER — Kiss
26	(22)	LOW — David Bowie
27	(26)	TEJAS — ZZ Top
28	(28)	A DAY AT THE RACES — Queen
29	(30)	THE PRETENDER — Jackson Browne
30	(29)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS — Mary MacGregor

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 25, 1972

Last Week	This	
1	1	WITHOUT YOU — Nilsson (RCA)
3	2	BEG, STEAL OR BORROW — New Seekers (Polydor)
2	3	AMERICAN PIE — Don McLean (United Artists)
6	4	ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY) — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
8	5	MEET ME ON THE CORNER — Lindisfarne (Charisma)
7	6	MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION — Paul Simon (CBS)
4	7	GOT TO BE THERE — Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
5	8	SON OF MY FATHER — Chicory Tip (CBS)
19	9	HOLD YOUR HEAD UP — Argent (Epic)
11	10	I CAN'T HELP MYSELF — Donnie Elbert (Avco)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 25, 1967

Last Week	This	
1	-1	RELEASE ME — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
4	2	EDELWEISS — Vince Hill (Columbia)
3	3	THIS IS MY SONG — Harry Secombe (Philips)
2	5	PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS — Beatles (Parlophone)
5	6	ON A CAROUSEL — Hollies (Parlophone)
14	7	SIMON SMITH AND HIS AMAZING DANCING BEAR — Alan Price Set (Decca)
8	8	GEORGY GIRL — Seekers (Columbia)
6	9	THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH — Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
16	10	I WAS KAISER BILL'S BATMAN — Whistling Jack Smith (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 23, 1962.

Last Week	This	
1	1	WONDERFUL LAND — Shadows (Columbia)
3	2	TELL ME WHAT HE SAID — Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
5	3	CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE — Elvis Presley (RSA)
2	4	MARCH OF THE SIAMESE CHILDREN — Kenny Ball (Pye)
4	5	LET'S TWIST AGAIN — Chubby Checker (Columbia)
6	6	WIMOWEH — Karl Denver (Decca)
9	7	A HOLE IN THE GROUND — Bernard Cribbins (Parlophone)
10	8	TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY — Sam Cooke (RSA)
21	9	HEY BABY — Bruce Channel (Mercury)
12	10	DREAM BABY — Roy Orbison (London)

News Desk **Edited: Derek Johnson**

HARRIS ACCUSES ROTTEN

Was this why A&M dumped the Sex Pistols?

THE SEX PISTOLS' incredible sacking by A&M Records, only one week after they signed to the label, is still clouded by conflicting explanations. Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren insists he has been given no official reason, and A&M have made only the barest announcement of the contract termination.

An incident at London's Speakeasy Club, in the small hours of March 12 is thought by many to have been the principal cause. Members of the Pistols and their entourage were at the club when a scuffle broke out in which DJ Bob Harris was cut and bruised and recording engineer George Nicholson — who was with Harris — needed 14 stitches in a cut on his forehead.

Harris said on Monday: "A blond member of the Pistols' party approached me and asked when I was going to play their record on 'Whistle Test'. When I ignored him I was punched."

He alleged that the Pistols' Johnny Rotten then attacked Nicholson with a glass, which was shattered on his head.

"I can't say any more because our solicitors have now been consulted," added Harris.

Reports of "drunken behaviour" by the Pistols at an official A&M reception 24 hours earlier apparently did not, at the time, provoke any action by the company. This adds credence to the theory that the Speakeasy incident was the primary cause of the sacking.

McLaren admitted that the Speakeasy incident could have affected A&M's decision to some extent, but maintained that stories about Bob Harris being injured were untrue.

"I don't believe that the Speakeasy affair was the real reason," McLaren told *NME*. "I think I would simply have been carpeted if that were so. I think it's more a case of industrial blackmail, involving dissent from other artists on the A&M label, who couldn't associate themselves with the Pistols' behaviour.

"The decision was definitely made in Britain by Derek Green. I had previously seen A&M bosses Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss in America, and they were very enthusiastic about signing the Pistols, though admittedly they hadn't heard their new single at the time.

"I know for a fact that A&M received a rude telex from Rick Wakeman complaining about the Pistols deal."

An A&M spokesman denied that the attitude of other artists was in any way responsible for the sacking, dismissing reports that Karen Carpenter and Peter Frampton had also shown disapproval. The Frampton link would appear the most logical, in that he is managed by Dee Anthony — with whom Bob Harris's manager, Philip Roberge, is associated.

Reports that the Pistols were given a £75,000 pay-off by A&M, to add to the £50,000 they collected from their EMI sacking earlier in the year, were confirmed by McLaren — althought A&M refuse to comment.

It is understood that 25,000 copies of the group's single "God Save The Queen" had been pressed. These will now be destroyed, but the Pistols retain rights to the original tape.

So what happens now? Said McLaren: "Our lawyer advised us to sign the A&M release document because, if we insisted on sticking to the contract, they would simply have refused to issue any of our product. I can assure you that other record companies are still interested in us, and I hope to negotiate a new deal before long.

"It's true we've received £125,000 this year for doing very little work — but it's not satisfying to us. We want to get back into action. But of course, for the time being we've had to postpone our plans for a London concert and overseas tours.

"We've made a complaint to the Musicians Union about A&M, but whether we can get support from any other musicians remains to be seen. Meanwhile, I can assure you that the Pistols have not blown it. They'll be back again soon."

McLaren added that he had been in touch with Jerry Moss, who said he had to support the British decision, which was based on "humane grounds". A&M's official statement on the sacking said simply that "its recording agreement with The Sex Pistols has been terminated with immediate effect. The company will therefore not be releasing any product from the group and has no further association with them." *(See also Teazers page 51)*

ERIC CLAPTON

Six gigs next month

SIX BRITISH CONCERTS by Eric Clapton and his band were announced this week by the Robert Stigwood Organisation and promoter Harvey Goldsmith.

They are Leicester De Montfort Hall (April 20), Manchester Belle Vue (21), Glasgow Apollo Centre (23), Newcastle City Hall (24) and London Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28). The gigs form part of a full European tour with, as previously reported, Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance as support act.

Clapton will also be appearing in a 40-minute "Old Grey Whistle Test" special screened by BBC-2 in early June. This will be the final programme in the current series.

Ticket prices for the London shows are £3.50, £3 and £2.50. At all other venues £3.50, £2.75 and £2. The Hammersmith gigs start at 8 pm; elsewhere at 7.30 pm.

Clapton's current band comprises George Terry (guitar), Carl Radle (bass), Jamie Oldaker (drums), Dick Sims (keyboards), Sergio Pastora (percussion) and Marcy Levy and Yvonne Elliman (vocals).

PETER GABRIEL

Debut concerts

PETER GABRIEL makes his British solo concert debut at the end on next month, following his current North American tour. Promoted by Harvey Goldsmith, he headlines at London Hammersmith Odeon (April 24, 25 and 26), Liverpool Empire (28) and Manchester Ardwick Apollo (29). A Scottish date may be added later.

The Hammersmith show starts at 8 pm; the two provincial gigs at 7.30 pm. All tickets go on sale this Saturday (26) at box-offices and through the usual agencies. Prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (London) and £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75 (Liverpool, Manchester).

Much of Gabriel's show centres around material from his solo album. Backed by his new seven-piece U.S. band, the concerts are his first live appearances in Britain since he played Wembley two years ago with Genesis in their "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway" show.

SMALL FACES

Reunion tour details

AFTER MORE THAN a year of on-off speculation, the Small Faces' comeback tour gets under way next month — though without Ronnie Lane. Confirming NME's exclusive forecast last week, the band are set for 11 concerts promoted by Mel Bush, who has also been appointed their manager.

It is eight years since the Small Faces last performed under that name. The one change from the famous '60s line-up is that Rick Wills plays bass in place of Ronnie Lane.

Dates are Sheffield City Hall (April 13), Preston Guildhall (14), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (16), Glasgow Apollo Centre (17), Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Liverpool Empire (21), Birmingham Odeon (23), Cardiff Capitol (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25) and London Rainbow (27). A second Rainbow date may be added later. Tickets are now on sale at all venues.

A Small Faces reunion picture, taken a few months ago before Ronnie Lane (second left) was declared "incompatible".

The Small Faces completed their reunion album six months ago, but it won't be released until after the tour in mid-May, as Bush is still negotiating a record deal. As well as previewing tracks from their upcoming elpee, the band also promises to perform some earlier material.

Bush revealed that he set up two tours for the Small Faces last year, but both had to be pulled out for contractual reasons. "The whole operation has been extremely delicate, and a great deal of money had to be paid out to release them from existing contracts", he said.

Asked why Ronnie Lane is not in the re-formed band, Bush commented: "It didn't work out — he wasn't compatible." So the 1977 line-up is Steve Marriott, Kenny Jones, Ian MacLagan — and Rick Wills.

Bush stressed that the Small Faces' get-together is not a one-off, but a permanent reunion. "In future I intend concentrating more on their management, and less on promoting concerts," he added.

COLLEGE DEMOS: THREAT TO GIGS

PROTESTS and sit-ins at colleges and polytechnics, already responsible for the cancellation of several gigs, could escalate into a major problem for agents and bands. The demos are aimed mainly at securing higher grants and fees — and if they gain momentum after the Easter vacation, as is threatened, tour itineraries could be thrown into chaos.

The Stranglers have lost gigs this month at Egham Royal Holloway College and North London Polytechnic, and Frankie Miller's Full House had dates scrapped at Canterbury Kent University and Bath University.

A spokesman for Albion Music, promoters of many college gigs, explained: "The trouble is that, when students are in occupation, they are not permitted any facilities and staff are withdrawn. It makes it impossible to stage shows under these circumstances. We are still booking college dates — but we fully expect some of them to be scrapped."

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FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST

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NME Book of Rock	95p	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£5.50	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.50
Paul McCartney 13 New Songs	£1.60	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
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EAGLES GIGS - OFFICIAL

BRITISH DATES, venues and booking arrangements have at last been announced officially by promoter Harvey Goldsmith, in association with Trinifold. The group are to play eight concerts here — four in London, and two each in Glasgow and Stafford.

It is the Eagles' first visit to Britain since they appeared in Elton John's Wembley special in 1975, and their first since Joe Walsh became a permanent member of the line-up. A new single, the title track from their hit album "Hotel California", is released to coincide.

Special guest on the tour is Dan Fogelberg.

Dates are WEMBLEY Empire Pool (April 25, 26, 27 and 28), GLASGOW Apollo Centre (30 and May 1) and STAFFORD New Bingley Hall (May 3 and 4).

Wembley tickets are available by post only from Eagles Box-Office, Empire Pool, Wembley, Middlesex. They are priced £4.25 and £3.75, plus some with obstructed views at £2.50. Tickets are restricted to four per person. Only Postal Orders will be accepted and these should be made payable to "Eagles Box-Office".

Glasgow also is accepting only mail order bookings, priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Applications should be addressed to the Apollo Box-Office.

Stafford tickets are all at the one price of £3.50. They are available by post from Eagles Box-Office, New Bingley Hall, Stafford — or from the usual ticket agencies as from today. (Enclose s.a.e. with all postal bookings).

Note that *Daily Mirror* Pop Club members have priority in bookings for the second London show and the first Stafford show. This priority lasts until tomorrow (Friday), when any remaining tickets go on sale to the general public. But meanwhile, *NME* readers would be advised to apply for alternative days.

Glenn Frey of the Eagles.

Weekly rock for Brighton

A SERIES OF late-night rock concerts are lined up for Brighton Embassy Cinema, to follow the last film performance. Initially they'll be on a weekly basis, Fridays or Saturdays — but eventually promoters Albion Music hope to extend this to both nights. First confirmed bookings are the Lew Lewis Band (April 9), The Jam (15), Meal Ticket (22), Heartbreakers (29), Vibrators (May 7) and Stranglers (21).

RECORD NEWS

'Top Secret' Beatles live LP

A TOP SECURITY blanket has been thrown around EMI's plans to release a Beatles live album in mid-spring. Reason for the secrecy isn't clear, as it's already known that original Beatles producer George Martin is currently re-mixing the tapes of their 1964-65 Hollywood Bowl Concerts, and that the Beatles themselves have given their go-agead for the project.

Nevertheless, EMI are adopting a "no comment" to all enquiries, and an official company spokesman told *NME*: "I'm not allowed to say anything about it". Release is understood to be planned for May, backed by massive TV promotion, utilising film footage from the actual Bowl concerts.

STRANGLERS' FREE SINGLE

TITLE OF the Stranglers' debut album has been changed from the previously announced "Dead On Arrival" to "Strangler IV — Rattus Norvegicus". United Artists have set April 15 for release, and the first 15,000 copies will include a free single featuring "Choosy Suzy" and live version of "Go Buddy Go". Among tracks on the album are "Grip", "London Lady", "Hanging Around", "Down In The Sewer" and "Peaches".

RCA-NEMS DEAL

RCA has signed a deal for the British marketing and distribution of the Nems and Immediate labels. Among first releases is the debut single "I Don't Care" by new wave band The Boys, out on April 7. RCA is also making available all Black Sabbath albums in the Nems catalogue. And in June, a new Immediate "Greatest Hits" series includes albums by Chris Farlowe, Humble Pie, Small Faces, P. P. Arnold, Amen Corner and Nice.

SUPERTRAMP: NEW ALBUM

THE NEW Supertramp album "Even In The Quietest Moments", produced by the band and Geoff Emerick, is released by A & M on April 22. They tour North America in the spring and early summer, and their projected British and European tour is planned for the autumn.

● **MANFRED MANN's Earth Band** have re-signed to Bronze Records on a new long-term deal. And the label is re-issuing their albums "Manfred Mann's Earth Band", "Glorified Magnified" and "Messin'" (all from the 1971-3 period) which have not been available for some time.

● **LEO SAYER's** follow-up to his chart-topping "When I Need You" is issued by Chrysalis on April 1, titled "How Much Love". Tomorrow (Friday) the same label releases the **PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT** single "Jewel".

● The album "Kew Rhone" — featuring former Henry Cow bassist **JOHN GREAVES** and ex-Slapp Happy singer and lyricist **PETE BLEGVAD** plus a "star-studded cast of New York weirdos" — is released by Virgin tomorrow (Friday). The **GONG** album "Camembert Electrique" is re-issued on the same day and label.

● **SHAKIN' STEVENS and the Sunsets** are now with Track Records, who release their single "Never" on April 1.

● A new **VAN MORRISON** album "A Period Of Transition", his first for two years, is set for May 6 release. It was recorded over the past few months at the Virgin studios, and Morrison plans British concerts in June to promote it.

● Set for April 1 release on the Island label is the new **EDDIE & THE HOT RODS** single, titled "I Might Be Lying".

● **JOHNNY THUNDER** and the **Heartbreakers'** gig at London Speakeasy last week was recorded by Track, with a view to a live album release later in the year.

● Two singles for rush release by Chiswick Records are "Television Screen" by the Dublin-based **RADIATORS FROM SPACE** and "You're So Down" by **SCREWDRIVER** from Blackpool. Both are new-wave bands signed to three-year contracts, and they are the end product of Chiswick's search outside London for new talent.

● Out tomorrow (Friday) on Motown is the new **STEVIE WONDER** single "Sir Duke", taken from his album "Songs In The Key Of Life". Issued the same day are "Showdown" (Harvest) by the **ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA** and "Bad Time" (Rak) by the **VIBRATORS**.

● The next **BOZ SCAGGS** single is "Lido Shuffle" from his album "Silk Degrees", released by CBS on April 15.

● **ROY ORBISON** — now back with his original label, Monument — releases his new single "Drifting Away" on April 1.

● New York band **BLONDIE** have their debut British album issued by Private Stock on April 1, titled simply "Blondie". Out this weekend on the same label is a single by **FLASH CADILLAC & the Continental Kids,** reviving the Roy Wood hit "See My Baby Jive".

● **LINDA LEWIS's** new album "Woman Overboard" is now officially scheduled for April 15 release by Arista. After a string of overseas tours, she is to headline British concerts in the autumn.

● **YVONNE ELLIMAN** has her new single "Hello Stranger" issued by RSO this weekend, followed by her album "Love Me" in April.

● **MIGHTY DIAMONDS'** latest album "Ice On Fire" is released by Virgin on April 8. The same label re-issues the singles "Marlene" by **KEVIN COYNE** and "Yesterday Man" by **ROBERT WYATT** on April 1.

● Polydor singles out on April 1 include "Star Man" by **ROSETTA HIGHTOWER** and "Incident At The Roxy" by **CLODAGH RODGERS.** Rushed out this weekend is "Lover", recorded in London earlier this month by **PEGGY LEE.**

Thompsons concerts

RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON headline their first British tour for 18 months with a new band — comprising Richard (electric guitar), Linda (vocals), Roger Powell (drums), Ian Whiteman (keyboards) and Mick Evans (bass). Support act is Richard Digance.

Highlighted by a major London concert, confirmed dates are Brighton Dome (April 29), Colchester Essex University (30), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (May 1), Guildford Surrey University (6), Canterbury Odeon (7), Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall (11), Manchester University (14) and Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre (15). More gigs are being finalised.

After the tour, the Thompsons go into the Island studios to record an album for late summer release.

Jubilee Rock 'n' Roll

A ONE-DAY Silver Jubilee rock'n'roll festival is to be staged at Farnborough Rushmore Recreation Centre in Hampshire on Saturday, June 11 (3 pm—midnight). Among acts confirmed are Screamin' Lord Sutch, Shakin' Stevens and The Sunsets, Flying Saucers, Rock Island Line, Thunderbird and the Time Span Disco. The venue is bowl-shaped, and provides seating and dancing facilities. There will also be competitons, novelties and fringe events. Advance tickets at £2 each are available from Miramar Productions, 49A Victoria Road, Farnborough, Hants (please enclose s.a.e.).

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13.06.04

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Jacksons return

THE JACKSONS return to Britain in mid-spring for the first time in three years. Main reason for their visit is an appearance in the Royal Performance at Glasgow Queen's Theatre on May 17. Among other names invited are Barbra Streisand and Dean Martin. It's not yet known if the Jacksons will play any other concerts.

EAST ANGLIA ROCK EVENT

A 12-HOUR OPEN-AIR rock event is planned for Earlham Park, near Norwich, on August 20. Billed as the Earlham Music Faire, it's being organised in conjunction with the amenities department of Norwich City Council. Headlining acts are still being negotiated, but among local bands confirmed as support acts are Fly-By-Night Removals, Jon Owen Band, Kangaroo Alley and the Hank Wangford Road Show.

GILLAN GIGS

THE FIRST BRITISH tour by the new Ian Gillan Band, confirmed this week, takes in 18 major venues including a headliner at London Rainbow. As reported last week, the group have been signed by Island Records, who'll release their album "Clear Air Turbulence" on April 15.

Full date sheet is: Cardiff University (April 29), Bradford University (30), Sheffield City Hall (May 3), Liverpool Empire (4), Bury St. Edmunds Fortune Theatre (6), Southampton University (7), Dunstable Queensway Hall (8), Belfast Whitla Hall (10), Dublin Stadium (11), Bristol University (13), London Rainbow Theatre (14), Middlesbrough Town Hall (15), Aberdeen Music Hall (17), Glasgow Apollo Centre (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Newcastle Mayfair (20), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (21) and Birmingham Odeon (22).

Tickets for the Rainbow go on sale April 1, priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Booking arrangements vary elswhere, so contact box-offices for further details.

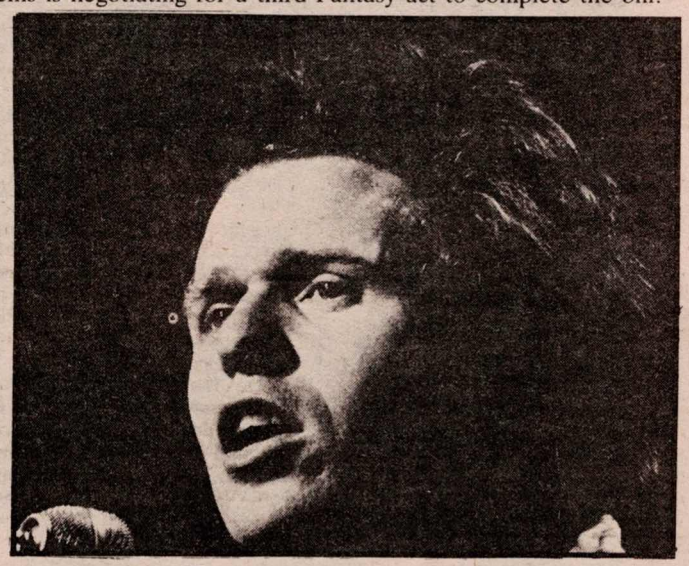
The tour — originally planned for last autumn, but postponed because of illness — is part of a wider European schedule, taking in nine countries.

Country Joe package with David Bromberg

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD and David Bromberg co-headline a Fantasy Records package tour of Europe in early summer. The itinerary so far includes ten dates in the U.K. though more may be added later.

Promoter Phil Banfield of Nems is negotiating for a third Fantasy act to complete the bill.

Confirmed gigs are Coventry Tiffany's (June 16), Bristol Colston Hall (17), Sheffield University (18), Leeds University (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Brighton Dome (21), Oxford New Theatre (23), Canterbury Odeon (24), London Rainbow Theatre (25) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (27). Tickets on sale at all venues first week of May.



Although Country Joe was recently re-united with The Fish, he won't be bringing them on this tour. His backing, says Banfield, will be "more or less" the same band he used on his January 1976 tour here. Bromberg, who was last here in the autumn for a short tour, will have his regular backing band with him.

ON THE ROAD

Chocolate add

HOT CHOCOLATE have added another four dates to their British tour itinerary, which opened earlier this week, making a total of 14 concerts in all. The extra gigs are at **Newcastle** City Hall (March 30), **Oxford** New Theatre (April 1), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (3) and **Bristol** Colston Hall (4). But promoter Ian Wright of MAM has now been forced to drop plans for the group to headline a major London concert on Easter Sunday. Chocolate will not be appearing in **London** during this tour, the nearest to the capital being their show at **Southend** Kursaal on April 2.

Real Thing gigs

BETWEEN sessions for their next album, planned for early summer release, The Real Thing play a seven-venue tour during the next fortnight. And four Scottish gigs are set for mid-May. Dates are:

Birkenhead Hamilton Club (tonight, Thursday), **Southend** Talk Of The South (March 29), **Manchester Ardwick** Apollo (31), **Newcastle** Mayfair Ballroom (April 1), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (10), **Sheffield** Fiesta (11), **St. Ives** St. Ivo Centre (15), **Aberdeen** Fusion Ballroom (May 19), **Edinburgh** Clouds (20), **Inverness** Eden Court Theatre (21) and **Dundee** Caird Hall (22).

Krakatoa erupt

KRAKATOA are back on the road with their revised line-up, now comprising Roger Adams (lead guitar and vocals), Pirana Harris (lead vocals and percussion), Nigel Glocker (drums) and Dave Poxon (bass and vocals). Gigs so far confirmed are:

Milford Haven Further Education Centre (April 1), **Dyfed** RAF Brawdy (2), **Newbridge** Club (3), **London Fulham** Greyhound (4, 11, 18 and 25), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (5, 12, 19, and 26), **Scunthorpe** Priory Hotel (16), **Crawley** Technical College (22), **Leicester** Polytechnic (23), **Newcastle** College of Education (29), **Chester** College of Education (30), **London Paddington** Fangs (May 4), **Bristol** Granary (7), **Darlington** Incognito (11) and **Bolton** Technical College (14). After tours of Europe and Eire, they return to play **Eastbourne** College of Education (June 17), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (18) and **Worcester** College of Education (July 1).

JOHN MARTYN is putting on a special show at **London Putney** Half Moon tonight (Thursday), as a benefit for folk singer Hamish Imlach, who is seriously ill in hospital.

OSCAR PETERSON's concerts in **Birmingham** and **Southport,** postponed because of illness, have been re-scheduled for April 5 and 14 respectively. Existing tickets are still valid.

BILLY CONNOLLY has added **Middlesbrough** Town Hall on May 14 to his massive spring and summer tour schedule, bringing the total of gigs up to 50. His date at **Jersey** West Park is put back from May 5 to 11.

THE JAM have extra one-nighters at **London** Oxford St 100 Club (March 29), **Leeds** Polytechnic (April 1), **London Kensington** Nashville (5, 12 and 19), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (6) and **Ipswich** The Manor (7).

SILLY WIZARD top of the bill in the **Cleethorpes** and **Chester** folk festivals in June. Later in the year they guest in the **Norwich, Billingham** and **St. Andrew's** annual folk festivals.

HERON who recently completed a British tour as support to Procol Harum, next week begin their own headlining tour to promote their new Bronze album "Diamonds Of Dreams". Mike Heron's outfit play **London** Marquee Club (March 29), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (April 16), **London** Marquee again (26), **Fife** St Andrew's University (29), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (May 2), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (7) and **Bolton** Institute of Technology (14). More gigs are being finalised.

JOHN STEVENS' AWAY begin a new club and college tour towards the end of next month. First three gigs confirmed are all in **London** — Islington Hope & Anchor (April 20), Kensington Nashville (26) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (30).

THE DRIFTERS have added another two one-nighters to their current British tour itinerary — at **Morecambe** Bowl (April 11) and **Plymouth** Castaways (20).

THE DARTS have additional April gigs at **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (2), **London** Oxford Street 100 Club (19), **Leicester** Polytechnic (23) and **Reading** Bulmershe College (30).

FRANKIE MILLER's Full House have extra gigs at **Sheffield** Top Rank (April 5) and **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (9) . . . and **RACING CARS** have an additional date at **Swansea** Brangwyn Hall on April 10.

STRANGLERS are the opening attraction at a new rock venue in **Darlington** on March 30. Named the Rock Line (Gladstone Street), it will feature bands every Wednesday.

JENNY HAAN'S LION have dates during the coming week or so at **London Downham** Saxon Tavern (tomorrow, Friday), **Bristol** Granery (Saturday), **Plymouth** Top Rank (March 28), **Cardiff** Top Rank (29). **Newport** Stowaway Club (30), **Swansea** Circles Club (31) and **Retford** Porterhouse (April 1).

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION, currently in the U.S. charts with their single "So Into You", play their first ever British concert at **London** New Victoria Theatre on Saturday, April 23. They also film an "Old Grey Whistle Test" sequence, for BBC-2 screening on April 19.

PROCOL HARUM were forced to cancel their gig at **Tunbridge Wells** Assembly Hall on March 16, as their equipment was delayed by bad weather when being returned from the band's Irish dates. The show has now been re-arranged for April 1.

ALAN STIVELL's venues in Edinburgh and Liverpool, part of his British tour announced last week, have been switched. He now plays **Edinburgh** Playhouse on May 21 instead of the Usher Hall, and the next day visits **Liverpool** Royal Court instead of the Empire. Newly booked Irish gigs for Stivell are at **Limerick** Savoy (May 27), **Dublin** Stadium (28) and **Cork** City Hall (29).

RICO RODRIGUES has assembled 12-piece jazz-reggae orchestra for a series of gigs billed as "Music From Wareika Hills". So far set are **London Carnaby St.** Columbo's (this Saturday), **London Paddington** Crypt Youth Club (Sunday), **London Kensal Rise** (Monday), **London Kensington** Nashville (April 7, 14 and 21), **Manchester** Russell Club (8 and 9), London Islington Hope & Anchor (26 and May 5), **London Brixton** Clouds (April 30) and **Huddersfield** New Theatre Club (May 7).

SWEET SENSATION have gigs at **Buckley** Tivoli (tonight, Thursday), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (Friday), **Maidenhead** Skindles (Saturday), **Colchester** Windmill Club (April 4), **Chippenham** West End Club (7) **Stafford** Bingley Hall (9), **Leeds** International Club (11), **Bournemouth** The Village (15), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (16), **Cranford** Community Centre (18), **Scunthorpe** Baylis Hall (23), **Ilford** Seven Kings (27), **Kings Lynn** RAF Marham (29) and **Kirkby** St. Mary's Catholic Club (30).

THE COMMODORES have added another London concert to their British tour itinerary. It is at the New Victoria on Wednesday, March 30, and it has been booked because their London date last Saturday completely sold out. Tickets are now on sale priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

Palladium bans Reed

LOU REED has been banned from appearing at the London Palladium, apparently because the management felt that his "punk image" was unsuited to the theatre. He was to have played four days at the venue in early May, the only British dates in his long European tour. Instead, in a late re-jigging of gigs, he has now been fixed for London New Victoria Theatre on April 26, 27 and 28.

Reed flew into London on Monday, 24 hours before opening his Euro-tour, and hastily called a press conference to voice his condemnation of the Palladium's action. "I'm on the way to Stockholm where the temperature is below zero", he said. "But it's much colder in the heart of the person who banned me".

For a few hours, it looked as though Reed's itinerary would be forced to miss Britain altogether. But just before he left London, joint promoters Peter Bowyer and Cream International were able to confirm the three New Victoria dates.

Tavares gigs

TAVARES play a short concert and club tour next month, promoted by Derek Block. Eight dates have been confirmed, but a few more early-May gigs may be added. The group play Batley Variety Club (April 23), London New Victoria (24), Birmingham Hippodrome (26), Brighton Dome (27), Southampton Gaumont (28), Manchester Hardwick Apollo (29), Newcastle City Hall (30) and Liverpool Empire (May 1).

BISHOPS JOIN CALE

COUNT BISHOPS have joined John Cale's British tour next month — which also features new Nems Records signing, The Boys. The original opening date of April 5 at Ipswich Corn Exchange is now cancelled, and the gig at Cromer West Runton Pavilion is put back 24 hours to April 7 to become the new starting date.

Additional tour bookings are Swansea Brangwyn Hall (April 28), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (29), Canterbury Odeon (30) and Croydon Greyhound (May 1).

● The Clash will appear in Cale's London concerts on Easter Sunday and Monday (April 10 and 11) along with Subway Sect and The Boys. Both gigs start at 5.30 pm, with tickets all at £2 each.

Lizzy man quits

BRIAN ROBERTSON is not, after all, rejoining Thin Lizzy. The split denial, issued last week by the band's publicist has now been officially reversed in a follow-up announcement.

Owing to illness, guitarist Robertson missed Lizzy's U.S. tour at the beginning of the year. But after convalescing, he started work on a solo album. More recently, he has been playing with Jimmy Bain, former bassist with Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow. And he has now decided that he cannot continue his solo career or his work with Bain while still a member of Lizzy.

Robertson and Bain plan to take on more members, forming their own band, and will be going on the road when rehearsals are completed.

Gary Moore, original Lizzy guitarist who replaced Robertson for the U.S. tour, is remaining with them during the spring and summer — for recording, European dates and another American tour — but it is not yet known if he will stay permanently. Lizzy are due back from the States at the end of next week.

Thunder film

JOHNNY THUNDER & The Heartbreakers' gig at London Marquee next Monday (28) is being filmed as the first sequence in a picture about the group being made by producer Chris Stamp. Track are taping the gig with a view to releasing a live album.

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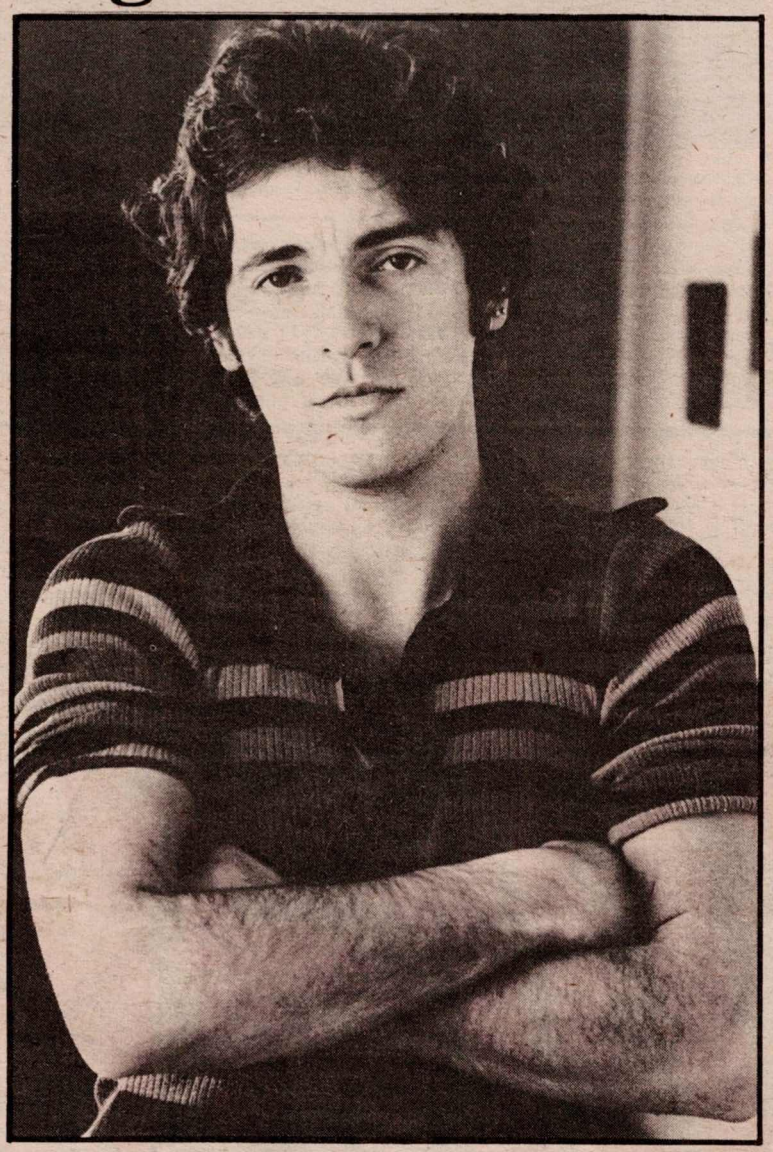


But BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN still believes in rock'n'roll . . .

(How about you?)

ONCE UPON A TIME, Bruce Springsteen was going to be the Next Big Thing in rock'n'roll. Record company advertising "stigmatized" him as the "new Dylan" and TIME and NEWSWEEK stuck his mug on their covers in the same week — an "honour" normally reserved for newly-elected presidents.

Then came the Karmic Backlash. Work on his Crucial Third Album ran into "difficulties" and a nine-month delay just exactly when the boy should have been Hitting The Streets with Hot Product. He visited Britain and Blew It Badly. And, finally, "hassles" with Mike Appel, his Erstwhile Manager, "degenerated" into litigation and injunctions on any further Recording Enterprises.

Springbean was thus "effectively gagged" and the World Of Showbiz "heard little" of him until recently, when, with A Shave and a "new set of toons", Bruce and The Boys headed off on a seven-week tour of America's Mid-West.

*NME's "trusty" **LISA ROBINSON** found The Man "relaxing" in Chicago's Lake Shore Drive Holiday Inn (wearing a white T-shirt and blue jeans offset by a diamond in his left ear). "Energized" by a Stunning Concert, Bruce talked.*

And talked.

For those who "need to know", these are the Very Words he said . . .

L.R.: ***How did all that press you received affect you?***

B.S.: I never took it all that seriously. That stuff is here today, gone *tomorrow* . . . It seemed like a big thing happened,but it never really *happened*. There are a lot of places where I'm not that well known, but people think I'm bigger because of all the attention.

I didn't really want all that to begin with, but certain people said "go, go, go, go", and I said "Oh . . . okay". I can take anything that's thrown in my direction, I'm Mr Take-It. Not be abused by it, just take it, channel it, put it in perspective, and then turn it into some kind of thing that's gonna work out, that'll give me strength to go the next mile.

Did you ever worry that you might like all that attention?

There didn't seem to be too much to like, you know . . . I don't understand how to get off on that, exactly. You don't *hate* it . . . but just attention, is not what is good.

Plus I was always the kind of guy who liked to walk around and slip back into the shadows. What you dig is the respect for doing what you do, not the attention. Attention, without respect, is jive.

The whole thing about the rock business is that there's like a faucet. It's either on or it's off . . . either full blast, or off. All that stuff happening to me, well, it wasn't where I wanted to be. At least not all the time. I wanted to be successful, but I knew what I was doing. I felt secure with what I was doing musically, and then I felt there were some people who were blowing it for me.

So I went through a short thing where I sort of tested myself out. I had to think about how much I really believed in myself, you know. I'm sure everybody goes through that. Mostly I kept to myself. I didn't like to talk about it too much. It was facts of life and there was nothing anybody could do about it.

I rode with it, that's all. I rode with it.

Jon Landau wrote a review that was later widely quoted in an ad where he said you were the "future of rock and roll". When did this happen?

(Laughs) Oh, Landau seen the future in around 1974 . . . I think he caught the future around '74 . . . '75, in Boston.

But you know, if you read the *review*, instead of the ad which was a real mistake, you would see that the review didn't really say that. It was a very long piece, and he said a lot of stuff . . . about what he was into as a kid, and how when he saw our show it was like seein' parts of his past, and he also saw the future.

But that ad was a real case of out of context. The whole review was probably one of the nicest things ever written about me, and I'm usually real sceptical about that stuff, you know . . . I don't trust it.

Anyway, when I saw that ad, with the quote whipped out, I went 'Uh-oh . . . this looks like real *bad advertising*'. And I called the company up and said, 'Hey . . . get that ad outta the papers, man, are you tryin' to murder me?'

It had nothin' to do with the King (Landau), it was strictly bad advertising. That piece was one of the nicest things ever written about me. To just pull that line out like that was crazy. But such was life. They did it, and it was my little thing to contend with, you know? If I was ever bitter, I think I was bitter at that time.

What happened in England?

Well, I don't think I did so well there. The first show I did there, I think was one of the worst shows I've ever done in my life. Matter of fact, I know I *stunk* the first show there. I was ready to blow up fucking Big Ben . . . you know. I thought I stunk and I don't think anyone in the band will disagree with me. However . . . we came back a few weeks later, and I think we played one of the best shows we ever played.

But at that time, I had such a psychic weight on my head — just dealing with myself every day, to get through. I had battles with myself every day, and when I walked out of that theatre in London, I just wanted to go *home* . . . back to New Jersey, you know? Like show me where the *water* is. I was . . . *forget* it. I was not in a good *mood*.

You have a lot of people trying to get at you, backstage and all . . . How do you deal with this?

Well, I can get into talkin' to people, especially talkin' to the kids outside. Because you gotta do that, they have something to say, and it's important to hook up there. Most people are all right, and I just read them as I go along. But I keep my distance. You gotta keep a certain distance.

Do you have anyone you feel you can really trust?

Well, there's certain people . . . but in the end, it's always myself, no matter what. I don't think you can completely trust people. everyone has a breaking point, and there's a point, where, when it really comes *down*, I think everyone will turn. There's just a point where other things become important.

Trusting is a tricky business. I guess what I'm asking for is maybe an impossible thing to ask of anybody, you know. I mean there's trust and there's *trust* . . .

When you were struggling back in the early days, was there ever a doubt in your mind that this was what you should be doing?

No, no of course not. First of all I was having the time of my life. I was loving every minute of it, no matter what happened. I was *not* working, I was twenty years old, and I was running around loose, doing what I wanted to do. And I thought I was good. I didn't know if I was going to make it, I thought maybe I would not. Because you can never read these things out.

But my main thing, my *main* thing, was that it shouldn't feel like work. When I was a kid playin' guitar, what I was tryin' to figure out was how to *avoid* work. So I worked it out, and when it started to ever get a little too much like work, my immediate impulse was to back away and go have fun, you know? But I guess it's gotta be like that sometimes . . .

When I was nine years old I saw Elvis on the "Ed Sullivan" show, and I had to get a guitar the next *day*. I stood in front of the mirror with that guitar on . . . and I knew that *that* was what had been missing. But then it was like I crawled back into the grave or something until I was thirteen. Someone once did an article interviewing my classmates, and they all said that I seemed a million miles away. I had very few friends, I mostly kept to myself.

So then, I was thirteen when I picked up a guitar again. And that was *it*. It was like Element X, definitely what had been missing. Because up to then, I just wasn't *happening*, and I knew I wasn't happening . . .

Rock and roll is my life's blood. Nothing means as much to me or ever has. I used to be crazy about a girl, walk sixty miles to her house, and sit in front of her house for hours. I don't really do that stuff anymore, and I can't tell anyone that they're the most important thing in my life, because nothing in my life could ever be as important as this.

Have you always performed the way you do naturally, or did you calculate your influences to come up with the show you do now?

I'm just doin' what I do, you know. It's weird, but when I started people would say, "Songs about New Jersey??? Who wants to hear about *that??*" But at the time when I started, I looked around and the blues thing was happening, and I didn't fit in there. I didn't fit into anything . . .

I've been in all sorts of bands. Way back I had a ten-piece band with horns and girl singers. I know some girls back in Asbury who are fantastic singers, but it's not my kind of thing now. Like R & B — we do some, but it's not where the heart of the thing is for me.

Like I'm closer to "Back Streets", "In The Night" . . . you know . . . like Miami likes stuff like "Tenth Avenue Freezeout" — that's more Miami's thing, you know . . . workin' with the horns. But I dig it, it's exciting, it's rock and roll. It's like what Mitch Ryder did, that guy was a white guy, rock and roll guy, that was rock and *roll* . . .

Did you make money in New Jersey?

Nah. I never could. They wouldn't let me in the bars because I wouldn't play Top Forty. You should know the Jersey shore bars, the people who smile at me today who wouldn't let me in the places then. It's true. Number one, they said I drew a bad crowd, an undesirable crowd. It wasn't a physically violent crowd, it was just kids, kids like me. But they didn't dig the kids, and they knew I wouldn't play Top Forty. Even though I could pack them damn joints, they wouldn't let me in.

So me and Miami found this one place, the guy had just bought the bar and it was empty, doing no business . . . so I said "Listen, buddy, I got a band, we'll come in here play for free, right? All you gotta do is let me play. I play for free, put you out no money, charge a dollar something at the door, we'll take that. You got nobody coming in here, it's Saturday night, whaddya say?"

The guy was *hesitant*. He was hesitant to give me a break because he found out I didn't play Top Forty. I wanted to play what I want. But the guy was doin' so *lousy*, so in we come. I come in there, the first week we play to fifteen people, make about fifteen dollars, split it up. This was when I had a seven-piece band. But week by week, it started to happen, until finally the joint was packed all the time. We were doin' three, four nights, and it was *happening*. Some of the best nights of my life were in that joint.

Do you think you're not recognised for your guitar playing as much as you should be? You're really very good . . .

I don't care one way or the other. It's the kind of thing where I play pretty good, you know? And if I'm not recognised, it's probably my own fault, because I play very little. I only play once in a while . . . because everybody else has played it to death. There's a million guitar players out there all whacking away . . . one big drone. So I decided I wasn't going to play unless I had to.

The people back home used to bitch all the time, because that was my bit. I was a big guitar player around town, for years that was what I did. I didn't sing, didn't write songs, I played guitar. This was when I was 16 . . . 17 . . . And even when I did sing, or write songs, guitar playin' was my main thing. Then I got a record deal and I made a first album with no guitar on it. Everybody got real pissed off . . .

It always looks very spontaneous when you jump into the audience. How thought out is that?

I usually do it when Clarence does his first solo. First of all, I get to see what the band looks like. Clarence always looks great when he's taking that solo. I usually like to do it during "Spirit In

Continues over page

SPRINGSTEEN (from left field)

(Sorry. From p. 7)

The Night", because it's early in the set, and I like to make that contact. Even when I get back onstage, that particular thing has been *made*, you know? And the walls are *down* . . .

Did you think about it as breaking down a barrier between the audience and the band, or did you just want to get down there?
I just wanted to get *down* there, and jump around and stuff. The main thing is to enjoy yourself, you know, that's what it's supposed to be when you get out there. I like to get out there and see people's faces . . . look at 'em, fool around with 'em . . .

It seems like a very disciplined show.
What I try to do is make it accessible. It's sort of a responsibility to a degree, I think you should make yourself accessible to people. It is a structured show, the band plays and they all play pretty good, you know? But we try not to let that get *in the way*. You can't let the technical side of it get in the way — you're looking for a complete marriage of structure and spirit. It's like a picture with a frame, but a picture inside it.

For me, everything is through music. I don't do anything else. I just want to be the best I can be, and I don't even think I know what that is. But I keep looking for it every night. I sit in my room and I think, 'Okay, where am I going to go tonight, how can I go that extra inch?'

If I do anything onstage, I think it's a reaffirmation. When I go out there, I want people to know that they are *alive*.

How have all the legal and financial hassles affected your life?
Well, one of the big drags about the money was that the moment came when it all could have worked out. And I looked around and saw all these people who should have been getting something, like my folks or some of the guys who've been with me for years now. I'd like to be able to set them up better. But I will be able to soon. Next year at this time, we may sit in a room like this, and . . . I'll have diamonds on my fingers!!! But hey . . . I got a car, a motorcycle, a truck . . . a house . . . what more could I possibly want???

'BEAN and BOYS in the Corridors of Power. Eat your hearts out, punks . . .

Despite all the problems, you've remained on the road . . .
Yeah well, we kept out there. The only thing I ever wanted to do was that if people wanted to see this particular thing I do, my perspective, the way I write about things, then they could come and see our band. That's really all I wanted to do. I could do what I wanted and people could come and hear it. Which is not totally the case right now. *(Laughs).* Because I *can't* do everything I want and people can't hear a record . . .

Do you feel badly about not being able to record? Is it very frustrating at this point, or do you just want to get this lawsuit over with . . .
Well, there are no free rides, you know? And I feel like you pay, and you pay, and you pay . . . and now there's the *big* payoff, and then it'll be okay. I have about seventeen clear-cut song ideas. I usually sit down and write the beginnings for them and leave the words until last . . . it's like homework.

It's nice to make a record, it's sort of my life's profession. Part of it, anyway. It seems like too much has gone on around me, and yet I only have three albums out. Southside Johnny's got two, I gotta get another one out before he catches *up*. I gotta stay at least one *ahead*. They're waitin'. You know, kids go, 'Hey! When are you gonna make a record?' I say 'One of these days'.

Same thing with 'Born To Run" though — it took me so long . . .

Why? Do you think you're a mad perfectionist as some people have said?
No . . . no, I'm not. There was a problem in that we didn't have the technical knowledge available at the time to make it. There reached a point where what we knew wasn't enough; it was the third time I'd been in the studio, and I knew the sounds I wanted to hear.

That's one thing, I hear everything. I know what the songs should sound like, you know . . . and I try to get as close to that sound as possible, which is a difficult thing to do. Because you're taking something that is not real, it's in the air, and you're trying to make it a physical thing. It's an idea, sounds in your head, and you have to make them exist. It's an amazing thing.

Is the band able to reproduce that?
Pretty close. They do pretty good, you know? But with "Born To Run" it reached a point where it was a nightmare, we were not getting close. Then Jon (Landau) came in and he was able to say 'Well you're not doing it because of *this*, and *this*, and these are factual things which in reality are blocking what you're doing' . . . Me, you know, I just want to *hear* it, I don't want to *know*. I have no desire to work the knobs, run the sound board, *none*. I don't care what I know or not, so I'm dependent on someone who's there to get me the sound I want.

In my head I think I see that most bands have a pattern; they go in and they make records and they have a way they do it, but I've never been able to have the stability. It's always been an unstable situation from Day One. I've always been on the brink of . . . Well, there's never really been any money. And it's still funny that way. But I have guys who are still with me, and that's good.

The main thing that has kept everything happening with our organisation is that we have a real legitimate closeness thing. I don't know if that's common or not. I haven't really been around bands that much, so I don't know. But from the things I hear, it's not as much.

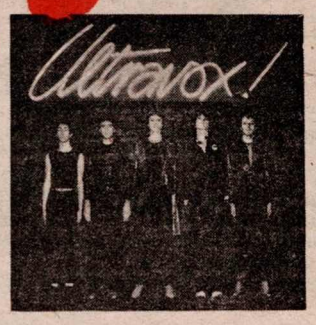
Even to the crew, everyone has a purpose, there's a reason to be out there other than just a money thing — and I think that's what's kept everything together.

You've spoken of a certain magic, intangible thing onstage . . . what is it you try to get to during the show?
Well — you look for that spirit, you know . . . that little essence of whatever you're tryin' to do, or whatever you're tryin' to get across. There are the special times when you deliver your goods, you know? That's what I try to do every night. I try to go out and *DE-LIVER* that particular entity. But it's intangible, and it's a very flighty thing. It comes and it goes and it can zoom out in the middle of the set and then whoosh . . . split.

But that's what you do it for, it's why I go out and do it every night. It's a great thing. It's that little point in life that makes you alive.

By LISA ROBINSON

Ultravox!



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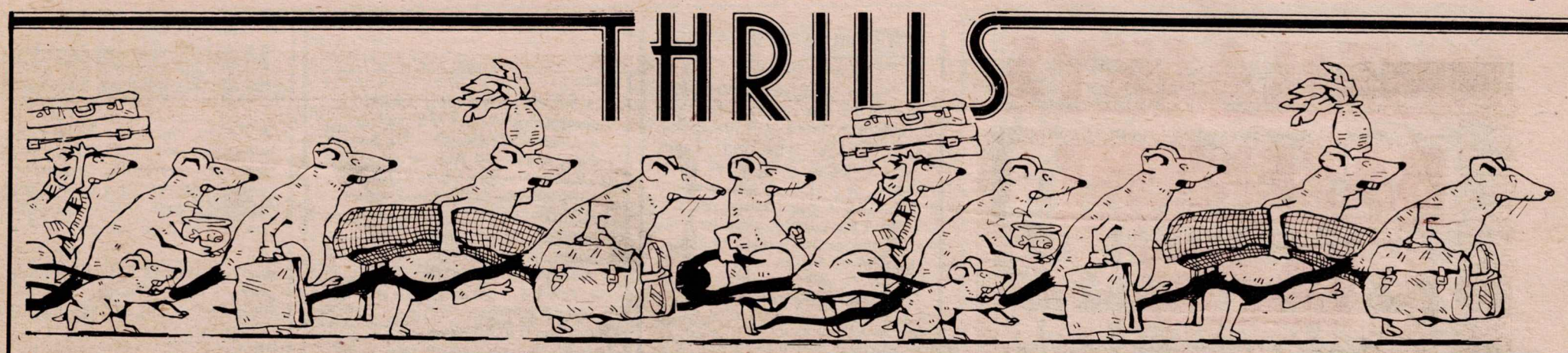


Pics: BRAD ELTERMAN

DYLAN PLAYS THE FIELD/DROWNS HIS SORROWS/CAVORTS WITH CRONIES IN L.A.

SCENES FROM Los Angeles, backstage at the renowned Roxy Theatre, where Ronee Blakley — still without a record contract since Warner Bros. inexplicably gave her the elbow — has been entertaining the masses.

Numbered amongst whom is Very Important Person Bob Dylan, no doubt either drowning his sorrows or playing the field after his recent rift with wife Sara.

Dylan and Blakley (left) have been close since the latter, the star of Robert Altman's "Nashville", guested on the Rolling Thunder tour. Pictured above (left to right) are David Blue, Lanie Kazan (an actress and cabaret singer who enjoyed some success in the '60s and was apparently escorted for the evening by Dylan), Bob himself, actor Robert De Niro (star of "Mean Streets", "Godfather II" and "Taxi Driver", and Hollywood's latest cult figure), Blakley encore and a couple of unidentified liggers, who at least made the picture — unlike Roy Carr, also present at the time.

Dylan confirmed that he has been working on the new Leonard Cohen album, which is being produced by Phil Spector. Titles of tracks put down so far include "Caper Sin Motel" and "You Can't Go Home With Your Hard On". Apparently, the Zim contributed guitar, harmonies and any sexual innuendoes Cohen hadn't already thought of.

KEEP ON THE GRASS

AFTER MY recent articles on the current Legalise Dope campaign, enterprising NME readers wrote in suggesting various ways in which the presently ambiguous legal situation could be brought to its knees.

The old idea of everyone going along to police stations and smoking joints on the theory that not everyone could be busted (untrue) and the ploy of sending dope to MPs both surfaced.

What is most interesting is the fact that the legal system may slowly but surely be doing the job itself.

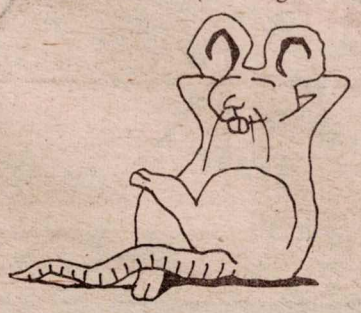
As a result of the Kevin Goodchild case (see previous NMEs), which is once again going to the Court of Appeal, magistrates around the country are postponing any cases involving cannabis leaves until some kind of definitive ruling on Kevin's case is produced.

This could take anything up to a year which would mean a huge log-jam of cases building up in the meantime.

A Release spokesman estimated that as many as 200 cases are already waiting to be heard, and this figure could easily be doubled by the time the Goodchild ruling comes through.

In many cases it is felt that rather than aggravate matters, the police may simply drop charges. (The message seems to be if you're going to smoke dope, make sure it's grass.)

Meanwhile in Parliament next week the Government (assuming we still have one by then) will be trying to push through amendments to the Criminal Law Bill which would increase the maximum fine for possession or cultivation of cannabis from £400 to £500 and decrease the maximum prison sentence from 4 to 3 months.



Although any decrease in the length of prison sentences looks encouraging, this ruling applies only to people tried in magistrates courts where offenders usually get a fine anyway; cases likely to incur prison sentences are referred to the Crown court.

Any concessions in the dope laws seem unlikely under the present government with Callaghan at the helm. It was he who, as Home Secretary, firmly rejected the findings of the Wootton Committee, in 1969, and in the Commons last week he made his stand clear: "To reduce the penalties for the possession, sale or supply of cannabis would be bound to lead people to think that the Government take a less than serious view of the effects of drug taking. That is not so. It would be entirely contrary to Government policy to allow this impression to spread."

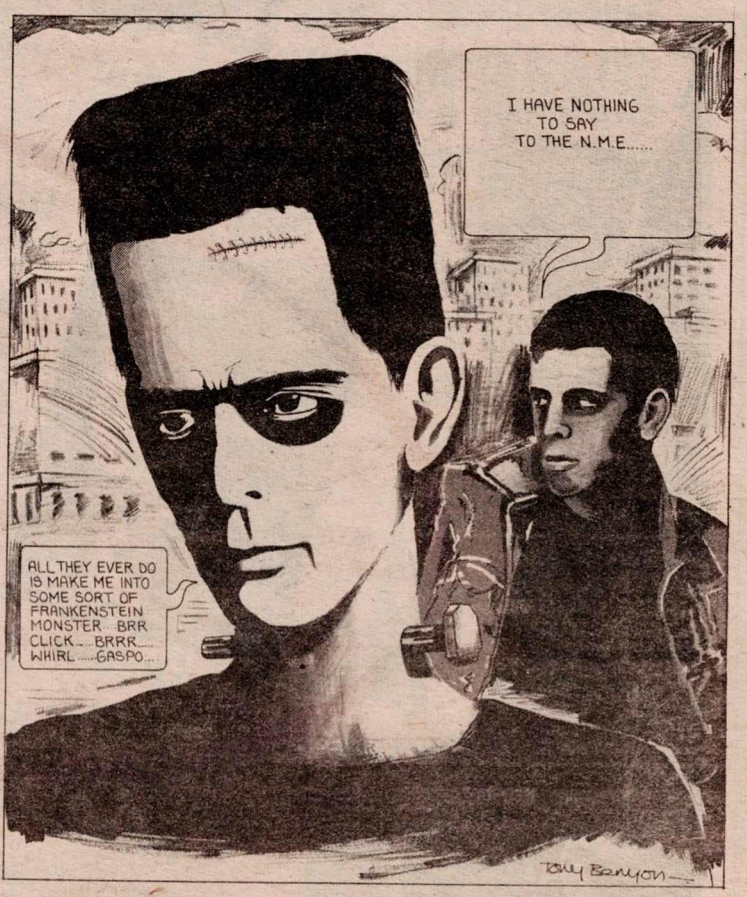
Merlyn Rees, at the Home Office, is similarly considered a hard-liner and — just to get the present euphoria into perspective — it is inconceivable that any future Conservative government under Mrs. Thatcher would prove more tractable on this issue.

Meanwhile, the cannabis propaganda war seems to be hotting up, and Ronald Butt's article in *The Times* (Cannabis And The Law: The Narrow Escape, 17-3-77) was as absurd a piece of hysterical baloney as that august paper has printed in many months.

□ DICK TRACY

STARS WHO REFUSE TO TALK TO NME

Number One of an interminable series . . .


I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO THE N.M.E.....
ALL THEY EVER DO IS MAKE ME INTO SOME SORT OF FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER BRR CLICK.... BRRR.... WHIRL.... GASPO...
TONY BANYON

(Next week: Margaret Thatcher)

NME/LASKYS BASEMENT TAPES SONG CONTEST

Detach and send with song entry

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FREE ENTRY FORM
Post to: NME TAPES CONTEST, 55 EWER STREET, LONDON SE99 6YP

Name.....

.....*(BLOCK CAPITALS)*

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Age.....

Song title.....

I declare that I have not had a song published, nor have I ever held a recording contract, and that this entry is my own original work and not copied from any other source.

Signature(s).....

Entries must be received by April 7, 1977.

ATTENTION THERE AT THE BACK:

This is your second and last chance to win marvy prizes and break into the Big Time in the NME/Laskys Basement Tapes Song Contest. What we're after, simply, is *songs* . . . and *songwriters*. And if *you* reckon you can write a tune better than half the stuff currently being published, then this is for you.

All you have to do is record your song on a cassette — you can hire the London Symphony Orchestra or accompany yourself on guitar, piano or spoons (*it's the song we'll be judging, not the performance*) — fill in the entry coupon, and post it to the address supplied.

Simple right?

'Cept there are one or two points we have to ask you to keep in mind, so please read the items below carefully before entering.

These are as follows:

● The NME/Laskys Basement Tapes Song Contest is open to all readers in the British Isles *except published songwriters or anyone who has held a recording contract.* Employees of Laskys and IPC Magazines are also prohibited.

● Closing date for entries is last post April 7, 1977.

● There must be only one song on each cassette; and only one entry per person — though a group can enter a song written by one or more of its members. In the case of a song written by more than one person, this disqualifies individual members of the writing team from making further entries in a "solo" capacity.

● Each entry must be accompanied by an entry form.

● No correspondence can be entered into.

1st PRIZE

A mini home recording studio comprising: Akai 4000DS/II reel to reel (retail value £121.50; Eagle FF32 mixer (£45.95); Eagle UD50HL microphones — pair (£26.70); Eagle RA859 reverb (£26.00); Eagle FS268 stands — pair (£22.50); Eagle BA132 booms — pair (£13.50); Audiotronic headphones LSH20 (£7.50); 5 × Memorex 7in reel tapes (£12.90).
OR goods to the value of £250.

2nd PRIZE

Sansui SC2000 Cassette Deck (£168.60).

OR
Audiotronic LA1515 amp (£65.00); Pioneer PL112D Turntable (£56.50); Audiotronic AMC50E cartridge (£8.95); Wharfedale Denton 2XP speakers (£41.50) pair.

3rd PRIZE

Audiotronic ARC200 cassette/radio (£49.95); AND ten Audiotronic C60LN tapes (£2.80).

4th PRIZE (20 winners)

Audiotronic C60LN cassette pack.

● Cassettes will be returned *only* if the sender encloses a stamped addressed envelope. Every care will be taken of entries — however, neither *NME* nor Laskys can accept responsibility for loss of, or damage to, cassettes. Neither can proof of posting be accepted as proof of receipt.

● Songs should not exceed four minutes in length. Only entries on cassettes can be accepted (i.e. no reel to reels, or demo discs).

● Entries must not have been published elsewhere, nor may they be entered in any other competition or offered for publication elsewhere before this contest has been judged.

● No entry will be used for any purpose other than this competition, except with the permission of the entrant.

● As a precaution, we suggest you put your name, address and song title details on the cassette as well as the entry form.

● The decision of the *NME*/Laskys judging panel and the editor of *NME* will be final.

SO WHO gives the thumbs up to the winning entries?

Roxy Music and 801 guitar star Phil Manzanera has graciously offered to lend his ears and expert opinion — likewise *NME's* very own Roy Carr and a representative from Laskys.

Now apart from the prizes, *NME*/Laskys also guarantee that the three winning songs will be brought to the attention of United Artists Records A&R chief Andrew Lauder, who will consider all three for possible recording.

But we should make this plain: we *don't* guarantee that the winning songs will be recorded. That's up to Andrew Lauder. However, if they've got sufficient commercial potential then, as they say, you're in with a fighting chance.

To find out what you can win see the panel on this page.

Winners will be announced in *NME* within one month of the closing date.

ws

Executive Turntable

Chris Newburg joins Smack Records as Corporate Director of Industrial Relations from Market Planning at Costello/Pasta Records . . . **Mike Morose** has been appointed Midwest Regional Sales Manager at Zimmerman Music Inc. Chicago. Previously he was with Crazy Records as Sales Manager . . . **Maurice Dolbie** upped to Studio Manager. Basing St. Studio's Managing Director, **Muff Winwood,** announced today that, effective immediately, 6 year old Dolbie will be active in all Departments, especially on the Studio Floor. Dolbie, who has worked in the Basing St. area for the past five years, was unavailable for comment, however Winwood felt that this new addition to his staff would certainly keep things up to scratch . . . **Ray Pizza** has resigned as Vice-President of Sales and Marketing at Jukebox Discs after 1(years with the Company . . . **Gabby Blackwell** is promoted to Nation Customer Service Manager at Bubble Sound Products, Los Angeles . . . **S Schulman** of Boulevard Inc. is transferred as West Coast General Mana from similar post with Out West Records in Dallas . . . **Margo** been promoted to National Promotional Director ds New York . . . **Dave Andy** appointed Records from similar post at **ff** promoted to sition at

Dolbie

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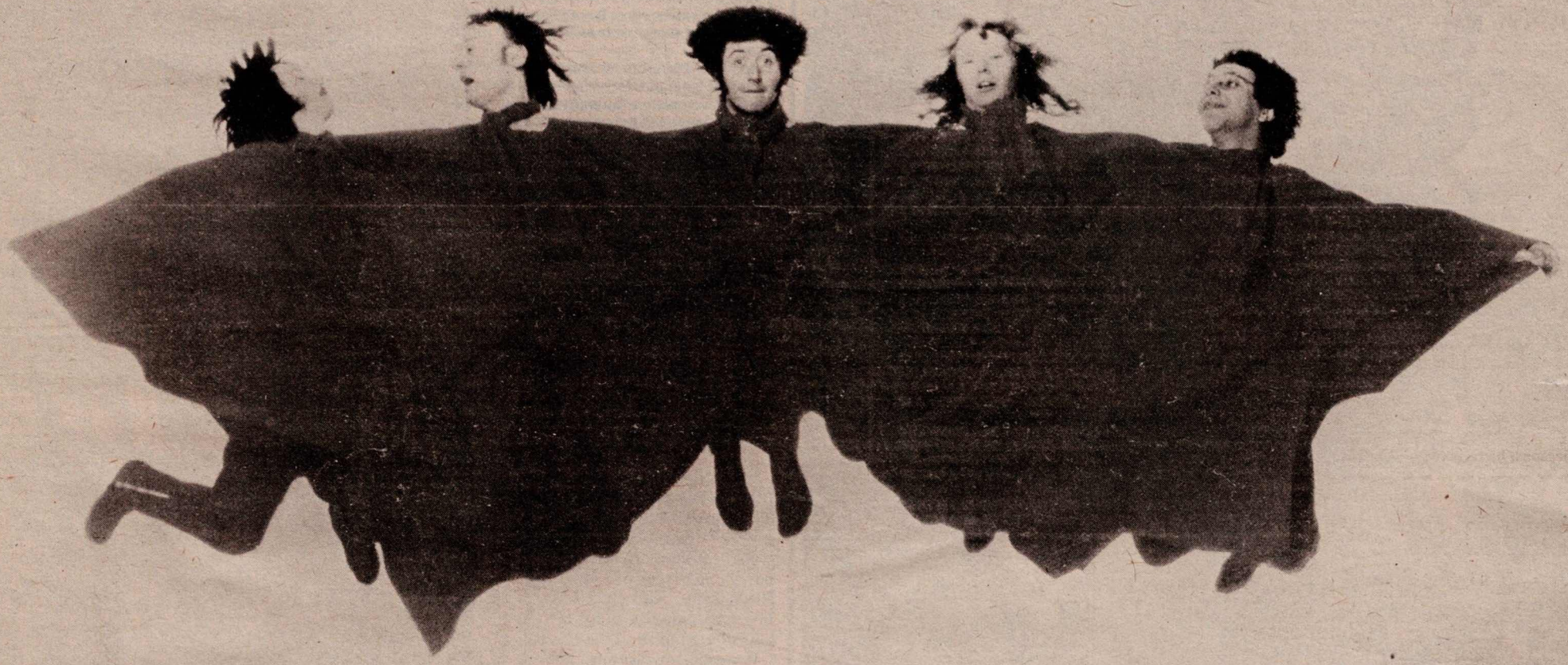
NASTY POP

MISTAKEN I. D.



Liverpool, late winter 1975: the last snow clings to the steps of O'Conner's Tavern, a basic ale-and-sawdust bar a step away from the Rotary Club warmth of the Adelphi Hotel (No Rock Stars Allowed). O'Conner's: a Northern juke-joint. Upstairs, in a noisy room, the group plays to repel the Mersey's icy draughts. For an hour their music glows and grows until the encore burns with a fierce pride, as the audience and musicians are united in a happy satisfaction. What did Mr. Sebastian say? Ah, yes: the magic's in the music and the music's in me . . . and in a hundred or so other souls tonight. The name of the band is Nasty Pop, and so they are. The songs are classically short, compact, building, brimming with substance – did you hear that guitar solo? – whoops! and it's gone. Three and four-part harmonies, urgent and driving, a keening blend which aches with real Northern soul. Listen harder, to the words: bopping uptempo humour, and the deepest blue melancholy. But always with an edge: sometimes wry, sometimes sardonic, perhaps a pinch of irony. Wide smiles give way, attacked by the subtlest stabs at the heart.

Four remain from that night: Anthony Wimshurst, a brilliantly melodic guitarist (although you have to catch him live for the full impact) with the voice of a soul choirboy; bassist and rock 'n' roll singer Keith Wilkinson; Steve Grace, rhythm guitar and harmonica eccentric, author of very perculiar songs; and pianist Jon Fitzpatrick, who writes and sings lines like "you've got to make a joke out of life/if life makes a joke out of you" with a gnawing defensive snarl which comes to rest just this side of bitterness. Now they have a new boy, Stevie Corduner at the tubs, fresh from that enjoyable band Byzantium, and it's enough to say that he brings power and authority, making them a unit.

So what do they have that a thousand others lack? A difficult definition, and some have missed it already. One critic spoke of "Sutherland Brothers imitations". (Here, dear lady: take a new pair of ears from this tray.) It's a delicate combination, a fragile bond of strength and sensitivity, a commitment to saying new things within familiar structures. This is their second offering, but it's still only a prelude.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

This album is available on Polydor Records & Tapes

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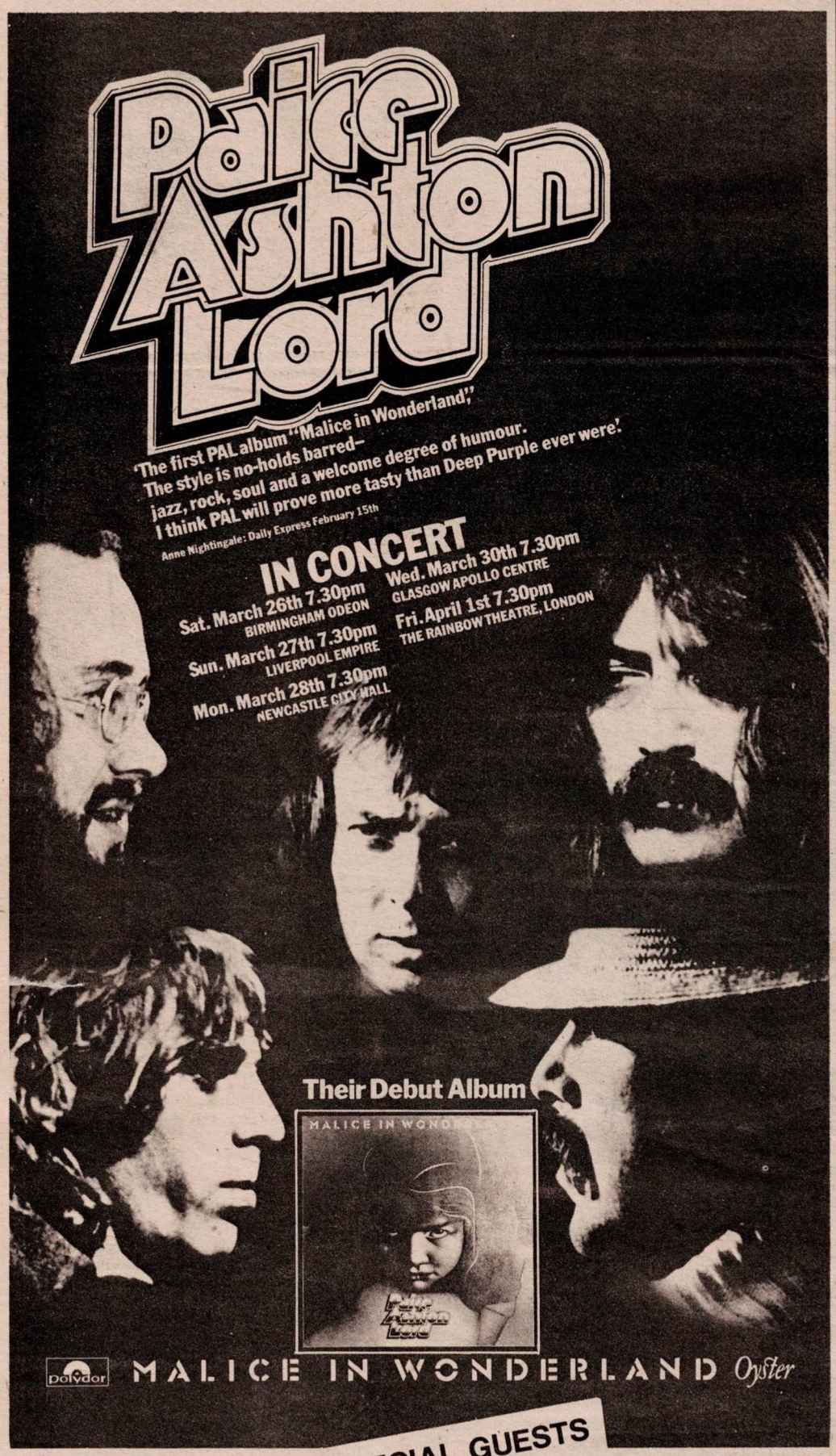
INCLUDING THEIR NEW SINGLE
LOVE IN THE RAW


Paice Ashton Lord
'The first PAL album "Malice in Wonderland," The style is no-holds barred– jazz, rock, soul and a welcome degree of humour. I think PAL will prove more tasty than Deep Purple ever were.'
Anne Nightingale: Daily Express February 15th
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Sun. March 27th 7.30pm LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
Mon. March 28th 7.30pm NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Wed. March 30th 7.30pm GLASGOW APOLLO CENTRE
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BLACKPOWER RULES THE RATINGS

THE AMERICAN television system resembles a vast battlefield where stand three corporate Goliaths — NBC, CBS and ABC — who do battle with each other, straining every ounce of financial muscle and multi-headed brain power, to try to win an even bigger slice of the lucrative advertising accounts of their superwealthy consumer counterparts.

Money is the lifeblood of these colossi, the ratings sheets their Bible.

The casualty rate is high but the influx of new weaponry is greater still, producing a situation akin to that Orwellian universe where a trio of superpowers coexist in endless conflict, maintaining a situation where the war never ends.

Right now, though, the struggle has taken a new and surprising turn.

Traditionally CBS, the world's largest advertising medium, had the upper hand over NBC, with ABC trailing a weak third.

However, so dire was ABC's 1974 season that their corporation execs began demonstrating symptoms of sheer panic as they stared into disaster.

As a last desperate measure they agreed to try out a new form of television drama, devoting ten hours of airtime to a dramatic serial based on a book by American pulp master Irwin Shaw. The result was *Rich Man, Poor Man,* released to a critical hurrah and eagerly embraced by the Middle-American millions. The high class soap opera made Nick Nolte a star (in the U.S. at least) and ABC a fortune.

This power surge lifted the ailing corporation to its feet. It then received another huge adrenalin charge in the form of *Charlie's Angels,* the ultimo '70s syndication show which creamed the jeans of the continent and added more power to the ABC corporate overdrive.

Then, they delivered the haymaker, a series called *Roots.*

The ABC propaganda boys had a field day. Their copy lines read: "ROOTS — 200 years to unfold, 12 years of research to discover, two years to create, and eight nights to make television history."

For over a week the nation was hooked into this dramatic saga of black America, which was shown at peak viewing times and established new record ratings, shaking the very foundations of the art of television programming.

Flushed with this success, ABC have now commissioned David Seltzer, script-writer of *The Omen,* to write a novel with a mini-series specifically in mind. The stakes are now sufficiently high for the title to be classified top secret.

The result of this all-out assault has been to push ABC way ahead of its rivals on the ratings chart, which in hard cash terms means a net profit in their last financial year of some $80 million.

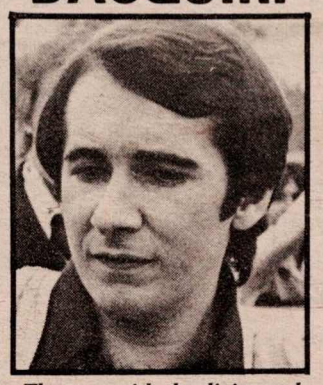
***Variety* described it as "the largest single swing ever in network fortunes in a short period."**

It is now anticipated that ABC will use this new power to raid their rivals for talent and divert even more advertising revenue into their coffers.

The news about *Roots* for British audiences is that Hutchinson have purchased the rights to the book, and will publish it on July 11, and the BBC have secured rights to the television series, and are planning to show it in their autumn schedules — though presumably they have not yet decided whether to serialise it on a conventional weekly basis, or to chance their arm and screen it, as in America, on consecutive evenings.

□ **Dick Tracy**

LOVELINES by VELDA DACQUIRI



The man with the divine pad.

I SPENT a *perfectly* splendid afternoon recently with my *very* dear friend **John Reid** (millionaire of this parish, manager of **Queen, Elton John, Kiki** etc.) who invited Velda round for tea and *champagne.*

Anyway, my angels, the house (in Knightsbridge) is absolutely *divine* and furnished with *impeccable* taste. Why, it could have been *designed* with Velda in mind.

Fourteen rooms, *some* containing valuable paintings — chandeliers all *over* the place, gilt mirrors, *handmade* Chinese rugs — you *name* it.

Little John has his bedroom at the very *top* of the house and *what* a superb love nest it is. One wall is covered in *mirrors,* the windows look out on a *balcony* and would you *believe,* my *dears,* he can lie in bed and at the *flick* of a bedside switch turn on some music, or open and close the curtains. In fact, there's precious little those buttons won't do. I was *most* jealous.

Anyway, charming John related an amusing tale that I feel *duty bound* to pass on to you, my sweet peas.

Seems some time ago when he was in Honolulu with *Elton,* he had a disagreement with a *jobsworth.*

While Elton was on stage at this mammoth arena, *diminutive* Mr. Reid decided to watch the show from the vantage point of the mixer.

"I was standing there," he told me "when a security man came up and told me to either sit down or get out."

Somewhat *annoyed* at the man's tone of voice, John informed him "I was his manager" and indicated the star on stage. The jobsworth didn't believe him and replied "And I am his mother-in-law". He then *ejected* the wee Scot from the premises!

Imagine Mr. Reid's humiliation, my dears. In order to regain access he had to go round the front of the venue, purchase a ticket from a *tout* (the concert was, *of course,* sold out) and *trudge* through the *turnstiles.*

"Now we all have security passes with photographs so that kind of thing will never happen again," he beamed.

THE OTHER week at the **Marc Bolan** reception, held at that *dreadfully* scruffy place, The Roxy, I got the opportunity to observe at close quarters **Brian James** of **The Damned with his** *pretty* photographer girlfriend **Erica Echenberg.** And *do you know what,* my angels, I didn't hear the beautiful lady *once* refer to Brian by the pet name BooBoo. Was it something I *said,* Erica *dear?*

I was *most* intrigued by a story in ***Rona Barratt's Hollywood,*** a *wonderful* American gossip magazine. According to Rona, **Warren Beatty** reportedly intimated to his friends that he and Nicuraguan lovely **Bianca Jagger** were *more* than a little *close.*

And when big-eyed Bianca got to hear what he'd been blabbing she *confronted* him outside a hotel and yelled, "So we had an affair? You must be pretty bad, I don't even remember."

Nice one, Bee, my *angel.* Just wait till *I* get my claws into him.

Did you see the *Miss England* competition on the television last week? *I* did, my angels, all in *glorious* colour. *Anyway,* I wouldn't go so far as to say they were all *ugly,* but my vote for the prettiest lady present went to the lead singer with **The Nolan Sisters,** who sang during the interval and weren't entered in the competition.

I was *hardly* surprised that **David** (you've got) **Soul,** the yellow-haired, pink-skinned teen idol of *Starsky and Hutch* fame, received less than *flattering* reviews for his concerts. For last week at a press conference he admitted he hadn't sung in front of a live audience for *ten years* and had only five days solid rehearsal for his British gigs.

Still, it doesn't appear to have done him any harm, as I understand that some 20,000 have applied to join his *fan club!* And at £1.25 a go they must be either dedicated or *insane.*

My favourite story of the week concerns a gentleman who *rejoices* in the name **Luiz Phieler.**

Luscious Luiz, once employed as *personal* chef to that newsworthy lady, **Jackie Onassis,** has apparently told all to a German newspaper named *Bild,* and reveals that the former First Lady always drowned his gastronomic delights in *tomato ketchup.*

This so *incensed* the man who had dished up everything from finest fillet steak to saddle of venison that on his last day with Mrs. O. he served her horsemeat and *gleefully* watched as she tucked in with apparent relish. "It was my revenge," he told *Bild.*

A quick survey of who's signed what in the New Wave gold rush. We proudly present the ***EGON McNEILL . . .***

RENT-A-PUNK GUIDE

"SO NOW that The Sex Pistols have settled into their A&M contract . . ."

That's how this piece was going to begin when it was slated for last week's issue. The Pistols' now - you - see - us - now - you - don't act is simply the most extreme manifestation of the new wave's volatility — if you don't read QUICK it'll be obsolete, so GO!

Everybody's gotta have their new wave name on catalogue — and, in the same way that the 'Frisco bands all went to separate labels in the Summer Of Love, so it seems that most English companies are dipping a finger into the punk scene for just one or two acts to get a feel of the market temperature.

Taking them in no particular order:

Polydor's first punk act is **The Jam,** signed in February '77 on a four-year worldwide contract. A single, "In The City", is due on April 15, followed by an album. Polydor are also reckoned to have signed Bristol's **Cortinas** . . . possibly to a new punk specialist label.

CBS landed **The Clash** in February '77. Their "White Riot" single is out now, with an album due in April.

Track Records signed **The Heartbreakers** in March '77, a single and album due soon. Chris Stamp, who discovered The Who, returned from retirement to co-produce with Speedy Keen and wax hyperbolic: "Every decade a new generation appears to announce its presence . . . The band this time is The Heartbreakers."

The Heartbreakers' March 28 Marquee gig is to be recorded for a possible live set, and Track are also talking about a full length feature film with Thunders and Co. directed by Chris Stamp. The Marquee is their first location.

Track are also believed to have **Chelsea** and **Siouxsie and The Banshees** limbering up in the background. Another rumour has Chelsea looking elsewhere.

Label Records is an independent run by former Pistols producer Dave Goodman whose distribution deal for their one and only single, **Eater's** "Outside View", released March '77, was coerced from Virgin in humorous but unconventional fashion.

Rak have, er, **Chris Spedding.** And **Suzi Quatro.** They also have **The Vibrators,** the terms of whose contract are single-by-single type tenuous. "We Vibrate" came out in November, but as for the next . . . Mickie Most fancies "Jumpin' Jack Flash", the band don't, and CBS are v. strongly rumoured to fancy The Vibrators.

United Artists grabbed **The Stranglers** in December '76, with much ballyhoo about a live Nashville recording. The "Grip" single was released a month ago, rubbing up against the Top 30, and their album's out on April 15, titled "Stranglers IV/Rattus Norvegicus", the first 15,000 coming with a free single of "Choosy Suzy" with a live B-side.

UA also put out **The Lew Lewis Band's** "Out For A Lark" three weeks ago, a one-off. Andrew Lauder, a well known Stiff admirer, is keen on't scene: he did, after all, sign **Dr Feelgood** over two years ago.

A&M signed **The Sex Pistols** the week before last, and unsigned them last week.

NEMS signed **The Boys** three weeks ago. "I Don't Care" should be out next month.

BTM Records president Miles Copeland manages **Squeeze,** but is looking for a deal with another company.

Island Records have lost Roxy but gained Stiff. Island were, of course, way out ahead with **Eddie and The Hot Rods,** who now have three singles, an EP and an album notched up.

Other new Island/Shelter acts who could conceivably qualify as new wave if you'd been lost in the jungle for a decade or so are **Ultravox** (one LP, one single, both out within the last month) and **Tom Petty,** a rather overrated US rocker with an LP and single down and a limited edition "official bootleg" on its way. They also have **John Cale.**

Stiff Records have, of course, been the new wave vinyl vanguard since their September '76 debut. When they signed a worldwide (except North America) licensing deal with Island in February '77 they promptly deleted the entire previous catalogue, which included singles by **The Damned, Nick Lowe, Roogalator, Richard Hell, The Tyla Gang, The Pink Fairies, Plummet Airlines** and **Lew Lewis.**

All a highly confused Island has out on Stiff are the current single and album from The Damned, with "Next To Zero" by one **Elvis Costello** due out last Friday. A compilation album, "A Bunch Of Stiffs", is on its way.

Stiff also have a single from **The Adverts** called "One Chord Wonders" and a Nick Lowe EP out in about a month.

EMI have lost The Sex Pistols but gained **The Rolling Stones.** And they still have **Marc Bolan.** EMI Australia have signed **The Saints,** whose "(I'm) Stranded" (on their own Fatal Records there) was released here on Power Exchange in December '76. There is a new Saints album out in Australia, which EMI are currently importing because they don't have UK distribution rights on the two Power Exchange tracks.

Warm Records, a small, independent, inefficient maverick, has a new two-single set by **Warm,** and claims to be recording Newcastle punk rockers **Penetration.**

Chiswick, now that Stiff have joined Island, are the most active small label riding the wave. Past product includes singles by **Joe Strummer's** pre-Clash band, **The 101'ers,** and old rocker **Vince Taylor,** plus a one-off EP by **Little Bob Story** and one EP and one single by **The Count Bishops.** The Bishops aren't actually contracted, but there's an album coming.

Chiswick's first actual signing was **The Gorillas,** now two singles up. New signings, adventurous ones at that, are **Radiators From Space** (a Dublin punk outfit with a single out soon), **Skrewdriver** (Blackpool punks with a single soon) and **Radio Stars,** new vehicle for ex-Johns Children person Andy Ellison. A single called "Dirty Pictures" is coming, though apparently this mob don't qualify for the genre.

Virgin have just entered the field with **Table,** formerly Do You Want This Table, whose April released single, "Do The Standing Still", is like an "inspired Ramones" (sez Kent).

New Hormones, a Manchester-based company, managed to release **The Buzzcocks'** bizarre instant EP before Howard Deveto quit the group, while **Slaughter And The Dogs** have also cut their own single, "Cranked Up Really High", out soon on *their* label, Rabid.

Flicking across the American names, WEA have **Television** and **The Dictators,** on Elektra, and the "Live At CBGBs" double album (Atlantic); Phonogram, home of **Graham Parker,** have **The Ramones, The Flamin' Groovies (rumoured leaving soon), The Talking Heads** and **Richard Hell & The Voidoids** (all on Sire) plus **The Runaways** on Mercury.

Arista has **Lou Reed** and **Patti Smith;** Berserkley has **Jonathan Richman** (they're only available on import, but are probably setting up an independent operation here very shortly); Capitol has **Mink DeVille;** Private Stock has **Blondie;** nobody's got **The Shirts;** and RCA have ex-Stooges lead singer **Iggy Pop,** whose fifth album, "The Idiot" (as plugged by its creator here a fortnight ago), is now out. RCA also still have **David Bowie** and **Elvis Presley.**

So it seems that, apart from ventures into the sticks by Chiswick Records, and Manchester's New Hormones and Rabid, nobody's yet picked up such provincial acts as The Buzzcocks, Slaughter and The Dogs, **The Drones, The Suburban Studs** and The Cortinas (though a Polydor signing is almost certain in their case).

On the other hand, **Subway Sect** seem to be about the only London punk rock mob who've played more than two gigs and not got signed — apart from **Generation X** whose managers, Jonh Ingham and Stewart Joseph, are starting their own label, Orwell Records. And after just two Roxy gigs, **The Models** (formerly Beastly Cads) have a deal in the pipeline.

Already firmly centred on the capital by virtue of its more sophisticated elements trading energy with a cosmopolitan arty / rasta / S&M / rich bitch dilettante set you don't find elsewhere, the new wave's record company patronage thus far has been even more centralised.

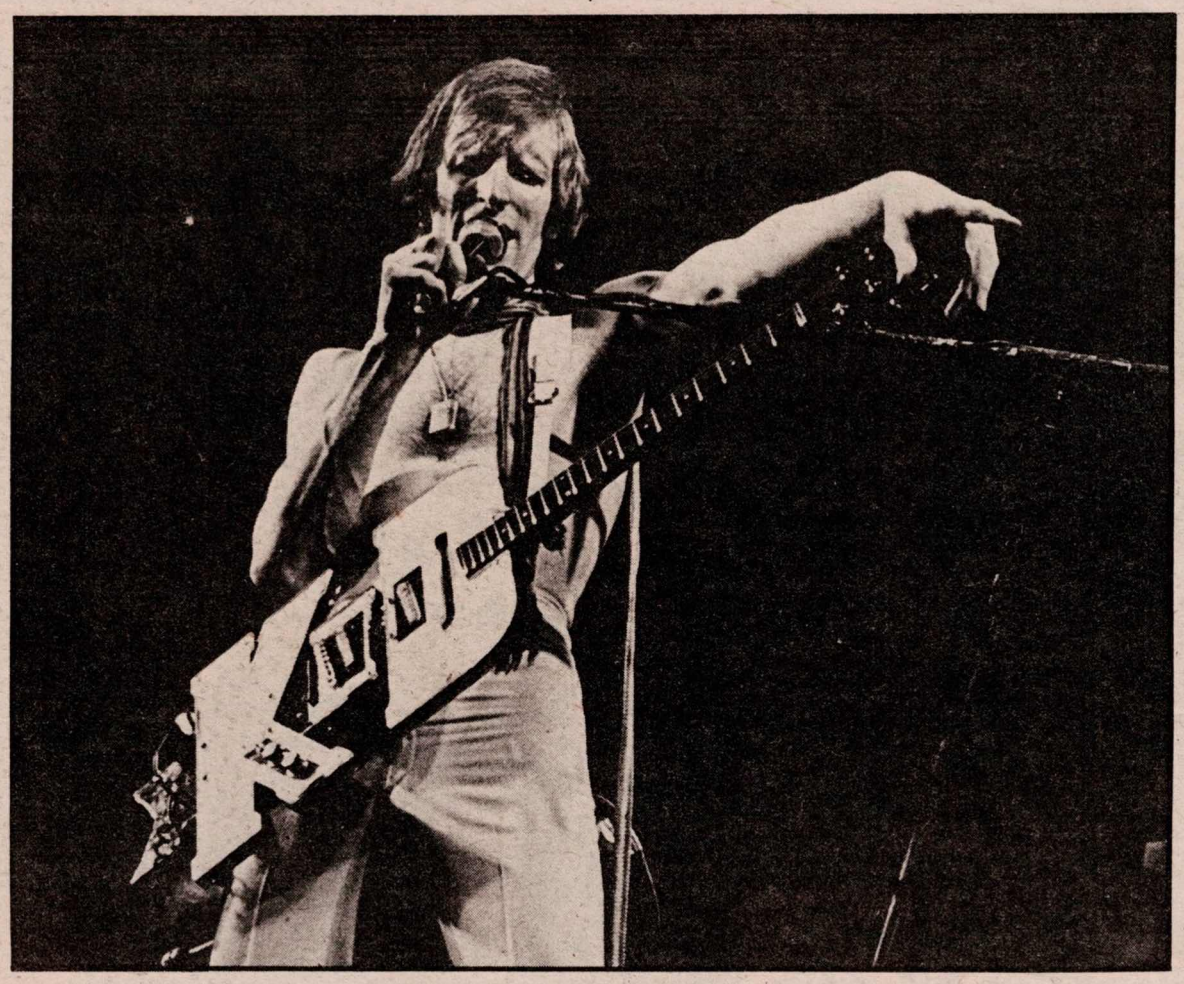
Dole queue rock is a more laughable term than ever; never, in fact, has there been a less appropriate musical categorisation — almost every musician in the genre is making a living, an unprecedented phenomenon.

Howard Deveto, who seemed, from just reading about him, to be possibly the most independent minded performer involved, has quit in disgust: "What was once unhealthily fresh is now a clean old hat."

Meanwhile Decca, bless 'em, still have the individual **Moody Blues,** and Pye . . . well, they used to have **The Kinks,** didn't they?

There's no biz like it, eh?

□ PHIL McNEILL



DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD

Obscure lyricist's poignant plea at graveyard of the rats

"THIS IS the place where the rats come to die," lisps the skeletal blue-haired giant onstage at Paris's Bataclan club, and right now it feels like it.

We've come virtually direct from the airport, feeling flight-shocked and hungry, to enter the portals of this stark,dayglo psychedelic cavern, featuring nothing to drink, nowhere to sit, and a hideous light show.

Mutant tones resound from a tape machine to introduce The Doctors Of Madness one by one — Urban Blitz, Peter DiLemma, Stoner, Kid Strange — and then . . .

And then the Doctors start their set on "Mainlines", the slowest, most desolate dirge in their whole gruesome repertoire, rats dying in the very first line. Well, it's a ludicrous spectacle. Smoke bombs explode — and the awful lighting seems deliberately to serve the exact opposite purpose to most lightshows, uglifying rather than prettifying . . . I try to make sense of this aural and visual sado/masochism, but it's no use. All I can see is a bunch of pantomime characters onstage seemingly striving to induce neurosis in an audience which seems oblivious to the band's intention, but which responds as it would to a heavy metal group, banging heads on walls and the more noise and smoke the better.

The sensory bombardment escalates until by the end of the set the hall is strewn with debris and strafed with strobes, stenched with cordite and steeped in feedback, until the roadies have wheeled on an exploding dummy and trundled the remains off again, until The Doctors have turned in the bleakest rendition even "Waiting For The Man" has ever received . . . and I realise, soberingly, that The Doctors Of Madness have begun to take themselves seriously.

I suppose they always have done.

KID STRANGE, song writer/spokesman/sleevenoter/etc/etc, is a peerless punster — he once told me a certain line had "14 different interpretations", and I'd lay money he could enumerate them all for you.

It's not just in speech and lyrics that this operates. Just as he can apply any of his songs to, say, 1977's significance in the history of mankind, or, say, to what he had for breakfast, so he applies a song to his relationship to his audience. The bewildered spectator listens.

"I hope that that ambiguity is always there," he says, after I've explained my surprise at seeing what I'd always considered a kind of cartoon suddenly, several days after the Paris gig while idly perusing a Doctors album pic, stand up as a viable reality.

Not only were they taking themselves seriously, but for a split second the image assumed life for me too; the turmoil the group strove so hard to impose on the Paris gig glimmered briefly at me.

"We survive on a tension between heaviness and lightness," Strange continues. "On a tension between seriousness and humour, or wit, or whatever." Comedy is probably the word he's avoiding.

"And y'know, *Where the two are one, that's where we have our fun, those microscopic spaces,*" he recites, doing the apt quotation trick. "That song, 'In Camera,' is really about us, the Artists, and the people who the Artists are supplying the Art for."

And what has the blue hair to do with Art?

"That was to get people talking," Kid assures me blithely, having just shaved it to a convict length which, if anything, makes him look even more lurid.

"It never caused me any consternation whether the music was strong enough, because I knew that the music was intellectually and musically stronger than a very large proportion of anything else that's happening — and I don't say that in conceit or in bravado, I just know it to be so.

"There are very few people trying to make the connection on the level we're trying — which is very multi-storeyed, starting from a visual stimulus and going, I hope, all the way through to some sort of didacticism.

"It is, at the death, an attempt at education."

Isn't that a bit, er . . .

"Pompous? Absolutely. But I don't have a lot of time for false modesty."

But Kid, a lot of what you write is so cliched, particularly the imagery you use: razors, suicide, rats, guns, a plethora of cliches and melodrama (the first of which I hate, the second of which I tend to like). Don't you think this hinders communications on the very emotional level you work on when at your best?

"You have to find a level to talk to people on," Strange explains — not that he and I seem to have found *our* mutual level. Even playing back the tape, I'm floundering around trying to sift the bullshit; as Kid would point out, that's all of it and none of it.

"Most of the words you've mentioned are very strongly emotive. I'd rather use things like that than something which wouldn't necessarily be called cliched because it is *so* cliched - things like the occult, that whole chunk of nonsense from your Yesses to your Black Sabbaths.

"Look at what you are, and read newspapers, and try and use *that* sort of language, and if those come over as cliches it's probably because we do live a cliche. Which *is* a cliche.

"The question then is, does an Artist transcend cliche? Is an original statement necessarily devoid of cliche?"

Kid Strange thinks not: "I don't know if you devalue something or put it slightly downmarket to make it more accessible by doing what I'm doing. I know I could write a much higher Art were I to so choose, and I could get involved with something much less image orientated and much more intellect orientated if I so wished. But I'm not that much of a purist and an elitist."

If, as I am certain they can, Kid Strange and his band *can* reach through those "Microscopic spaces" and touch your heart, why do they smother it in so much bombast? And why is that boring old cool rocker image, that most thoughtless barrier, being allowed to assert itself?

"That's why I always want to give out clues," Strange says, mentioning that lyrics are provided on "Figments Of Emancipation" along with obtuse sleevenotes pointing out meanings to the songs.

"I don't aspire to be The Greatest Misunderstood Artist Of Our Time. I *want* to make that connection. Rock-'n'roll and films are the greatest image banks of our time. You gotta do it — and I'll go into it with as much vigour as anyone. I know you can never get rid of the stage and the audience and the performers, but it can be a very useful device to have.

STRANGE (left). . .
. . .BLITZ (right)

"Especially if you do consider what you do to be in some way an attempt to . . ." (entertain?) "To teach."

What a twerp, you're thinking. It's not what his manager thinks.

BRIAN MORRISON is fuming. The Customs have just confiscated his wrist watch, and as we power into London from Heathrow in his black Rolls Royce he champs on his cigar and vows he's going to sue them. He seems to mean it.

On our way to the West End we stop at what looks from the outside like a studio or even a warehouse, a slightly scruffy building in West London. However, on venturing inside I discover it's Morrison's house, virtually an art gallery, wall-to-wall originals, deep pile black carpets, sunken bath in the corner of the bedroom, a dome ceilinged living room which, Morrison gleefully tells me, the decorator compared to the Royal Albert Hall.

This man is by far the most ostentatious rich man I've ever met. It might as well be decorated with ten pound notes.

An immensely likeable guy who made his millions for himself, Morrison started out as The Pretty Things' manager after he booked them for a tenner at his London art school, dropping out to do it, and finally threw in the towel as a rock entrepreneur for health and boredom reasons just before The Pink Floyd, who he'd managed from scratch, cut "Dark Side Of The Moon". He also managed Free, T. Rex, and many others.

The Doctors Of Madness rekindled his interest. He believes in them — and, with his bread, it's got to be a fascinating band to get Morrison back in the biz.

In a world of music that plays safe, he recognises the Doctors as unique; they may not be totally original, but they are absolutely isolated. As Paul Morley said, "The most unfashionable band of all time."

AFTER THE gig, there's 16 of us round a table in a restarant. Rene, who designed the florid "Figments Of Emancipation" cover, chucks some insult Brian's way.

"Right", yells Morrison, "That's the last Doctors cover you do!"

"Oh no," groans Kid Strange. "That means the end of our psychedelic period. Better practise gobbing, lads."

● FOONOTE: I caught the Doctors again at the Marquee during their Route '77 tour. With a rearranged set, they were back to their beautiful best — I loved every instant of it. The place was packed, the sound, lights and performance were great. Dave Vanion of The Damned joined in on "Waiting For The Man". — They wuz fantastic. Just thought you ought to know.

□ PHIL McNEILL

LYRIC OF THE WEEK

● *Not to be reproduced in whole or in part without authorised permission*

Side Two
So Long Mickey Mouse
lyrics by Stanley Clarke
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA-A-LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA-A-LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA-A-LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA-A-LA
LA LA-LA LA-LA LA-LA LA LA
LA LA-LA LA-LA LA-LA LA LA
LA LA-LA LA-LA LA-LA LA LA
LA LA-LA LA-LA LA-LA LA LA
©1977 Clarkee Music, BMI

BENYON: The Lone Groover

— ITS LIKE THIS PRONTO Y'MAKE A LOTTA NOISE IN TH' PAPERS AN' A RECORD COMPANY SIGNS YA SO Y'MAKE EVEN MORE NOISE AN' THEY BREAK YOR CONTRACT LEAVIN' YA WITH £100,000 — ITS A WHOLE NEW CONCEPT FOR MAKIN' MUCHO BREAD.
Y'JUST KEEP REPEATIN' IT...
SURE, BUT YOU CAN'T CUT IT GROOVER Y'NEED A NEW VIOLENT IMAGE, A NAME LIKE GRIEVOUS GROOVER, TH' LONE BODILY HARMER OR EL MAESTRO MALEVOLENT
NATCHO, Y'REALLY NEED T'WACK A ROCK CRITIC T'MAKE IT ULTRA BIG!!
LOOK! THERES DICK SPENT OF TH' NEW BANDWAGON EXPRESSO WHY DON'T YA PERFORM A KNUCKLE INCIDENT, REMOVE AN' EAR LOBE, TRAMPLE SOME FEATURES—REALLY BEAT 'IM UP.
NO!!! PLEASE!! KNUCKLES! EAR LOBES!!! TRAMPLE!!! IF Y'WAN'T T' BEAT ME....
USE THIS ..... IT REALLY STINGS .... BUT ITS FUN!
YAWNO!
HMM.... AFTER YOU.....

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA HAVE BROKEN A NEW WORLD RECORD

The album now includes TWO hit singles

LIVIN' THING
&
ROCKARIA

Electric Light Orchestra

A NEW WORLD RECORD
UAG 30017

Jet RECORDS

MARKETED BY UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

WHO IS TAPPER ZUKIE? AND WHY ARE

Patti Smith, Lenny Kaye, and Penny Reel saying such nice things about him?

Unfortunately, we don't have Patti or Lenny here to tell us.
We DO have Penny Reel, who INSISTS he use this space to lord the talents of JA's mouth with the mostest.

RADIO ITHIOPIA reporting . . . the year was 1973, and Tapper "I-King" Zukie was a shy eighteen year-old chasing with the sticks-bwoys and away from the Babylon. Flashing a baby face in and out of the sharp scenes. *"I'm a walking razor; don't watch my side — I'm dangerous!"*

Checking the sounds and hailing the followers. Sometimes begging the mike to postulate a roots argument. Other times getting it, plus a pat on the head, dread. Looking for promotion.

Soon, making local noises as Viego Sound's DJ hero — *"Viego mek you walk and a Viego mek you talk and a Viego mek you seh it's a sound-a-boss."*

Catching the ears of Ethnic Records' Larry Lawrence and cutting a record for him. Then, a complete album for Clem Bushay: "Man Ah Warrior", "I Ra Lion", "I King Zukie", "Archie The Rednose Reindeer", "Zukie Fashionwear", "Simpleton Badness", "Black Cinderella". Each tune as nakedly urgent as its title suggests.

How could any smart producer resist recording such a gentle, innocent voice reading such a violent and insecure script?

And then . . . living on the scavenged scraps of a roots reputation, a penurious existence, circulating the unwanted end of the musical market-place. "Sorry skip, no dunzer, your music didn't sell. It cost me money to put the records out."

And finally, hustling a fare back to Jamaica to lick his wounds.

"I 'ave to go 'ome and set up a t'ing fe myself," Tapper told me upon his return to London last May, "then I start to be real serious in this business.

"When I started it, I didn't start to get a moneys, you know; I jus' started it because I love it. But after a while, you doing these t'ings and you don't get no moneys, you don't look like nobody . . ."

So why Zukie? Flashback to the first time the man's records hit me . . .

"Well right now the weird thing's right . . . and I-man no care if deh no light . . . right now, rhythm rule I . . . I-man red . . . and if you no red, you ah go dead . . . and if you no dead, you ah go dread."

In tune to Radio I-thiopia roots communication . . . the singular declaration of rights above revealed itself as "Feeling High Version" from a new young toaster by the name of Tapper Zukie. Hearing it for the first time I was immediately hooked — and I've been Zukied ever since!

Ambiguous as it reads, Tapper's toast was guaranteed to strike a note in the dulled nerves of sound-system followers everywhere.

Not that his lyric hit me first, in any case. It was his diffident sneer, to *rass,* that conveyed the message in no uncertain assertion; and his subsequent music has been a fulfilment of equal equivocations. Undoubtedly, the weird thing's right . . .

And right now, the weird things are even righter, and Tapper Zukie is poised to become one of the biggest stars JA has ever produced.

Currently, he's living in New York with Lenny Kaye, and creating ripples on the punk scene over there, having created for himself the status of legend in this country with his "MPLA" monster (single and album) last summer. For his new album, "Man From Bosrah", Patti Smith has written the sleevenotes, in the form of a poem entitled "Tapper The Extractor".

"But Tapper," I remonstrated, "I thought natty don't check pattie."

"Yes, Jah Reel, a serious t'ing Iah, but Patti Smith an ital pattie."

The *tone* of Zukie's music has altered over the past year or so, even though it has not lost any of its abrasive edge. The voice of dissident protest has become a chant of unity. The "Man-Ah-Warrior" has become the "Man From Bosrah" — the Rastaman with his garments dipped in blood. Tapper has become a member of the Twelve Tribes of Israel — a scion of the branch Judah.

Another thing this street waif told me last year was: "I want someone to tek real good care of Tapper Zukie. I don't want to scatter; I want to be in one firmament. I want to get into one thing and settle down."

He settled down with Klik Records for a time, giving them four hit reggae singles; and in "MPLA" the best-selling reggae album of the Christmas period.

Tapper also wrote the lyrics for Errol Dunkley's hit "Eunoch Power", calling Powell's bluff.

Recently, he split from Klik; and now "Man From Bosrah" is to be released on his own label as a "pre".

And then?

"I and I no come 'ere fe live, you know . . . I and I come 'ere fe see the wheel of Babylon, but not to be a part of Babylon . . .

"Certain words 'ave been spoken from the mouth of a member of the House of Parliament, saying he will donate one thousand pounds for each black man to go home . . . any time you seh we mus' go home, we are willing to go home; but we are waiting on you to give us the Black Star liner . . ."

Well, the weird thing's right; and Tapper Zukie's Radio I-thiopian declarations may just be more righteous than you might think.

Pic: EVE DADOMO

***TAPPER ZUKIE:** ital tie, digital dread. The weird's thing's right.*

"Stay In Love" with Minnie Riperton

"Let's stay in love
It's the most two people can do
Let's stay in love
Give to me as I give to you
. . .We're lying underneath the stars
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With love's sweet mystery
We hold each other close and oh so tight
So afraid we might
Wake up from this precious dream"

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ZINE-AGE DEPRESSION

JULIE BURCHILL continues NME's investigation into the lurid world of Gestetner Gestalt. That's fanzines to you.

FANZINE-MANIA seems to be sweeping the country — no matter where you look, tatty-looking, duplicated and stapled drivel seems to be recurring like so much untreated adolescent acne.

In a class of its own is *Out There* (No 1) (14 Hawthorn Grove, Heaton Moor, Stockport) masterminded by modest young Paul Morley. This glossy little booklet positively exudes style and professionalism (such a dirty word) from every page. No typing errors or loose staples here, honey! *Au contraire,* this little gem (a steal at 20p) resembles a theatre programme more than anything, incorportating nuggets on the Pistols, Ted Nugent, Bob Dylan and one of the best Patti Smith pieces I've seen. The writing is meticulously sculptured; as the cover proudly proclaims "prose for dancing to."

Contrarily, *Panache* (No 1) is sadly just what this half-hearted scrawl lacks. Between tirades against the rock press, *Panache* paddles half-heartedly in Iggy-at-the-Rainbow and a variety of bootleg album reviews in which negativity reaches fever pitch. Obnoxious whining for overgrown wimps, thrown together by a bunch of such over the space of ten tedious Xeroxed pages.

In a more mailing vein is *Penetration* (No 7) (13 Westholm Avenue, Heaton Chapel, Stockport), which sadly doesn't live up to its alluring title. Paul Morley is also apparently involved in this little debacle (run by a gaggle of Isle of Wight rejects) and he needs his name on their pages like he needs leprosy.

Nestling among 12p worth of dull scam on Ted Nugent (yawn), Edgar Broughton and Hawkwind is a curious little spread on the dangers of V.D. Are you sitting on your hands, children? Then we'll begin; "Think clean. A good healthy sex life with one person is *worthwhile* and indeed a lot more satisfying than casual sex with a few *different* people."Must we stand by and watch our pop kids minds being contaminated by such trash?

The acclaimed *Aylesbury Roxette* (No 6) is a freebie which boasts a dubious society column knocked out by one Magenta De Vine (bet that isn't her real name) who is but a pale pink rip-off of our own red-hot Velda D. Bitchy and occasionally (*very* occasionally) witty, the *Roxette* possesses a rather desolately dated aura. On the whole boring, resembling a midget-edition *Melody Maker.* And that can't be good.

The New Wave Magazine (No 2) (104 Crescent Road, New Barnet, Herts) is, like its title, straight, functional and dull (though printed on rather fetching pale green paper.) Containing an Iggy review, a Stranglers interview "and so much more!!!" and not much else, it reminds us that "New Wave is Energy and Spontaneity, and sometimes Originality". A pity they don't practise what they preach; put your 25p towards a picture sleeve single instead.

Cells (No 1) (Elgin Mansions, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale) is monumentally ugly, page after smudgy page of nightmarish purple duplication and a non-existent layout. No pictures ... what's a fanzine without pictures?

Cells attempts an overview of the British new-wave scene plus a discography of the MC5, which is accomplished competently and without frills — and without thrills, sadly, as the style is completely trampled underfoot by the content. As an information sheet, it's fine; as a magazine (at 30p including postage) it don't stand a chance.

Buzz (No 3) is a glossy, candy-coloured-covered little booklet from our friends on the far side of the bridge. Not wildly exciting (Procol Harum, Lee Jackson, Burlesque) but the standard of writing is respectable and 10p (to 8 Belle Vue Terrace, Penarth, South Glamorgan) is but a small price to pay to quell the howling of the power-crazed, leek-crunching devolutionist revolutionaires over there.

Situation 3 (No 2) (Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road) carries the Rotten visage on the cover, and the contents are a mixture of sick humour and World War Two flash-backs (a band of German peasants giving the Nazi salute, with the word "Poseurs" plastered across them). The repetition of "fucking" (without fail, out of context) tends to grate after a while, as does this publication's nursery-politricks; "Hitler Made Easy; Or, Nazism for the Under 20's".

Dumb, disturbing, and 10p.

Ripped And Torn (No 3) (Rough Trade) is such an unashamed *Sniffin' Glue* blowjob that it has to be good. Same layout, same editorial policy (i.e. no editorial policy) and same irreverence. Contains "punk" charts, record reviews, and general scam by Tony O and Skid Kid who are almost as good writers as Mark P. Also boasts a pin-up of the luscious Johnny Rotten and an S.M collage page. A snip at 25p.

Out Now (No 3) (10 Minting Place, Cramlington, Northumberland) is mainline stuff, v. slick, v. professional and v. boring. Glossy cover and neat layout gilding Jack the Lad, Bill Bruford and Hall and Oates.

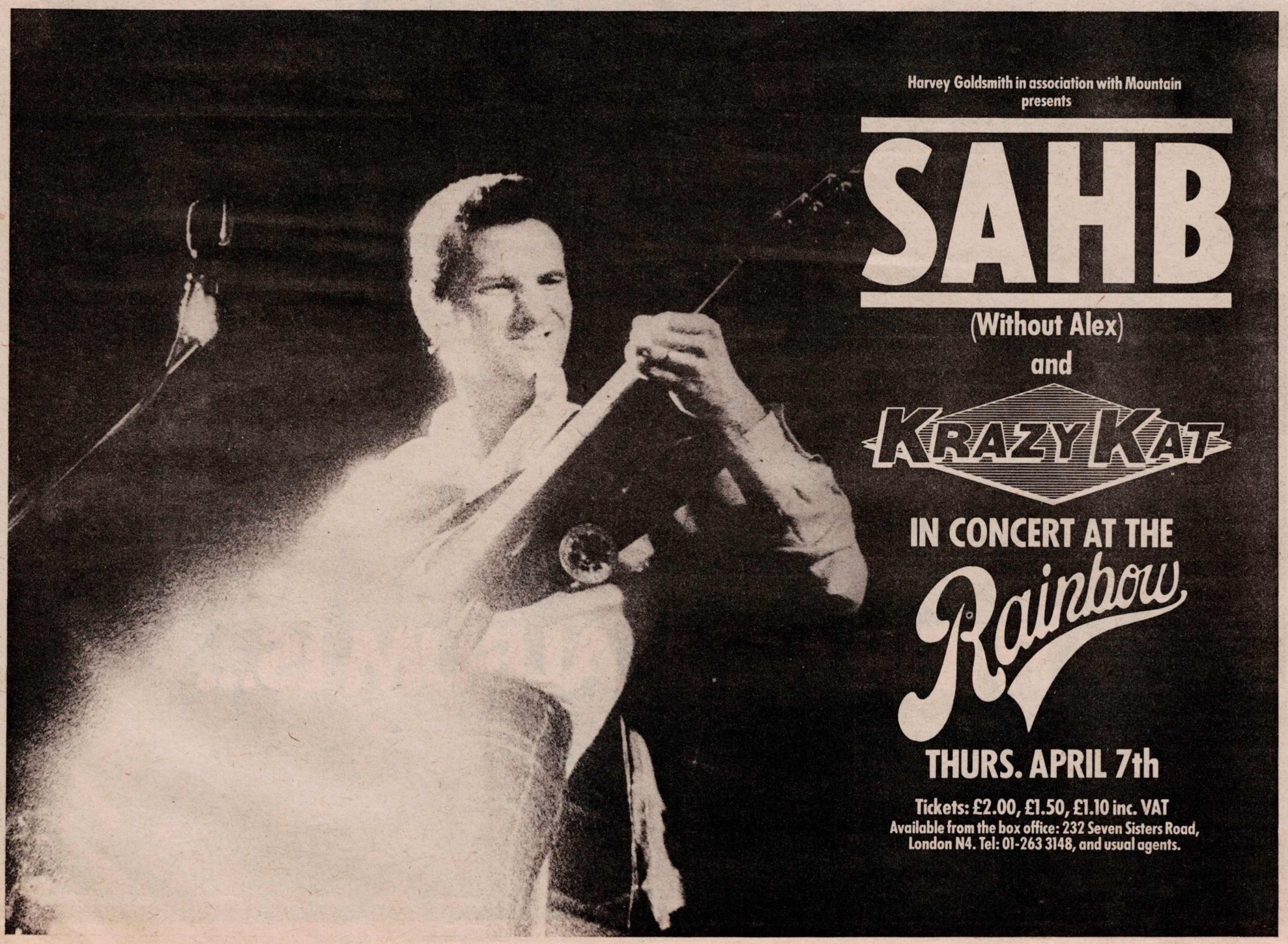
Scene (volume 2 Issue 2) (4 Portobello Place, Dublin 8) is an Irish magazine covering a wide range of music from the McGarrigle Sisters to Ry Cooder. Well, a range, at least. 20p, middle-aged and grey. No fun.

Flicks (No 1) (Rough Trade) is the brainchild of a group of Essex teenagers, in particular Jon Herlihy and Glenn Marks, who have a lot to learn about creative journalism but who are fortunately blessed with an innate sense of the fitness of things, and a neat set of nuances. This cute printed booklet will set you back 30p.

Lastly, *Ad Lib,* slender, metropolitan and free. A lovely layout with succinct illustration to stress a point, easy to read and clean-looking. But a little on the . . . austere side, shall we say. Five small size pages and very little copy, plus the most lamentable *faux pas* in the history of the universe; giving space to the dreadful Phyllis, who makes a lousy job of numbering the lovely Sue Catwoman.

Incidentally, Phyllis *used* to write for *Sniffin' Glue;* sweet Sue is *now* the proud owner of young Mark P's fraternity safety pin.

Sort that one out.



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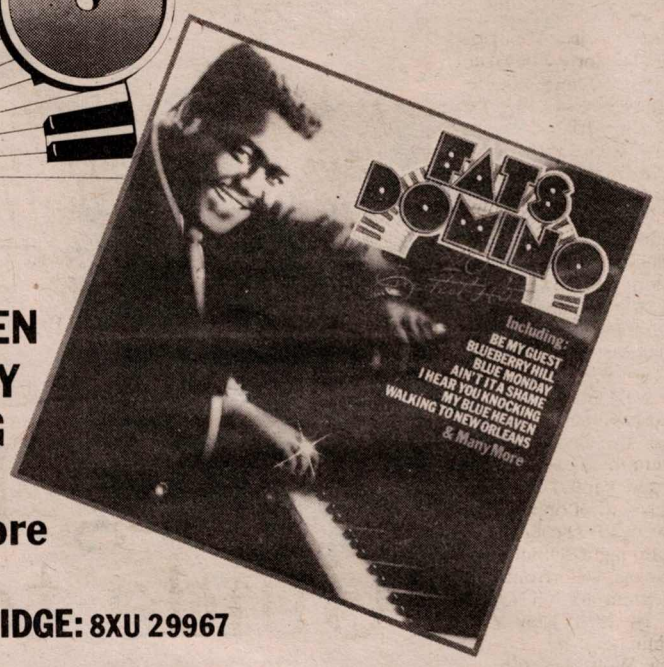

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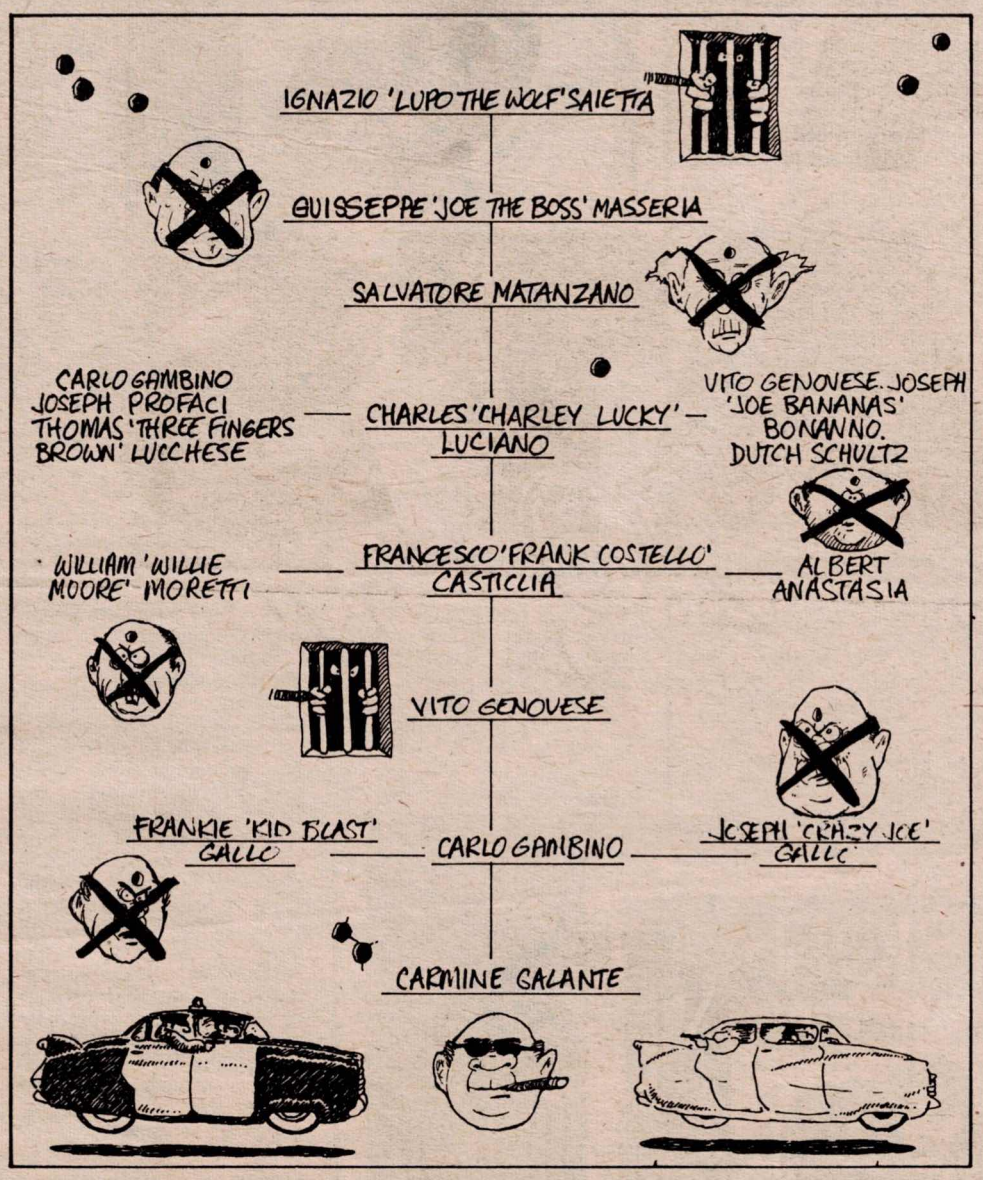

MAFIA FAMILY TREE compiled by Brian Case and Edward

BRIAN CASE (in what we sincerely hope won't be his very last piece of journalism) takes a long look at that happy band of brothers who did so much to make the cement overshoe New Jersey's favourite footwear. That's right kids, it's the NME's . . .

Young Person's Guide to the MAFIA

IN TERMS of export, Sicily — that ball at the toe of Italy's boot — hit a wider goalmouth than its sardine fishermen and olive grove farmers envisioned. It exported an attitude of mind. That, plus a string-tied fibre suitcase, was all that the first wave of Mustache Petes to hit Immigration Control, Ellis Island, New York City, brought with them in the 1880's, but it was enough to take a fair proportion of them to the top of the world's greasiest business ladder.

The fire that tempered these immigrants was persecution. Sicily had been conquered by the Arabs in the 9th Century, the Normans in the 11th, Spaniards in the 15th, and the Neapolitan Bourbons in the 18th, and this bred a fierce hatred of government and an underground solidarity clenched around the twin fists of honour and revenge. Family was the law.

America, individualistic, was no match for the buckshot advance of an extended family. Ethnic succession saw the ousting of the Irish — top racketeers from the 1840's, The Famine — and the gradual take-over by Italians. They had a talent for organisation, and an armour-piercing ambition.

The Black Hand, the earliest Italo-American crime syndicate, threatened the death or mutilation of the children of fellow countrymen — hey paisano — if its extortion demands were not met.

The mushrooming growth of cities after the Civil War, the boss system in city politics and unrestrained capitalism made America a land of opportunity for those who chose routes other than night-school. The New Orleans waterfront was the first plum to fall to the Sicilians. By 1910, New York was dominated by Ignazio 'Lupo The Wolf' Saietta who, pulling 30 years for forgery, was succeeded by Guisseppe 'Joe The Boss' Masseria.

In Chicago, 'Diamond Jim' Colosimo ruled until Johnny Torrio took it away from him.

The biggest leg-up for organized crime sprang from the moral impulses of the American government. In 1919 the Volstead Act banned the sale and manufacture of alcohol, a move as practicable as banning sex.

Prohibition puffed noughts onto illegal incomes like smoke rings from a cigar.

Distilleries pumped out bootleg liquor in every price range from 3-day vintage to tiger sweat that left the reveller blind, paralysed or dead. Booze was hip, and to the kid in the racoon coat with the hip-flask and the date in the rumble of his Stutz Bearcat, booze was one in the eye for authority.

It was also one in the wallet for the racketeers. By the late '20s, greed was chafing against the boundaries of their separate empires to explode in gang warfare. In Chicago, Torrio and Al Capone ruled the Southside, and fretted against Dion O'Bannion's control of the Northside.

There was bad feeling: O'Bannion, a devout Catholic in spots, objected to "the spaghetti-benders" putting whorehouses on his turf. Capone, who had already iced Diamond Jim for Torrio, decided to take the Mick and sent three hit men, Scalise, Anselmi and Yale, to O'Bannion's flower shop where they found him trimming chrysanthemums. It was a snip.

Reprisals followed. The late O'Bannion's sidekicks, Earl 'Hymie' Weiss and George 'Bugs' Moran, shotgunned Torio who survived and stayed that way by retiring to The Old Country. A nine-car cavalcade invaded Capone's Cicero stronghold, raking the front of the Hawthorn Hotel with over a thousand machinegun bullets and — miraculously — missing Big Al.

On 14 February, 1929, Big Al evened the score. Five men dressed as cops entered Moran's bootleg headquarters, lined seven men against the garage wall and riddled them. The St. Valentine's Day Massacre settled the boundaries, and Capone ruled Chicago until the law decided in 1931 that his income tax returns as a second-hand furniture dealer were unconvincing, and convicted him.

MEANWHILE, back at The Apple, a power struggle was under way that relegated Capone's to the tiff class. The Castellammarese War sold more violin cases than Mantovani, and machinegun nests littered Manhattan. Guiseppe 'Joe The Boss' Masseria wanted to bring Salvatore Maranzano into line, and for the next year nobody slept good. Changing address daily, the phrase 'going on the mattress' gained currency among the hedge-hopping hoods.

In 1931, Joe The Boss was hit in a Coney Island restaurant by his two trusted henchmen, Charles 'Charley Lucky' Luciano and Vito Genovese.

The triumphant Maranzano called a meeting to cool things out. Versed in seven languages, nuts on Julius Caesar, the one-time novice for the priesthood — it didn't take — was to be Capo di tutti Capi, top bannana. Vendetta was banned, but he privately plotted to hit Luciano, Genovese, Capone, Costello, Willie Moretti, Joe Adonis and Dutch Schultz. Over-ambitious, as it turned out, for Luciano whacked him out in his real estate office, fake policemen, real lead.

Luciano consolidated his edge with a nationwide bloodbath that eliminated most of the old guard. 'A lot of others around Mr. Maranzano who got caught sleeping, slept forever", said Joe Valachi, the informer who first blew the whistle on the Cosa Nostra.

With Luciano at the top, the framework of a nationwide crime syndicate came into focus. The main cities — New York, Chicago, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco and Philadelphia — were ruled by Family units, with resorts like Miami, Las Vegas and Havana up for grabs.

Each Family was ruled by a Capo, with sub-capo and capo-regime ranking down to the soldiers on the street. Membership was confined to Italians. New York, comprising a third of Cosa Nostra membership, was divided between five families under Genovese, Joseph 'Joe Bananas' Bonanno, Carlo Gambino, Joseph Profaci and Thomas 'Three-Finger Brown' Lucchese. There was to be no more Mister Big, said Mister Big, Charley Lucky — arbitration was to be left to a Commissione of Capos.

The canary that sang, Joe Valachi, described his initiation ceremony — which scarcely differs from the age-old Sicilian custom. A knife and a gun are placed before him. "This represents that you live by the gun and the knife, and you die by the gun and the knife." Paper is placed between his hands and lit. "This is how I will burn if I betray the secret of this Cosa Nostra". Valachi's Godfather is selected, and the tip of Valachi's shooting finger is pricked.

WITH THE end of Prohibition in 1931, new rackets presented themselves. Slot machines, pioneered by Francesco 'Frank Costello' Castiglia in New York, was run out of town on a rail by new-broom Mayor La Guardia, but found haven in New Orleans at the invitation of Governor Huey 'Kingfish' Long. The numbers racket — today worth a quarter of a billion dollars in New York alone — profits mainly on the wagers of low-income groups, giving a payout of 600 to 1 on odds of 1000 to 1, which is more than something for going.

Dutch Schultz ran the numbers, but his plan to rub out Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey sent a frisson up the mohair of The Mob, retiring businessmen all, who hoped to avoid the publicity attendant on chilling a Badge, and chilled Dutch instead. By 1935, Luciano had the numbers.

Loan sharking led to Mafia penetration of legitimate businesses; many who borrowed could not meet the vigorish, the interest, and were

Joe Valachi spills all to the 1963 Senate Investigation

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From previous page*

forced to accept heavy partners. The unions too, came under the influence of 'labour-management consultants' whose attitude towards labour organisation was summed up by Joe Valachi: "Now, I just don't like unions. To me, a union guy is a pimp."

In 1936, the unimaginable happened. Charles 'Charley Lucky' Luciano went down on a 30-50 year rap for compulsory prostitution, a minor, embarrassing inheritance from his predecessor. He stayed in Dannemora until 1942, when the U.S. Government, fearful of wartime sabotage on the New York waterfront, sprung him to use his influence.

In return for recruiting the Sicilian Mafia to the Allied cause, Charley Lucky was repatriated, ran things from Havana for a while before U.S. influence got him deported. Luciano died in 1962, went to his grave like a national hero in Caruso's hearse. "If I had my time over again," he said, "I'd do the same sort of thing, only I'd do it legal."

Not everyone was that patriotic. The Mafia-controlled black market in petrol stamps cost 2,500,000 illegal gallons a day throughout the war. Vito Genovese, next in line for Thomas E. Dewey's attention, fled to Italy where he gave 250,000 dollars to the Fascists and was decorated by Mussolini.

The late '30s saw the syndicate under the loose rein of Frank Costello, more interested in backing politicians and running his slot machine empire than stirring things up, though his ally, Albert Anastasia, kept Spears & Jackson in work.

On his return after the war, Vito Genovese eased himself back into the power structure with the trusty old methods: concrete kimonos and holes in the head all round.

"This is for you, Frank," said the torpedo hired to hit Costello at L'Aiglon restaurant, but blew it, though Costello got enough of the message to hang up the gloves.

Albert Anastasia, betrayed by his sub-capo, Carlo Gambino, was one of the few who didn't die with his laughing-gear around a dish of canelloni. Albert got it under the hot towels in a barber's chair.

On November 14, 1957, Genovese called the Commissione to the dreaming rustic hamlet of Apalachin to confirm his title. This was the biggest conference ever, attended by representatives of 25-30 Families from all over the United States, and confirmation of the Kefauver Committee's Senate hearings which diagnosed that America had come close to criminal saturation.

A state trooper, suspicions aroused by phalanxes of fedoras and wrap-around camel coats in a country lane, called a roadblock. The summit conference broke up in high farce as the Capos high-tailed it for the tall timber, shedding their roscoes in the shrubbery, forlornly making like a Nature Rambler's outing. Respect took a dive.

Genovese, overriding old fears of stirring up the public and the Narcotics Bureau, got stuck into the drugs market, importing heroin but leaving most of the dealing to blacks and Puerto Ricans. He died recently in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, following a 15-year rap for narcotics conspiracy.

Pete Maas, in *The Valachi Papers*, cites a prison guard on his influential con: he pointed down at the games yard — It's tough on those fellows — he just plays so bad that it's hard for them to lose."

Following the death of Carlo Gambino last year, Carmine Galante took over the syndicate, a man obsessed by his health. He should be.

Where was the law while the Cosa Nostra rose on its ramp of corpses to become a second government? In Sicily it was used by the rising middle classes to fight the old aristocracy and keep the proletariat down: Salvatore Giuliano and the May Day Massacre. In America, four FBI agents concentrated on New York's crime. The remaining 400 guarded against the domestic Red Menace. Reds are Un-American.

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SILVER SCREEN

A Star Is Born

Directed by Frank Pierson
Starring Barbra Streisand, Kris Kristofferson

I HAVEN'T SEEN either of the two earlier versions of this film — though reputation has it that the 1937 original is the essential one, the second turning out to be no more than a star vehicle for Judy Garland — in precisely the same manner that the current one is a star vehicle for Barbra Streisand.

One of the ironies of the film is that, while Streisand was the actress most suited to the role because of her pre-eminence in U.S. popular entertainment, she was equally the least suited because of the very measure of her phenomenal success.

Barbra Streisand was born a fully-fledged star more completely than anyone else of her generation. She never started at the bottom of any ladder. At the time of the release of her debut album "My Name Is Barbra" (in 1965) CBS booked her into the room at the top and she has since had no cause to look down.

Hence the theme of this movie (the love and marriage of two legends in the entertainment business, one of whom is accelerating upwards while the other is simultaneously plunging as fast in the opposite direction) becomes seriously undermined by Streisand's inability to appear convincingly naive or gooky, as she should when she is first plucked from a shady, basement club.

These inadequacies are aggravated by her predominance throughout. She is lead singer and actress, composed some of the songs, is her own wardrobe mistress, and as executive producer (her boyfriend Jon Peters is producer) ensures that she virtually never leaves the screen from the moment of her appearance.

Given the fact that no-one, but no-one upstages Streisand, it's plain why Elvis Presley and Mick Jagger are both supposed to have rejected the role of the disintegrating rock star. Just as well since Kristofferson, giving one of his most assured performances yet, is one of the film's few saving graces.

In fact, the whole milieu of the hyper-successful rock star, and the dissipation, ennui and wastefulness that surround him is particularly well-conveyed throughout. The parts of those in Kristofferson's immediate retinue, his mentors and tormentors, are also acted convincingly; these include, incidentally, Paul Mazursky — the director of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and *Next Stop Greenwich Village* — as his manager.

However, the film rarely rises above a cliched level that might set the movie industry back 30 years — though the film's most leaden counterweight is its credulous supposition that Streisand's admittedly wide-ranging appeal could ever embrace rock audiences.

Her material here — from the wretchedly dull script to the appalling songs — is virtually the exact kind of mainstream schmaltz she has been purveying throughout her career; totally appropriate for a mainstream schmaltz movie like this, agreed, but hardly the sort of thing you would expect mainstream rock audiences to get off on.

Beware: this is not the soft corn traded innocuously most weeks at the local Odeon or ABC. This is real, Hollywood hard corn. **Bob Woffinden**

The Last Tycoon (AA)

Starring Robert de Niro, Robert Mitchum, Tony Curtis et al.
Directed by Elia Kazan

ROBERT DE NIRO has this movie in his very hip pocket.

As Monroe Stah, boy wonder-producer with his finger on the jugular vein of the entire artistic output of a giant movie company, he exerts total control from the back lot to the board room. But beneath this icicle facade he's a sick man, constantly pill-popping (on account of heart trouble) and ending up at night alone in his gothic Bel Air mansion with only a Filipino houseboy and memories of his dead (suicide) wife for company.

Then he meets Kathleen More (Ingrid Boulting), ringer for his dead love, gets snagged in a doomed affair and lets power and position dribble through his fingers.

Turning alcoholic overnight when she marries another, Stah tries to punch out the writer's union rep from New York (fussy cameo from Jack Nicholson here), and arrives in the boardroom next morning to find his job gone. We leave him on the empty movie lot, staring into the black hole of a giant empty sound stage.

There's no ending. Scott Fitzgerald's acerbic pen portrait, from which the movie springs, remains unfinished. It has great power though, based as it is on the flesh and blood genius Irving Thalberg (gutter-boy immigrant turned MGM powerman who died young) and strongly reflects Fitzgerald's own personal experience of the dead dog treatment handed out to screenwriters of the time.

The name-studded cast are a lumpy crew. Tony Curtis as the matinee idol with sex problems is a winner, and Robert Mitchum's meaty presence as the studio muscle, first to realise Stah's genius and the man who places the dagger in his back, demonstrates the way old pros can still cut the mustard. Jean Moreau as bitchy ageing actress and Donald Pleasance as the drunken English hack, get lost in the pits of caricature.

It is de Niro, however, who shines brightest. He moves like a panther, living the Stah role with total conviction. Only when he laughs does a glimmer of his New Yawk street punk heritage shine out and even then you feel that's what he wants you to see.

The Last Tycoon emerges as a study of Hollywood on many levels. In the celluloid world, when Monroe Stah sits down at the high table for dinner, he faces the hard, critical stares of the older generation.

When Robert de Niro sits down at the high table, he faces the same hard stares from Robert Mitchum and Ray Milland, the older generation of American movie actors. This film confirms that he makes the grade.

Dick Tracy

SINGLES

Twenty Million Centuries with the Kangaroos of Death!

IT WAS getting dark; too dark to see, in fact. I could still feel the convulsive grip on my hand, though my hand seemed to be several million miles away and swaddled in a massive layer of cotton wool.

Somewhere was the sound of muffled sobbing, the smell of surgical astringents and, inexplicably, the taste of lemons.

I was tossing pebbles at the panes of heaven's windows. My back ached from the pressure of the bedspring's mortal coil. I was going deaf in one ear.

So I stopped trying to hold on, went out with a bang and a whimper (there is but little dignity in a final groan engulfed by a last fart, but then that's life), left the strangers back there mourning on the shore, turned over on my back and kicked out lazily in the general direction of the sunset, thinking about all the things I didn't have to think about any more.

My reverie seemed to continue forever, but it was all too soon interrupted.

How can I recount this experience in terms comprehensible to the pre-terminal mentality other than to say that I was rudely snatched from the sea by some metaphysical equivalent of an ocean-going fishing trawler, cast heedlessly atop a squirming mass of fellow captives untimely wrenched from the joys of endless inactivity and finally hauled before a kangaroo court in a small, bare, harshly lit ante-room off the corridors of power.

The kangaroos spoke to me in voices most deep and crisp and even, and the flame of righteousness burning in their cold, bulging eyes told me what their incomprehensible dialect could not: that what they were about to do was fully in accordance with the highest precepts of justice that they recognised. They were the veritable incarnation of all that is simultaneously harsh and fair and — indeed — regards the two terms as twinned, indivisible under God and law.

I hated them blindly, loved them madly, what could I do?

Singles columns are the same wherever you do them, though whether the singles actually existed in dimensions other than this one or were simply artefacts of my torment was a Pandora's bankvault of mystery and paradox that I couldn't even begin to contemplate.

Thus it went:

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

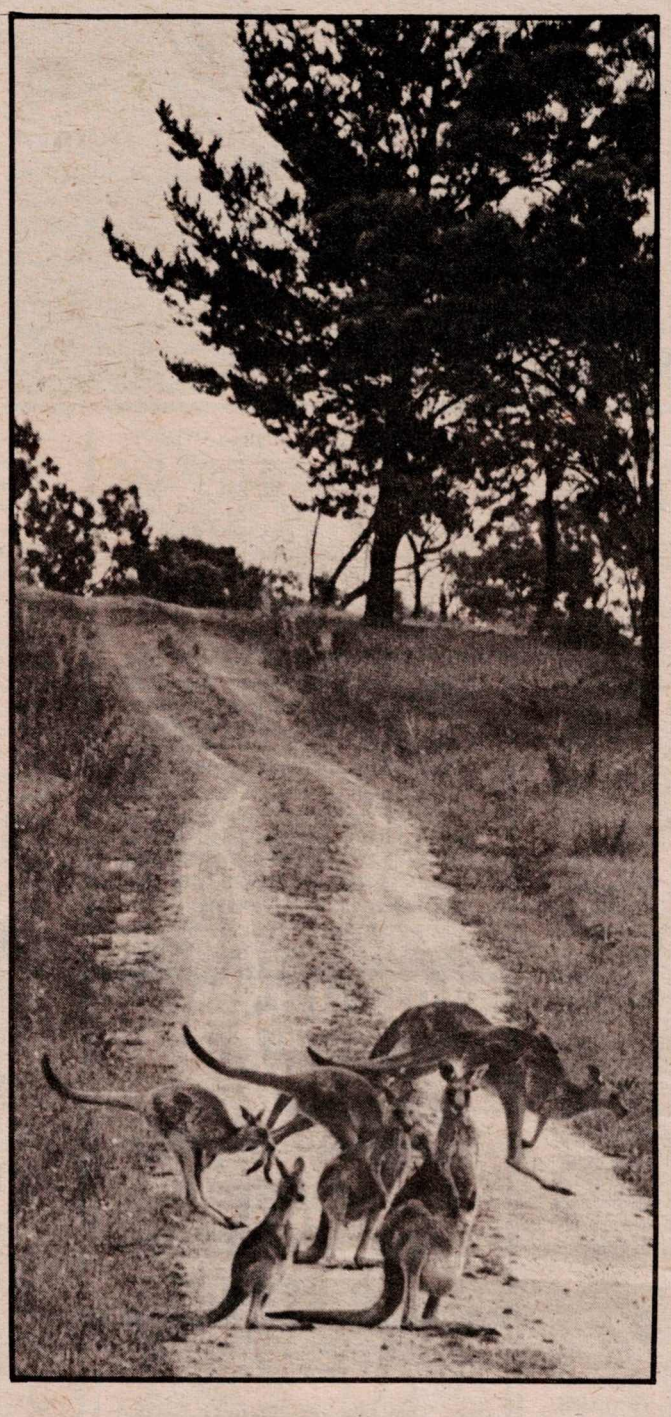
THE KINKS: Sleepwalker (Arista) Farewell catalepsy and hand me down mah walking cane. Dreamily stumbling out of the conceptual straitjacket in which he has been cocooned since "Muswell Hillbillies", Raymond Douglas Davies presents himself in the hilariously unlikely guise of a nocturnal predator behaving strangely on the back streets, set to a backdrop highly reminiscent of the hallowed back-'em-up-shunt-'em-down riffing of Phase 1 Kinks. As a bonus, there's a short section wherein Ray takes a couple of languid pokes at Bob Dylan (he misses, but who cares?). The only bit that doesn't happen is Dave Davies' guitar solo, in which he overdubs two parts that pack a featherweight punch when set beside the explosive outburst on "You Really Got Me". Still, the main squeeze is that The Kinks are making good records again, which helps to make life after death slightly more palatable.

SMOKEY ROBINSON AND THE MIRACLES: There Will Come A Time (I'm Gonna Happen To You) (Motown) And even if it wasn't, this would help. Imagine "You Really Got A Hold On Me" and one of the smoother versions of "I'd Rather Go Blind" cut up into chunks and smothered with whipped cream and you've practically heard this already. The ultimate in luxurious, elegant suffering, "There Will Come A Time" will probably see a lot of people through a lot of nights, which must count for something these days. After all, sometimes a dark blue fruit salad is the only soul food that'll do.

ELVIS COSTELLO: Half Past Zero (Stiff) One day someone will make a neat — if shortlived — rockcrit splash by going into exhaustive detail about the legacy of Van Morrison as currently and highly successfully promulgated by such disparate souls as Graham Parker, Phil Lynott and Bruce Springsteen. This week's best nee - Van - via - Phil - Graham - and - of - course - Bruce is unquestionably the legendary Elvis Costello, who filters it all through an arrangement oddly akin to Billy Swan's revolutionary revibe of "Don't Be Cruel". Great record; doesn't have a snowball's chance in hell; what a bleedin' shame, etcetera.

FROM HERE ON IN THINGS GET WORSE

HORSLIPS: Warm Sweet Breath Of Love (DJM) Quick breath of the Celtic / Gothic science fantasy fog machine and then into what sounds like a return of T. Lizzy's "Don't Believe A Word" with occasional washes of flute and mandolin wafting in from another station. It's certainly not unpleasant, and after all they're all Irish (Horslips, Lynott, Morrison, etc) and therefore are drawing on a common heritage. This'd make a far more palatable hit than



OR: THE SINGLES LIFE WILL MAKE YOU CRAZY.

most of the waste-products disgorged by the record companies this week, particularly Polydor's current Phil Morristeen, the stoically boring Mike Redway.

AL STEWART: Caroline (CBS) Enter the twin-guitar overdub, followed closely by Al Stewart, forever breathlessly trying to cram all the words in before the rhythm section beat him to the end of the verse. Trouble is, that complacent boarding-school voice never seems to pack enough muscle to punch home his lyrics with the power that they undoubtedly require — I mean, they need all the support they can get. Since he's doing well in the States (could he become the Peter Frampton of the James Taylor market?) CBS have shovelled out this 1975 effort, and much good may it do them.

BREAD: Hooked On You (Elektra) The word "bread" can evoke the mirage of a wholesome, crusty loaf prepared from only the finest natural ingredients by dedicated craftsmen: a palpable demonstration of the earth's ability to feed its children and of our ability to reap and replenish. Alternatively, "bread" can be a loathsome synthetic product: bland, textureless, dulling and bloating and almost completely lacking in nutritional value. *You are what you eat.*

JOHN LODGE: Children Of Rock And Roll (Decca) John Lodge is a Moody Bluebird and wholly responsible for what is undoubtedly the most fatuous, condescending, simpering piece of unmitigated terminal brain-stodge since John Miles' "Music", to which it bears an alarming resemblance. It will quite possible emulate the success of that last-named musical disaster area, since it appears that only the most irredeemably safe-o popsters are allowed to sing about "Rock And Roll" on *Top Of The Pops*. A plague on all his houses, both at home and abroad.

NEW WAVE (black)

DILLINGER: Natty B.Sc (Black Swan) Natty having taken him GCE now go fe de hiyahh degree. Theoretically it might be possible for them to have made a record this monumentally bizarre without being so wrecked that it took crowbars to prise 'em off the ceiling, but it would definitely spoil the illusion. The B-side ("Buckingham Palace") cuts the condiments in even finer style, and if Brenda hears it she'll want to establish a winter palace (rhymes with "chalice") in J.A. At least that'll mean that the Pistols won't be able to come and sign contracts in front of it, scare the horses, take a poop all over Derek Green's confidential documents, etc, etc. For further enlightenment, consult D.'s "CB200" album.

NEW WAVE (white)

EATER: Outside View (The Label) Stalwart Steve Clarke reviewed the other side of this some weeks back, so to redress the balance all that remains to be said is that the real A-side boasts a halfway decent lyric, buzzsaw guitar, overbearing bass, underbearing voice, odd mix, adequate drums and at least a half hour's worth of energy. Much the same applies to . . .

THE BOYS: I Don't Care (NEMS) which comes out in a coupla weeks. In the meantime, matters could be improved enormously by a few quid and a few hours in a total remix. If the bass didn't drown everything else out and bleedin' echo so much that it throws the beat all over the place and if you could hear the vocals nice'n loud then "I Don't Care" might go somewhere as fast as it's currently going nowhere.

IT'S A BIT MAINSTREAM BUT I LIKE IT

DENNIS BROWN: Change Your Style (Horse) V. traditional: i.e. Dennis Brown sings in a kind of subdued JA Otis Redding style considerably cooled down from the preacherman hoarseness of Jah Toots, and there ain't an apocalypse-ypse-pse-se-e in sight. The B-side is "Dock Of The Bay" done in the proverbial similar vein. *Enjoyable.*

T REX: Soul Of My Suit (T Rex) A couple of halfway decent ideas which unfortunately have nothing much to do with each other and therefore don't even clash in an interesting manner. More primeval than primal, drivel burbled fairly engagingly, though he sounds as though he's having trouble singing while keeping his cheeks sucked in.

THE CRYSTALS: All Grown Up (Phil Spector International) Not nearly as good as the title, credit and label would lead one to presume. A veil of discretion would come in right 'andy round about here (cue fog machine).

JOE TEX: Ain't Gonna Bump No More (With A Big Fat Woman) (Epic); CARL WAYNE: A Little Give A Little Take (Target); JAMES AND BOBBY PURIFY: Get Closer (Mercury) And here it is. *All these people should know better than this by now.* And so should you. And so should I. And so should these godforsaken kangaroos who're standing all around me now babbling, "He should be finished! I thought he was finished! He *ought* to be finished! Howcum he ain't finished?" and all kinds of other stuff that I really don't need to hear especially not now, especially not here, especially not now that I'm . . . . I'm . . . .

I'M LYING there in this bed, see, and all around me there's *people* and I can smell the surgical astringents and, inexplicably, taste lemons, and they're telling me that the theological implications alone are — well — *staggering,* and wanting to know if I can remember what I experienced while I was . . . no-one can quite bring themselves to finish the sentence.

I breathe in and the air rushes into my lungs, carrying with it the taste of lemons and a breath of vinegar.

"Would you believe," I articulate, not without some passing caress of pain, "that it was just one long bleeding singles column?"

Naturally, no-one did.

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY CHARLES JAH MURRAY (RIGHT) AND STARRING THE ONE-AND-ONLY ELVIS COSTELLO (LEFT)

How pleasant(?) to know Mr Verlaine

REMEMBER THAT SCENE in *Psycho* when Janet Leigh first enters the deserted motel way off at some grim tangent from Hitchcock's endless highway and suddenly she's face to face with Anthony Perkins and that cowering shy quirkiness of his.

It was rather like that.

Superficially, anyway.

My subject is ushered into the hospitality room. At first glance I'm slightly taken aback. He's so anonymous on one level — the crumpled black raincoat, scarf like some sloppy noose around the neck, rather unhealthy-looking dirty blond hair, a most decidedly sickly pallor.

He's tall, pencil-thin with a slight stoop that complements a bemusingly reticent manner. As we shake hands and I attempt to make eye-to-eye contact, his face turns slightly till I'm looking straight at a half-profile, the eyes staring off somewhere else.

So this — finally — is He. Verlaine, leader of New York's Television, burgeoning New Wave enigma and positively rock's strongest contender yet for the title role shot in *"The Starvation Artist"* should Cocteau's harrowing epistle to hyper-aestheticism ever be turned into a (gulp!) rock opera.

Hey, but hold on there a tic!

Just zero in on that exquisitely anaemic visage, the swan-like neck; after the initial shock of first sizing up that bashful veneer, one starts to divine the form of the *"true unbridled charisma"* at work behind the shabby exterior — charisma moreover that shines forth in direct contrast to the almost disconcerting lack of "rock flash" on display here.

Under the raincoat lurks the customary once-tight black jeans, now threadbare, shiny and slightly baggy from continued wearing (and, at a guess, the absence of regular visits to the launderette) plus college-boy jerkin and T-shirt, all swathing a sallow physique. Either Master Verlaine is a born sloven or else he's well-accustomed to living at approximately sub-human levels of domesticity.

(After some fair quotient of the interview has taken place, Verlaine will in fact verify that this latter state of all-purpose impoverishment is what calls the shots on his torn and frayed visual. Home Sweet Home is situated way over in the proverbial bowels of downtown Manhattan—real sub-habitationville, closet-size with minimal heating and cracks in the windows through which the cruel-winds-they-do-blow. Verlaine will postscript this depiction with the casual-but-tacit-statement that he is invariably suffering from some fever-bug or ailment due to the insanitary conditions.)

AH, BUT, yes, yes, I'm very impressed by this man's style — just like I figured I would be all along.

After all, having prior to this moment never actually met the gent, I can quite vividly recall being drawn into conversations over the last two years where the subject of Tom Verlaine's strange personality would be suddenly seized upon and dissected quite obsessively by certain mutual acquaintances.

The one consistent factor in these dialogues would inevitably be the extremity of passion, either pro or anti, that this geezer's name would draw forth from all with regard to Verlaine's baulking ego-mania, his supposed super-paranoid outbursts, the contention that he was simply impossible to work with unless one was prepared to be totally obedient and super-subservient to his every perverse whim.

Brian Eno was the first, as I recall, to offer some rather disturbing insights into the character and behaviour of Television's difficult leader.

It's been nigh on two years now since those ill-fated demo tapes were recorded in New York, Island A&R man Richard Williams having witnessed the potential of the band via an early live performance and hitched up Verlaine and Co., with Eno as producer.

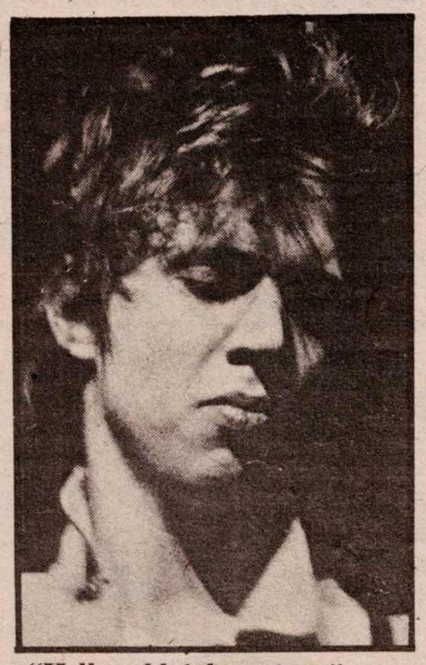
The resulting performances however, by and large, were incredibly frustrating to listen to: five great songs (four of which would eventually turn up on "Marquee Moon" impeccably refashioned) blighted by a total lack of instrumental cohesiveness: no friction, no energy, only this damp, sloppy coldness to the instrumental tracks which Verlaine himself would later describe as "kind of like The Ventures — only even worse than that. It just all sounds so cold and distant."

Verlaine's own recollection pensees on those sessions have already been more than adequately printed in various other publications, while Eno's side of the story has thus far escaped being written up. Verlaine apparently struck the Exquisite One on first meeting as a thoroughly agreeable, easy-going type and the pair seemed all-set for a conducive period of collaborative positivism until . . .

Well, the first sessions went OK, according to Eno, until he noticed that his initial blithe summation of Verlaine's amicability was but a surface-sheen under which there lurked a rather ugly ego determined to fight out the odds and arise victorious whatever the cost to fellow passengers. A discomforting friction subsequently developed between Eno and Verlaine over the former's handling of the sound — which Monsieur V. found most unsatisfactory. He apparently had hoped that his songs would come out sounding like Roxy Music — though as the end-product conclusively proves, he was well-founded in these periods of nagging doubts.

Eno also noticed that Verlaine was well into totally monopolising the power-play stretch that exists amongst any four members of one band; he defiantly forbade another member of Television, bass-player Richard Hell, from having any of his songs recorded and may have gone behind some backs in the process, neglecting to keep those-who-should-know from hearing the facts.

It was only after the sessions had been completed that Eno claims he discovered — and this is a moot point possibly not to be taken as the Gospel truth right off the bat — that young Tom had been working on a proverbial master-plan all along. That he was using the band merely as a support structure to get a record contract and, once this had been attained, he was ready to ditch the three other constituents of Television in a trice and slink off to be wreathed in the laurels of fame and fortune strictly on his tod.



"Hell couldn't keep time."

ENO WILL of course, postscript this rather unpleasant tale of baulking ego-mania by stating that, in his opinion, despite the somewhat anathemic style of Verlaine's base instincts, he is still to be reckoned as a "great songwriter".

It's an almost inevitable conclusion really. Even Richard Hell, his old school-buddy who claims quite adamantly to have suffered worst of all at the hands of Verlaine's ego whims, has to say that the guy he was once closest to and who he believes virtually betrayed him in a display of fairly brutish selfishness, is a great, great talent.

OPINION: Tom Verlaine is a great songwriter, the next seminal rock charismatic, a genius.

"That's the big difference," stated Hell, during one of his many obsessive tirades against Verlaine.

"Verlaine still openly admits to liking me as a person while he puts down my songs and my playing. I think Verlaine's a really great guitar player — a pretty good songwriter — but I can't stand him."

I've already documented Hell's side to the latter's forced departure from Television in an article written on the New York scene approximately a year back, but perhaps circumstances here call for a sprightly re-capsuling of the Hell-Verlaine relationship, its rise and fall, in order to get the Television historical back-drop in a fixed perspective.

It goes back many years, anyway — to a time when there was no Tom Verlaine but there was Tom Miller, a quiet, doe-eyed kid raised in both Delaware and New Jersey, and there was no Richard Hell but there was Richard Myers, tall with muscley torso, spider legs and insect eyes — of Jewish parentage and raised in Kentucky.

The two met up in public school — Miller was a day-boy, Myers resided there full-time — and they hit it off pretty much from the outset.

The former was heavily into poetry and music. At age eight he listened obsessively to Wagner, moving from there directly into the sphere of jazz, starting with Dave Brubeck and ending with Albert Ayler who for a while was TV's "main man".

Myers was into poetry as well — modern literature, you name it — as well as being pretty hip to artsy movies.

Anyway, the friendship was consummated when the two were slouching around Myers' boarding room looking out over an open field and telling themselves how wonderful it would be to just take off over that field and run, run run into the forest, into the eventual bracing air of freedom, etc, etc.

Impulse became reality and the two set out, kept it up for several days until one night, out in some freezing sub-human climate they made a fire and ended up virtually burning down a whole forest. Local police caught up with them and they were returned to the school forthwith.

AFTER THE boarding school episode, Myers and Miller met up again in New York City where the pair had duly made their individual pilgrimages, the concept of being bright-eyed young starvation artists having manifested itself to a point where such a move was inevitable, occurring at least for Miller in the autumn of 1968. Together they scrounged, and starved, basically making the proverbial honest stand while working it out on their respective arts.

Myers hustled his poetry pamphlets around the streets, worked in bookshops, as did Miller in between lucky rashes of heisting unemployment benefits from benevolent or stupid employers. All the major prefacing incidents that would build up to create the Television legend involved the pair together, anyway. The changes of surname, for example.

Verlaine takes up the story here, omitting to put a date to the incident:

"It was this very conscious decision on one level. We just felt that we had to change our names in order to make a mark — though mostly it was done just for fun, now I recall. Richard had already chosen his name — Hell as much for the sound as for its implications (laughs). And for my name . .

"The Dolls? I never liked 'em."

TELEV

Sc

Rumours: NICK KENT

I recall I had a list of, oh, at least 30 names down and we were both just going through them when I mentioned 'Verlaine'. Richard thought it sounded fantastic — y'know, 'Wow that's a fantastic name! Use that one,', so that really clinched it.

"I just liked the sound of it. That's all."

Stories remain tantalisingly unconfirmed that both Hell and Verlaine each attempted to peddle a new heritage along with the name change.

Certain New York scene residents recall being placed under the distinct impression that Hell was of some dark German ancestry (as opposed to the tame reality of a Kentucky upbringing) and that Verlaine was possibly a product of some obscure Gallic nobility, though it remains to be seen whether this was just wishful thinking on the part of spectators instead of a knowing ploy conducted by the two young artists.

Verlaine, by the way, started a musical career in New York as a solo folk-orientated performer, having already penned the beautiful "Arms Of Venus De Milo" by the early 70's.

Hell was apparently playing with the idea of acting as his manager, until circumstances shaped themselves into the idea of a band constituting Verlaine (who'd been playing electric guitar since his first dirt-cheap Japanese instrument which he'd thrown against the wall "as a joke" only to watch it splinter into pieces), Hell on rudimentary trash bass figures (taught him by Verlaine) plus an old jazz-drummer acquaintance of V's, Billy Ficca. The group was shaped into a four-piece by the appearance of Richard Lloyd, a West Coast emigré to the Big A. with a drink problem and the kind of pretty-boy pout to his features that apparently was most appealing to the gay community.

Lloyd was introduced to the band by one Terry Ork, a pal of Hell's who looked quite amazingly like Jerry Garcia and is something of the creative entrepreneur / gadfly, according to all sources, deviating between connections in the film world to those of the local Manhattan rock scene.

Ork is a key-figure to the early days of Television if only because he virtually financed the band through the hard times, buying them meals when they were literally starving, buzzing around trying to find them gigs, getting the word out generally on Television. He was their manager for a while, until Verlaine fairly recently decided to throw Television's collective interests under the "Wartake" banner headed by Jane Friedman, who also manages Patti Smith and John Cale.

For his troubles, Ork has been rewarded with the prestigious dual honour of having the first-ever Television record the double-sided "Little Johnny Jewel" single — released on his "Ork" label, and having the band's "Marquee Moon" album dedicated to him.

Verlaine recalls Ork's contributions with great fondness.

"He backed us financially as well as offering heavy spiritual support for the bleak years. I mean, here's a guy who'd buy us a meal every night . . . a really brilliant guy too. One of the sharpest guys you could ever meet. I mean, he helped us when it really counted.

"What can I say?"

THE FIRST Verlaine-Hell combine was named Neon Boys. From this period, all that remains is a rough demo tape with the once-and-future Television perform-

he VISION am

Main shots: PENNIE SMITH

ing Hell's "Love Comes In Spurts" — an amazing performance with Verlaine's guitarwork particularly startling: vicious shards of electricity shafting all around Hell's pained vocals, crackling all over what can only be described as an ultra-primitive recording.

The Neon Boys' life-line was super-brief as was the next incarnation, the same outfit's choice of name — Goo Goo. Television was Richard Hell's choice, actually. He envisioned a whole spectacle: a torn'n'frayed four-piece fronting a bank of old television sets — black and white, colour all blinking out a different channel adding up to the kind of media-blitz David Bowie was to face some two years after in his *Man Who Fell To Earth* mutation.

The band only used the multiple television angle for one gig — their first, as it happens, performed in a small viewing theatre favoured by Fellini that Ork had gotten hold of through one of his many connections.

Numbers dating from the earliest days of T.V.'s inception were formed from Verlaine's already sturdy collection of self-penned works — "Venus", "Friction", an early shaping of "Marquee Moon" plus the as-yet-unrecorded "Double Exposure" (barring an abortive attempt performed during the Eno sessions) and "Hard On Love". Hell's early contribution included "Love / Spurts", the brilliant "Blank Generation" (which Hell himself claims he took from an old "novelty" single sited in Verlaine's record collection, the title of which was "I'm A Part Of The Beat Generation") and some free-form gabba-gabba inventions with handles like "Fuck Rock'n'Roll" (more on that later).

The non-originals were great too: a nerve-bending recitation of Count Five's "Psychotic Reaction" (Verlaine: "There was a time when I could really relate to that song — when it connected perfectly to a state of mind I was experiencing . . .") and another primal shot of psychedelia — a number from the fabled catalogue of the Thirteenth Floor Elevator, the very first psychedelic rock practitioneers, from Texas and boasting two members later to spend lengthy bouts of time forcibly sequestered in mental hospitals as a result of their brain-scrambling excursions. The song, "Fire Engine", was pure psycho-rock, taut and menacing, allowing the veins in Verlaine's neck to bulge out and his eyes to glaze over as he chanted the lyrics to what was really pure *kitsch* psychedelic awareness gobbledegook — *"Let me take you to the empty place / In my Fire Engine"* — only "the empty place" was really a loose code for openly exhorting the taking of D.M.T., a hyper-potent hallucinogenic ("the empty: D.M.T. — Geddit?).

VERLAINE ISN'T too concerned with detailing his particular vision of what the Television sound represented back in the earliest phase of its inception beyond a kind of obligatory fuzzy reference to devizing a sound "that would just . . . really turn me on, y'know."

The band's effect on the New York scene of late 1974 though, when the first charges were set off, caused a radical passion-shot emphasis-shift from the sad debris left in the wake of The New York Doll's failed attempt at breaking big in the U.S.A.

The latter band were closeted back on their original home-turf after one dismal national failure after another, in bad shape and something of a lost cause to all but their most fervent followers, while the professional scene-makers were most definitely looking out for the next crucial hot thing to stem from any one of the city's grungy downtown clubs.

Anyway, Television were perfect for this self-appointed cognoscenti, if only for the fact that beyond the taut excitement of their music the band's stark look was the perfect antidote for a scene that had long since O.D.'d on the garish flash-gash of the glamour jive-boys.

Verlaine and Hell between them held the perfect image blue-print for a whole future "look". The former's ascetic leanness would invest a whole new credibility in the overworked term of "charisma" while Hell's ragged ripped-up clothing and omnipresent shades (hiding eyes that seemed to burst out from his face, glazed with a kind of insect paranoia) would directly provide all the latter-day "nouveau" punk's with a perfect trash style to exploit. (Malcolm McLaren, a great Hell admirer, pinched the look oh-so craftily, for his Sex-Pistol puppets — a fact that still poverty-stricken Hell is most decidely not pleased about).

The accolades didn't take long in coming thick and fast.

Heavy commendations, first from the critics and the stars; an early poster of the band was covered with quotes from the likes of David Bowie, Lenny Kaye and Patti Smith (who devoted one of her last-ever pieces of rock journalism totally to spreading the word on Television in a gorgeously over-the-top epistle to the band's all-purpose "wonderfulness").

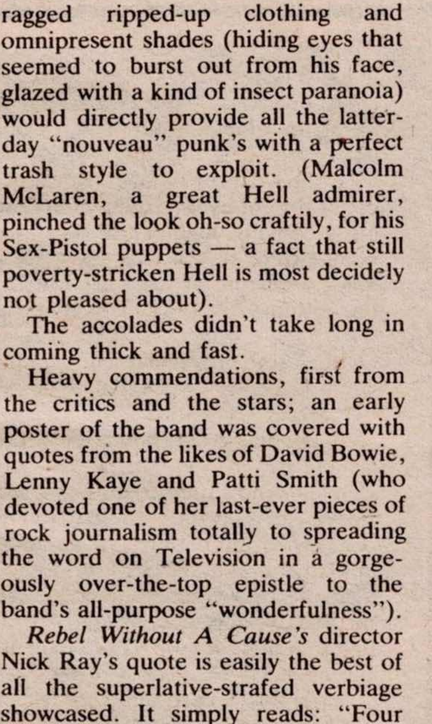
Rebel Without A Cause's director Nick Ray's quote is easily the best of all the superlative-strafed verbiage showcased. It simply reads: "Four cats with a passion" — which sums up the band at a real grass-roots essence.

STAR TIME. Tom Verlaine and Patti Smith met up in the autumn of 1974, and a heavy pact was immediately consummated.

Both led bands whose desires were certainly similar, who shared a common vision of sorts — though their individual styles of setting out on the course towards attaining said vision certainly differ (Smith still very much the brazen rock minimalist while Verlaine obviously believes in injecting an unobstrusive sophistication to everything he works for).

Their two bands in fact have worked together closely, particularly over the last two years, Television often supporting the Smith band at all manner of venues: they more or less discovered C.B.G.B.'s together, turning it into the scuzz-land rock Mecca it now stands as.

Musically, the inter-relationship has delved much deeper. Verlaine, for example, played guitar on Smith's first-ever record — "Hey Joe" — as well as part-writing and again contributing a stinging electric solo to "Horses" most accomplished (arguably) performance, "Break It Up". Patti and Co., in turn, have supported Television whenever they could, particularly on a financial level. Smith, for example, spent a hefty slice of her Arista advance money on buying Verlaine a gleaming white Fender Strat.



"Bryan Ferry ripped me off."

OPINION: Tom Verlaine is an egomaniac, a backstabber, a thankless paranoid.

The pair's names of course were quickly tied together romantically as well. The inside "grist" on this tantalizing coupling however has been kept firmly shrouded in a cloak of clandestine mystique.

Smith will literally spend hours raving about "Tom"'s various extreme talents in interviews but when it comes to matters situated closer to the heart, she makes it most decidedly clear to all that this subject belongs under the forbidden "10%" of topics she refuses to openly discuss.

Verlaine also is obviously similarly inclined — I didn't even bother to ask for cursory details.

All interested parties should attempt to scour around for the lyrics to an as-yet-unrecorded P. Smith song — "We Three" — which directly deals with the lady's menage-a-trois with Verlaine and her other long-time steady, the Blue Oyster Cult's Allan Lanier. A slim volume of Smith-Verlaine verse — "The Night", published last year — might also be compulsory reading.

The Verlaine-Smith romance was well into its ascendant when the former's original long-standing relationship with old buddy Richard Hell turned very, very ugly indeed, ultimately forcing the grieved Hell to "leave" Television in the middle of 1975.

A presumed "clash of egos" was diagnosed as the reason for the split, but Hell had a more detailed and painful story to tell.

Verlaine, he claimed, had turned quite savagely against him, first more or less forbidding him from performing his songs, then forbidding him to actually *move around* onstage. Hell, if he wished to be anything more than one third of a silent backdrop to the Tom Verlaine Restless Ego Revue, had to pack in his chips and split.

Almost a year after the split, when I spent virtually two weeks in his company hanging around Manhattan, Hell was still morosely dwelling on his untimely departure from a band he was obviously more than enamoured with.

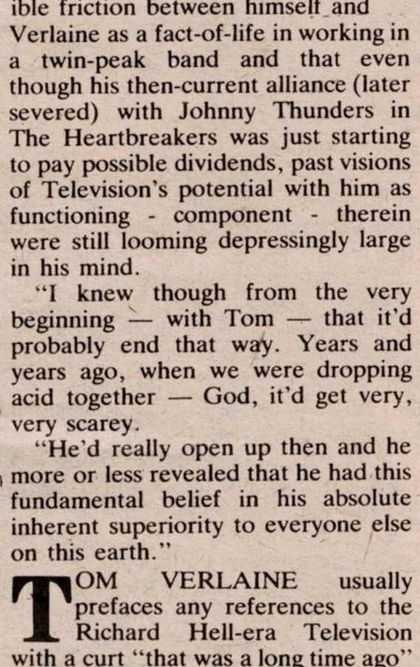
He claims that he viewed the possible friction between himself and Verlaine as a fact-of-life in working in a twin-peak band and that even though his then-current alliance (later severed) with Johnny Thunders in The Heartbreakers was just starting to pay possible dividends, past visions of Television's potential with him as functioning - component - therein were still looming depressingly large in his mind.

"I knew though from the very beginning — with Tom — that it'd probably end that way. Years and years ago, when we were dropping acid together — God, it'd get very, very scarey.

"He'd really open up then and he more or less revealed that he had this fundamental belief in his absolute inherent superiority to everyone else on this earth."

TOM VERLAINE usually prefaces any references to the Richard Hell-era Television with a curt "that was a long time ago" remark, thus establishing a surface disinterest in the subject.

Almost two years have elapsed for Verlaine — two long years working hard on self-improvement, Television and a quest for the perfect record deal, the terms of which some claim to have been so extreme at times they've only help compound further the image of Verlaine as a very hard person to deal with.



"You gotta be careful with guys like Reed."

Hell in turn has weathered a year with The Heartbreakers, attempting to set off Thunders' basic Eddie Cochran affectations with his own highly original "dada" hipster wit and off-the-wall style of minimalist rock, and now dictates his interests to his own group, The Voidoids.

In the last few months he too has found a secure record deal, with the Fire record company, thus forming a Manhattan triumvirate *'coup d'etat'* for owner Seymour Stein with The Ramones and Talking Heads.

When the subject of Hell occurs in our interview Verlaine has well established a striking propensity for resolute eloquence. He is very concerned about expressing his interests accurately and having them reported exactly as such.

Yes, he'd read my previous NY City article and yes, he was "Rather upset" by the Hell accusations.

"Patti too".

(Verlaine didn't have to remind me of his sweetheart's reactions as I'd spent a taxing half-hour the previous year debating the charges against the lovely Tom with a fraught and very feisty Miss S.)

"I was going to ask *you* about Hell," Verlaine retorts with a slick smirk of sorts on his lips.

So I tell him straight. Hell thinks you're a hot talent — particularly as a guitar-player - but as a human being, he mmm . . . hates you. (Is that it, Richard?).

"Oh, come on now. He doesn't *hate* me, whatever he may say. Let's face it, man, when two best friends sort of go separate ways . . . when that bond is severed, then both parties usually discover feelings about each other that are based on hurt, on aspects of rejection that often manifest themselves openly in very juvenile ways.

"And that's not a slight on him. I was probably as bad.

"But concerning the actual split, it's what I've said all along and that is — the guy just wasn't a great bass player. It was great in the beginning when it was just *ideas* ,y'know, but when it got down to the real soul, it just reached a point on the wire where it didn't make it.

"Now I think Hell's a sharp guy. A very, very sharp guy and a great ideas man, but technically he's just not up to it. Not yet, any way.

"We were real close, though. I mean, I still don't actually think of Hell as an enemy and there are people I definitely think of as my enemies whose names I won't mention. I just think you can only go so far on 'attitude' that's all."

VERLAINE then sets off on a reminiscence tangent, recounting one of Hell's quirky ideas with obvious affection.

"Like, did Richard ever play you this live tape from Max's of him and the band doing this song called 'Fuck rock'n'roll/Leave me alone/I can't dance/I like to jerk off'? We never planned it out — it just began very clumsily with this boogie-woogie riff, the drummer laying down a strict beat and Lloyd playing this insane McLaughlin motif.

"Then Hell would just freak out and just say absolutely anything and I'd kinda answer him back on guitar. He was real fun to work with, in that way.

"It was the same working with Patti on 'Hey Joe'. Sometimes I just like to work with some one who goes completely . . . hay-wire, y'know. But when it came to *me* singing a song then I'd need a whole bottom to lean on and that's what Richard just couldn't provide.

"In rock'n'roll you've got to have a real solid bass, right?"

So Verlaine claims he liked Hell's songs and even expresses concern for the comparative aesthetic failure of Hell's sad gutless recording of his "Blank Generation" masterwork. "That was so sad. He really had a great chance there".

I mean, contrary to all previous depictions, Verlaine is talking like a very sensible, adequately compassionate geezer — pretty much the total antithesis of the picture painted from those rum tales of yore.

I start to mention the sheer weight of bad-rap I've encountered shafting the artist's name and all-purpose rep as an obnoxious schemer for personal ego-gratifiction.

■ *Continues over*

Verlaine, as is probably only to be expected, reacts most aggressively.

"I mean, who said these things about me? *Who?*"

I mention the name of one long-standing NY "scene-maker" who also just happens to be the manager of a rival band to Television. Verlaine almost explodes.

"Fuck that guy! Fuck 'im! I know that kind of person purely from talking to them in clubs on maybe ten given nights.

"I mean, I just can't believe it. Like . . . that whole New York scene, to me, it's mostly a bad joke." (Free association time.) "Like The Ramones . . . I mean, can you believe this? One of those guys — his name's DeeDee — actually came down to audition on bass for the Neon Boys . . . oh, years and years ago . . . and the guy did not know a 'G' chord from 'A'!

"We had two songs back then with just three straightforward chords apiece, right? And he couldn't figure out where the hell they were! I mean, how can people call me hard to work with?

"I ain't Chick Corea — in fact, I loathe all that hyper-techno stuff — but hey , you've got to know your basics, whatever you're doing. It's like trying to write and not knowing your alphabet."

Just so.

Verlaine doesn't seem to have much time for any of his peer-bands from the New York scene, beyond of course Patti Smith's boys.

Talking Heads he hums and ha's disinterestedly about for example, and the self-appointed "pinhead" aggregates he finds, at best, a mildly entertaining parody. All the English "new-wave" bands he's heard, he thinks sound exactly like The Ramones and he will subsequently make no bones about classing where Television's audience is coming from as opposed to the basic jive desires of the punk hordes.

"As far as I'm concerned, with the punks, their audiences either leave immediately or are simply amused by their level of rock comedy . . . parody, you name it."

FOR VERLAINE, the ethos always comes down to what your "desires" are wired to. His thoughts on the long-standing Dolls/Television "silent" feud are particularly illuminating here.

PLEASANT TOM

From previous page

"The Dolls all knew I never liked 'em. I mean, it's a thing now where whenever we encounter each other on the street, one of us has to cross the road." (Laughs). "It's nothing personal y'know . . . really . . . it's just straight back to my belief that 'attitude' will only take you so far.

"Which for me is never far enough. You're just bound to end up dissatisfied if you take that route though . . .

"Well, listen, if you're doing something 'mystical' then 'attitude' is all important — it's the embodiment of the whole trip. But when you're just using your . . . physicality, say, then you've got to have your senses totally together. In a sense, you've just got to evolve your abilities to the highest degree possible of perception.

"I mean, you didn't need me to define the differences between Television and the Dolls. Just listen to the records and you'll hear that the approaches — the desires — are completely opposed."

So what you're saying really is that you don't identify with the basic "rocker" ethos — which in itself, in whatever manifestation it may take, is a pretty shallow thing, right?

"Well, I think most of that rock 'image' stuff — the 'I'm so tough, I'm so wasted, I'm so heavy' thing — is just all down to basic self-consciousness."

Aren't you therefore much closer in spirit to jazz then? I mean, your lyrics seem to deal with certain states of . . um . . epiphany, no?

"Yeah, well there you go. You're possibly right about the jazz connection — in fact, I'd definitely say that my music has more ties to jazz than to rock. See, I think everyone is spiritually inclined and not just in a formalised way.

"It's never been a heavy thing for me to write about though. You've got to remember I grew up on Albert Ayler . . . Ayler was my *man!* Right? . .

"And his albums always seemed to have titles like 'Spiritual Unity'."

Verlaine still has had his rock heroes though. He talks about them with an almost cold respect.

"Let's see . . . Dylan, The Stones, The Who, Hendrix . . . that whole series of Velvet Underground days.

Plus Lou Reed, whom Hell for one, claimed Verlaine to be totally besotted with. Verlaine casually admits a slight influence, adamantly refusing to go overboard.

"Yeah, well 'White Light, White Heat' . . . I loved that record as a kid. It wasn't the sound so much as the vibe, the urgency.

"Another band from that period I really thought were hot was Tony Williams' Lifetime. I saw them live in New York — took my life in my hands to go there, but it was worth it. They were just so unbelievable."

TALKING OF Lou Reed reminds me to get the Master's Voice working to sort out a whole plethora of rumours. Tom Verlaine isn't in the mood for this really. Just the facts.

First I mention the story I'd heard from a reliable N.Y. personage sometime before "Marquee Moon's" release which claimed Verlaine had become so paranoid of plagiarists stealing his lyrical ideas that he refused to sing the words to his songs clearly at gigs.

Verlaine isn't amused.

"That is such bullshit . . . God! I've never done that. If I don't sing well live, it's simply cos I don't have functioning monitors."

Verlain also laughs out loud at the merest mention of the line (again printed in my review) which one P. Smith earnestly impressed upon me, saying that the boy wonder spent eleven hours daily dutifully "fretboard needling" to "rock 'n' roll cellist" (Verlaine's phrase, not mine) Pablo Casals.

"Did Patti really tell you that?"

Damn right she did. It was the veritable climax of her epistle to your greatness.

"Oh well!" (Pause for laughter.) "It's not true really, though I think I know what she might have been referring to. That was only one occasion though, over at her place."

So what about the current hottest item — picked courtesy a recent *Crawdaddy* — which had you calling Bryan Ferry a plagiarist of your lyrics and ideas. You claimed that Richard Williams played Ferry the 'Eno' tapes and that Ferry "stole" maybe ten of your phrases — "in one ear and straight out of his mouth" — for "Siren".

"Oh God, that *Crawdaddy* piece was so irresponsible. It was done by some kid from Colorado who couldn't even talk properly. . ."

But the allegations against Ferry Verlaine reiterates in the strongest terms. Ferry ripped him off, Verlaine harangues, and didn't make a good job of it at that!

"Bowie's much better. Much more the artist."

And what about Lou Reed and his trusty cassette recorder being confiscated by T.V. himself at a Television gig?

"Oh well *that's* true. You've got to be careful with guys like Reed . . . it's so fuckin' dog-eat-dog, this business.

"After I noticed all these little lines coming up on 'Siren' straight from my work on those Eno tapes, I knew I just had to be careful."

As a foot-note to Verlaine's doubts concerning Lou Reed's artistic knavery, the latter has recently been using banks of old T.V. sets as a visual back-drop to his stage show. Hmmm. . .

VERLAINE'S paranoia is wired most of all when mention is made of future manoeuvres, and the chance of flitting the C.B.G.B. coop and going out as a support in the big national arenas.

"Yeah, sure it sounds good but at the same time, it might harm us. It's a tricky subject 'cos I mean, say, we might find a band we could support and they'd just pull the plugs on us.

"I mean, that's happened an incredible amount of times. There's just so many prima-donnas around all ready to say 'Those guys are on too long, turn the light up. Let's lock up their guitars'.

"It happens all the time."

When one enquires in greater detail about Television's future and possible strategies at hand, Verlaine is really pretty non-committal.

"I can't answer that 'cos you don't have any choice. It's all like a rolling dice. Take Hendrix — I mean, he just wouldn't have happened in the States but for *Monterey Pop.* I mean, for him it was perfect. He was last on the bill, everything.

"All I can say is that I have faith in Elektra, I believe in their taste."

So far though there's been small change for the band as such. Drummer Billy Ficca has given up his daily job as message-boy, Fred Smith's quit his job too — but Verlaine is still stuck in his miserable lodgings and has no immediate prospects for moving out.

Even the buzz of making a truly exceptional debut album was immediately soured when all the guitars used on those sessions (i.e. all Television's instruments barring the drums) were ripped off after the tracks had been laid down.

Perhaps the name doesn't help — the original Verlaine after all died of abject drunkenness and misspent passion — but this latest adherent to the name seems cast in a role that he is strangely unfamiliar with.

He doesn't look like a rock'n'roll star at all — more the sensitive, neurotic actor, a Montgomery Clift type, I suppose, with deep ascetic bents that will either cause him to eventually be rejected outright by the hard-core rock clique or else to possibly evolve a whole new attitude plateau for the music to impel itself upon.

Either way he's already on the road to greatness.

"There have been a dozen people who I think have done something extra-ordinary so far in the sphere of rock'n'roll music," he says — which means that Verlaine will automatically be caste as the possible "unlucky" thirteenth, should he next make the grade (which is entirely probable).

Still, there's a strength easily discernible under that frail physique — a tenacious stand for constant self-improvement matched only by the guy's paranoia quotient.

I liked him a lot, particularly in those vague pieces of eloquent rhetoric when he attempted to gaze into his future. The last question I asked was the one about his music's current progress.

Were brand new frontiers ahead, waiting to be conquered? Verlaine's latent positivism comes through one last time:

"You can see them but you can't actually reach them right off. It's just like looking at the horizon — you're on a boat and you just hope it eventually reaches that point . . . trust that it will."

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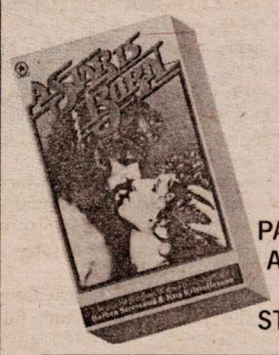

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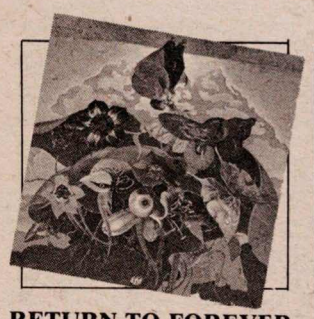


RETURN TO FOREVER
Musicmagic (Columbia Import)
CHICK COREA
My Spanish Heart (Polydor)

"OUR INTENTION remains the same — musical fun with no barriers of musical style or type of audience" — Chick Corea. DESPITE THESE laudable aims (or perhaps because of them), Corea's recent work has been alarmingly inconsequential.

The pianist's last solo set, "The Leprechaun", was unremittingly trite. Whilst massed moogs meeped the filigree fancies of Corea's coy pixie soundtrack, the album's cover saw him swarmed by Rackhamesque imps.

Both "My Spanish Heart" and "Musicmagic" continue the decline into fay triviality. "Heart" first. Always one for the main chance (remember how almost overnight RTF plugged the gap left by the demise of the first Mahavishnu Orchestra?), Corea has, uh, retraced his roots and slapped out four sides of pseudo-classical Hispanic fripperies.

There's flamenco and much handclapping, there're rumbas, pianos, moogs, acoustic bass (Stan Clarke), drums, strings and horns. Predictably enough, Corea's fluttering fingers flip through solo, duet and ensemble pieces like atoms in an accelerator; the man evidently still equates speed with effect.

But "Heart" is neither Picaresque nor even picturesque; it verges on the fraudulent — what price the genuine article, eh? Corea even has the gall to credit himself with several traditional tunes.

As for its authenticity, a Spanish musician friend of mine offered his considered opinion that "Heart" was little less than a gross insult to his country's musical heritage.

On the group front, Corea has reorganised RTF. He's sacked guitarist Al DiMeola and drummer Lenny White, adding reedsman Joe Farrell, drummer Gerry Brown, pianist Gayle Moran and a four man horn section.

"Musicmagic" is certainly a new departure for RTF; it's solid MOR programming from start to finish. Edmundo Ross meets Laine and Dankworth meets James Last. Schmaltz so sweet it aches.

Corea, Clarke and Moran insist on singing. To this end they've written some very moving lyrics.

"When you play for me I smile / Just makes everything worthwhile / Just keep makin' those sweet sounds / Gets me through the ups and downs" is but one of many examples of their talents in this field.

Moran's colourless vocals and Corea's ludicrous Big Band horn scores only compound the agony. Although some old RTF tricks have been retained — the band still riff three times too fast and Corea continues to rely heavily on his niggling "Hymn Of The Seventh Galaxy" theme, the only lick he appears to know.

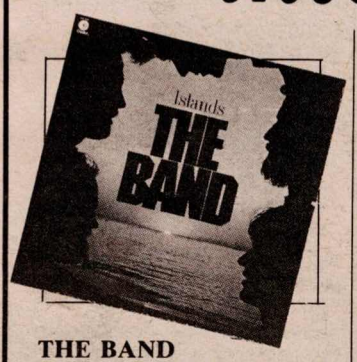
Brown is a non-starter, pitifully insignificant, and whither Clarke of the electric hummingbass? All at sea in Corea's slick mixdown. Only Farrell emerges with any credit.

Both albums strike me as Very Chick Corea, Very Silly. Lord preserve us from further such inanities.

Angus MacKinnon

The Band: Hudson, Helm, Manuel, Robertson, Danko

Swing low sweet band into the sunset



THE BAND
Islands (Capitol)

IT IS no accident that The Band have been the most bearded outfit in the rock business. They entered the public arena, when at all, with circumspection and not a little suspicion.

Their distaste for both the fripperies of the life of the rock star and for any kind of self-publicity was rivalled only by that of their mentor, Bob Dylan.

Now the decision, announced last autumn, to suspend their collective activities, has acted upon their consciousness like the removal of cataracts from their eyes The stock of tensions after years of unease and disorientation has drained away.

It was evidently the first decision they had taken for some time that really made sense. This album, quite joyously unpretentious, communicates an almost palpable sense of relief, and for the first time it is possible to appreciate the strains under which they were working—and which presumably accounted for their sporadic, sometimes mercurial output.

It is now apparent that "Twilight"— the new composition included on "The Best Of The Band" compilation — was an accurate harbinger, for the relaxed nature and gorgeous melody of that are the qualities that inspire this album.

The atmosphere is encapsulated perfectly in the title-track, an almost corny instrumental, with little more affecting than some pleasant organ bursts courtesy of Garth Hudson. It's charmingly simple, and probably the nearest The Band will ever come to MOR — though, placed at the beginning of side two, it gives no cause for alarm.

By then, the traditional strengths of the group's music have been reasserted in an unassuming and accessible manner throughout side one. "Right As Rain" deploys all the anticipated instrumentation, with a net result that is — and let's get this word out of the way — decidedly mellow.

Even the two tracks that are tackled with moderate fire, "Street Walker" and a non-original, "Ain't That A Lot Of Love", are mixed low so that the end result is hardly raw power.

"Let The Night Fall" is a quiet ballad, while the side's closing track, "Christmas Must Be Tonight" (placed in the same position as "All La Glory" from "Stage Fright") is a children's song, about the Nativity, with a melody that is, perhaps in both senses of the word, divine.

Side two includes the album's other non-original, their last single, "Georgia On My Mind", a well-intentioned though hardly fulsome contribution to the campaign coffers of Jimmy Carter. The song is given a straightforward treatment, presumably based on the Ray Charles version, that is all the more effective for the quietly compelling way in which it is delivered.

There are ten tracks in all, five a side. All hover around the three-and-a-half minute mark, and are played with dexterity, enthusiasm, and a total lack of showmanship. Though this album features a horn section more extensively than any other Band album (with the exception of "Rock Of Ages") and also uses occasional violin and accordian, the instrumentation is always employed without ostentation.

Robertson's guitar breaks, infrequent anyway, are mixed well down throughout, and once or twice obscured by horns. This is the ultimate band without front-men. No mame, no face, no number; most of their devotees could never even have been sure who was handling the vocals.

The lyrics don't all come immediately (and like Dylan they've never been interested in offering them as poetry by reproducing them on the sleeve *(how about "Cahoots"? — Ed))* but those that are clear make plain the disquieting aspect of their lives, whether as rock stars or plain American citizens.

The tracks are intelligently ordered to provide maximum contrast. It is an album of subtly effective melodies. The Weight has finally been lifted, and The Band have responded with an album that, though low-key, always meets its own modest ambitions.

It's an approach that obviously suits the emotional requirements of the personnel. Shelter from the storm, indeed. If, as the cover suggests, the sun is indeed setting on The Band, and this is to be their valediction, then no-one could have wished for a better one.

Bob Woffinden

DILLINGER
Bionic Dread (Black Swan)
I ROY
Musical Shark Attack (Virgin)

THE LONG winter months haven't been brightened much by the output of JA's talk-over artists, as the island's celebrated rappers seem to have collectively run out of fresh messages or new ways to deliver them.

The slew of talkers whose reputations were earned or re-established on the fiercesome tide of Natty Dread campaigneering are now looking decidely stranded as version and counter-version have conglomerated into massive Natty Overkill.

Only the mighty Big Youth still shows a determination to refine and progress on his recent singles; him and Tapper Zukie, whose abrasive brawling pronouncements still cut home.

The latest offerings from two of JA's most respected talkers are depressing witness to the lack of creativity among the toasters that has sent public taste scurrying for refuge of more traditional melodic styles (right now it's Delroy Wilson Time again).

Both albums use the ubiquitous Rockers rhythms of Channel one Studio that are likely to prove their major attraction for much of the cross-over rock audience, whose sensibilities — unlike those of the hardcore reggae audience — haven't been continuously pounded by the Channel One sound for the last eighteen months.

Dillinger's versions of two of the Studio's best and biggest hits, The Revolutionaries' "MPLA" and the great "Ballistic Affair" by Leroy Smart — rendered respectively as "Ital Fighting" and "Eastman Skank" here — typify the way his work has declined.

The quirky warmth and challenging drawl that shone from his classic "CB200" set not so long back have been replaced by sloppy throw-away sloganising and aimlessness, spontaneity turning to slackness.

The hit title track ain't so bad—they'll never copywright a good catch-idea like Bionic in JA — but Dillinger's current hit "Natty B.Sc." soon founders and is anyway a straight cop from Shorty The President's superior "Natty Take Him GCE."

Skip this set (for which, incidentally, Island have resurrected the old Black Swan label), and score the indispensable "CB200" instead for a sample of Dillinger at his most potent.

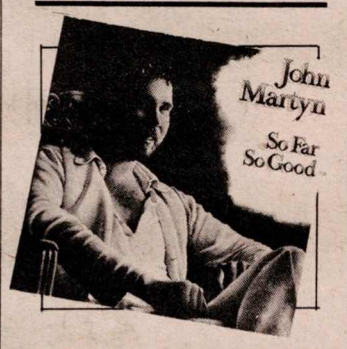
"I Roy's made seven albums. That's six too many," jested one dready colleague t'other day. That's being uncharitable but "Musical Shark Attack" does nothing to prove him wrong.

For a shark attack it has remarkably little bite. I Roy's content to paddle his way through a standard selection of Channel One dubs without ever calling on his formidable powers as wordsmith (jawsman?), satirist, and hunourist.

All his best qualities are absent or diminished; no jive spoken intros, no sneaky sexual celebrations, precious little jestering, not even a passing snipe at Prince Jazzbo. Roy's taste for nursery rhymes is meantime indulged to excess and beyond; these days he doesn't even bother to change the words.

Check the early "Introducing I Roy" or "Truths And Rights" to find out what the fuss was about. As for "Musical Shark Attack", I'll take the piranhas any day.

Neil Spencer



JOHN MARTYN
So Far So Good (Island)

JOHN MARTYN is a genuine original and we should cherish him.

Hardly prolific (his last studio set was released in January 1975), Martyn is one of those rare artists who has displayed a talent for musically progressing from one project to the next.

"So Far So Good", purporting (in bombastic sleeve notes) to be a retrospective compilation, is a wasted opportunity. Whilst surely failing to appease Martyn fans, it also offers a grossly distorted picture of his capabilities to any prospective audience. That is not to decry the music contained therin (mostly excellent), merely to lament the music left out.

Eight of the nine cuts are taken from three albums and the other is a live version of "I'd Rather Be The Devil". The albums involved are "Bless The Weather", "Solid Air" and "Sunday's Child" — three years of a nine year recording career.

Side one is especially disappointing. "Head And Heart", with its seductive melody, hypnotic percussion, and the words falling just so, is one of Martyn's total triumphs, but the other numbers, admirable on their respective albums, hardly represent him at his best.

"May You Never" works extremely well half-way through the second side of "Solid Air" but, despite its noble sentiments, isn't a suit able album opener; "Over The Hill" (with Richard Thompson's mandolin prominent) is pleasantly unremarkable; "Spencer The Rover" is a melancholic, reflective traditional tune; and "Bless The Weather" sounds strangely stilted in this context.

Side two is an improvement, although it opens with 6½ minutes of "Glistening Glyndebourne". This swirling instrumental may still be an integral part of Martyn's live performances, but he's since recorded far more adventurous pieces.

However there can be no quarrel with "One Day Without You" (demonstrating his recent mellowing), "Solid Air" (a wholly persuasive song, owing more to jazz than rock or folk) and "I'd Rather Be The Devil" (urgent and evil, with superlative accompaniment to Martyn's echoplexed guitar).

That there are no selections from "Stormbringer...", "Road To Ruin" or the devastating "Inside Out" *is* disturbing. Songs like "Go Out And Get It" (from "Sunday's Child") are essential to a proper appreciation of Martyn's singular talent.

A remarkably proficient, pugnacious guitarist, his distinctive vocal delivery could be fairly described as resembling a drunk and feisty Nick Drake, his voice a sleazy surly, slurred vehicle for surprisingly soft sentiments.

John Martyn remains a major artist and "So Far So Good" only goes *so* far without being *that* good.

Monty Smith

MICHAEL MANTLER
Silence (WATT)

MIKE MANTLER'S third excursion into the possibilities of music/literature fusions, "Silence" raises doubts both about Mantler's choice of material and the viability of such projects.

First the facts. "Silence" is a play written by Harold Pinter, set to music by Mantler and performed by Carla Bley (voice, keyboards), Robert Wyatt (voice, percussion), Kevin Coyne (voice), Chris Spedding (guitar), Ron McClure (bass) and Clare Maher (cello).

The cover claims it to be "an adaptation of the play", pointing succinctly to the root cause of the project's failure, which is simply the basic incompatibility of Pinter's words with Mantler's music (especially the vocal parts).

Where Mantler successfully matched the despair of Beckett's "How It Is" on "No Answer", and cloaked Edward Gorey's camp-Gothic black humour with appropriately malevolent arrangements on "The Hapless Child", here he pushes Bley, Coyne and Wyatt through vocal hoops of annoying distraction sure to act as a deterrent to all but the most resolute listener.

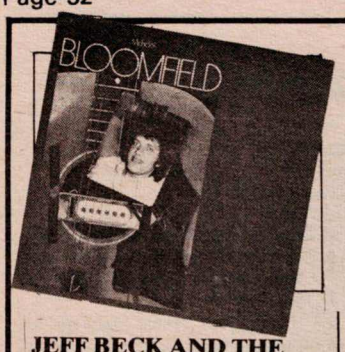
This in itself wouldn't be too bad, but Pinter's loosely-structured realism, making broad use of the (often menacing) undertones and ambiguities of day-to-day inconsequential dialogue, profits little from such treatment, especially when set against a similar musical texture to that of "The Hapless Child".

The overall effect, to be honest, is rather like the inane reminiscences and forebodings of Bet Lynch, Len Fairclough and Albert Tatlock set to a vocal score of detrimental irregularity and supported by a turgid progression of piano-based ostinatos — in short, as uninspiring and obdurate a record as you'll find.

Musically, Wyatt's percussion is the redeeming factor, but can't alone support interest for long. The rest of the musicians are merely functional, with Spedding hitting new lows of insensitivity, proferring dyspeptic sub-Rypdal phrases of alarming ineptitude at inappropriate moments.

Interdisciplinary fusions of this kind are rarely completely satisfying, although until this debacle, Mantler had as impressive a record as any. We should just be thankful that he had no designs on Proust.

Andy Gill



JEFF BECK AND THE JAN HAMMER GROUP
Live (Epic import)
MICHAEL BLOOMFIELD
If You Love These Blues, Play 'Em As You Please (Guitar Player import)

CAPSULE SUMMARIES for the reader in a hurry. Jeff Beck's third exercise in jazz/rock fusion is a collaboration with Jan Hammer that promises to be the very incarnation of the white heat of sheer creativity but instead turns out to be little more than a frenetically tedious stylistic exercise.

Mike Bloomfield's album is a set of stylistic exercises put together in album form as a recorded teach-in on various blues guitar modes and, in fact, turns out to be extremely pleasant and relaxing listening for guitarists, non-guitarists, blues freaks and blues neutrals alike.

Blow by blow for the leisured classes: Jeff Beck once remarked that he thought Jan Hammer's synthesiser sounded like a guitar *ought* to sound. His achievement of this goal turns out to be a purely Pyrrhic victory: his guitar now sounds exactly the same as Jan Hammer's synthesiser. Me, I liked it better when it sounded like Jeff Beck's guitar.

Fusion music in general and the synthesiser in particular are approaching Terminal Bland-Out for much the same reason. The synthesiser is an instrument that offers infinite possibilities; the result is that most musicians are scared shitless by the vastness and variety of the axe and end up sticking to the same-old-same-old sounds/effects.

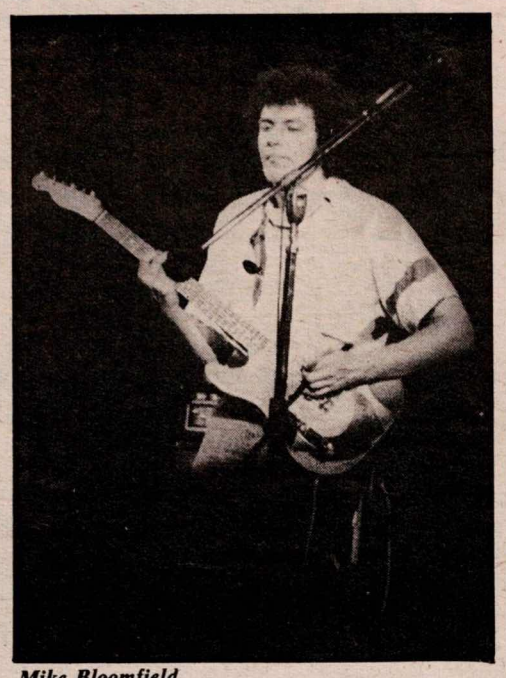
Result: bland-out. Jazz-rock fusion music ends up neither jazz nor rock but a kind of pasteurised Yes-meets-disco which generates much hysteria but little emotion. (Weather Report can consider themselves honourable exceptions to the foregoing).

The repertoire tackled by Beck and the Hammer Group is drawn one-for-one from the Hammer's stuff and Beck's; nonetheless, it all sounds much the same. Mostly, the intros are the best bits: after that the rhythm section gets into a fast, hustling 4/4 over which Beck and Hammer jabber and scream at each other for five of six minutes until the proceedings are terminated with a pyrotechnic crash-barf ending.

Best bit: the impressionistic intro to "Freeway Jam", where Beck and Hammer mimic car-horns and pamp and honk at each other before the groove starts.

Worst bits: "She's A Woman", which collapses because the rhythm section don't seem to have the faintest idea of what the beat should be, and the intro to "Full Moon Boogie", where Beck addresses the audience through his voice box and ends up sounding like a disco Dalek. Plus *all the vocals.*

Jeff Beck


Mike Bloomfield

Beck in Ongoing Fusion Situation (he blows it), Bloomfield Simply Plays The Blues (he makes it)

Dig it: anybody who considers that they're part of the Black Generation has to have this album 'cuz it contains more emotionless vacuous noise than anything the New Wave has yet come up with.

What are intelligent, skilled 30-year-old musicians doing playing this mindless, emotionless crap and kidding themselves that what they're doing is more grown-up than rock and roll?

On second thoughts, don't answer that. It hurts too much. Mr. Beck: *wise up.*

MIKE BLOOMFIELD'S album could hardly be a more unassuming project. Released by the custom label of America's *Guitar Player* magazine (which is just what it says it is and is the finest publication of its type I know), it purports to be little more than a series of demonstrations and examples of various diverse blues guitar styles interpreted, annotated and introduced by Bloomfield.

It's a thoughtful blend of instrumentals, vocals, acoustic and electric pieces with accompaniments ranging from a single piano to a full band. Wisely, Bloomfield has mixed up the pieces for maximum listening comfort rather than taking things in chronological order so that no two similar pieces are next to each other.

Bloomfield gives the listener a guided tour of the guitar styles of B.B. King, T-Bone Walker, Jimmie Rodgers, Guitar Slim, Eddie Lang, Blind Blake, Scrapper Blackwell, Earl Hooker and Lonnie Johnson (not Howlin' Wolf, whose name is inexplicably emblazoned across the cover).

It's a pity that Bloomfield isn't remotely as good a singer as he is a guitarist, because then he could have illustrated the time-honoured vocal/lead guitar trade-offs of classic urban and city postwar blues.

His acoustic guitar playing also fails to match up to the standard of his electric lead guitar, but this is perhaps less than fair, since lead guitar is his forte and no white guitarist other than Peter Green has picked up on the B.B. King-/Freddie King/Albert King tradition with such a combination of faithful adherence to the Grand Manner and original creativity within it.

The album has a verve and warmth quite unexpected in a record of this type, and despite its unabashed traditionalism (its entire *raison d'etre* is the conservative premise of presenting the blues heritage to young musicians is an easily assimilable form) it's a far more creative piece of work than Beck and Hammer's album.

There's even a nicely self-depriciating humorous touch in the final piece, where Bloomfield acknowledges the hundreds of musicians who've influenced him by reciting their names at breakneck speed over a stately old gospel melody.

"If You Love The Blues, Play 'Em As You Please" is undoubtedly gonna be a hard album to get hold of, seeing as how it's an import on a hopelessly obscure U.S. label. Bloomfield himself would probably rather see you buying an old B.B. King album rather than his own, but hell, if you see it around at a price you can afford, pick it up.

Even if you ain't an amateur guitar player or even a blues freak, you'll find it a very pleasant and relaxing album, intriguing in form and solid in content.

I mean, like John Sebastian said back in the days when he still had things to say: "Put on the shoes, think about the blues and start all over again."

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Motown Special (Motown)

LAUNCHING MOTOWN'S mid-price series, nine albums at £2.20, one a 16-track sampler featuring two cuts from each of the other eight volumes.

The albums by individual acts invite closer examination. Instead of recycling famous tracks yet again these 12-track compilations draw on deleted albums for most of their contents, revealing a lot of forgotten goodies.

For instance **The Temptations'** volume comprises tracks from the albums "Cloud Nine", "Psychedelic Shack" and "Puzzle People" that not only include their own hits like "Ball Of Confusion" and "I Can't Get Next To You" (and an unedited master of "Cloud Nine", making this the only 11-track album in the series) but their versions of "War" (a hit for Edwin Starr), "Message From A Black Man" (The Spinners) and "You Need Love Like I Do" (Gladys Knight). All tracks co-written and produced by Norman Whitfield; a timely reissue.

Similarly, **The Supremes'** volume is mainly drawn from "Supremes A-Go-Go" and "Sing Holland-Dozier-Holland", including six of their versions of other Motown artists' hits, some of them generally better loved than the originals.

The Four Tops are represented by tracks from "Second Album", "Reach Out" and "Yesterday's Dreams", spanning their strongest period, while the historic (if not always noteworthy) meetings of **The Supremes + The Temptations** and **The Supremes + The Four Tops** are celebrated by a couple of dozen of the more memorable moments from such unlikely liasons.

The Jackson 5 and **Junior Walker** albums are equally interesting, the latter including a Shotgun interpretation of Freddie King's "San-Ho-Zay" recorded in 1966.

No doubt the one by **Gladys Knight & The Pips** will be a treat although it's been delayed along with **The Supremes + The Four Tops** release so I couldn't say for sure.

Despite a certain amount of duplication these unusual reissues complement existing "Greatest Hits" and "Anthology" sets more than they conflict with them. Well worth investigating.

Cliff White

ILLUSION
Out Of The Mist (Island)

FILE UNDER unnecessary duplication.

Formed by ex-Yardbirds Jim McCarty and the late Keith Relf, Renaissance made two albums, the second of which ("Illusions") was never released in the UK. The band then underwent changes of personnel to emerge as the unit that's since recorded "Prologue", "Ashes Are Burning", "A Turn Of The Cards", etc.

This revamped Renaissance included none of the original members, four of whom are now in Illusion.

I'd cherished hopes that "Out Of The Mist" would see a return to the convincing, often forceful marriage of classics, rock and blues (yes, it can be done) that graced "Renaissance".

As it is, none of the seven songs here match "Kings And Queens" or "Island" from that debut album and matters aren't helped by production as flat as oil-slicked seawater.

Illusion's failure is puzzling since, despite the anonymous playing of drummer Eddie McNeil and guitarist John Knightsbridge, they still outclass the current Renaissance. Jane Relf's a considerably more soulful singer than Annie Haslam whilst both pianist Hawken and bassist Cennamo could play their opposite numbers out of court.

Sadly Illusion peddle much the same limpwristed, self-consciously poetic romanticism as Haslam and Co. Can't see why they went to all the trouble.

Angus MacKinnon

"He stole my music but he gave me my name"

Muddy Waters on Mick Jagger from Tony Palmer's book: 'All You Need Is Love'.

Muddy Waters

'Hard Again'

It was the legendary blues guitarist's 'Rollin' Stone' (also known as 'Catfish Blues') that inspired such talents as Bob Dylan and Jimi Hendrix, and gave the Rolling Stones their name.

Who influenced who?

Try listening to the new album 'Hard Again'. It features Muddy Waters, James Cotton, "Pine Top" Perkins and Johnny Winter, who also produced it. It's dirty, gritty, basic, hard-driving rocking blues.

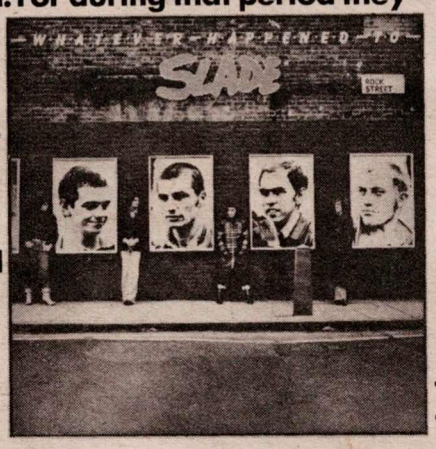
It's Muddy Waters at his best —and most influential!

Muddy Waters 'Hard Again'

Blue Sky 81853

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO....

.... Noddy, Dave, Jim and Don. It's just over twelve months since we had a new Slade album. For during that period they have been largely touring and residing in the States extending their musical objectives and demonstrating to the Americans Slade style rock 'n' roll.
The American experience rubs off on this album musically and lyrically. Slade have always had balls, style and uniqueness, so combining all this I'll tell you what happened to Slade they're back with one hell of an album.



Mel Bush in association with Barn Productions presents

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3 City Hall. SHEFFIELD
4 Empire. LIVERPOOL
5 Hippodrome. BIRMINGHAM
6 Civic. WOLVERHAMPTON
7 Free Trade. MANCHESTER
8 City Hall. NEWCASTLE
9 Appollo. GLASGOW
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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SLADE

Album-Cassette-Cartridge

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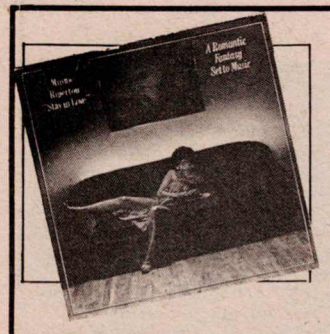
PLEASE SEND ME TICKETS AT £2.00 ☐ £1.50 ☐ £1.00 ☐
I ENCLOSE P.O./CHEQUE No. TOTALLING £
MADE PAYABLE TO: (NAME OF THEATRE)
I ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE
NAME
ADDRESS

N.M.E.

Moanin' Minnie lost in vinyl wilderness



MINNIE RIPERTON
Stay In Love
(Epic)

SEX IS A momentary itch; love never lets you go.

This point is illustrated with elaborate longevity by the enchanting Minnie Riperton on her latest album, "Stay In Love — A Romantic Fantasy Set To Music."

The front cover sees Minnie petulantly flashing her copper-tone thighs, sullen and solitary on a wine-coloured chaise longue, the back sees Minnie necking up a storm with unidentified male in faggy-looking pale-blue silk shirt, eyes closed in beatific fulfilment.

"Tramsformer" had nothing on this. The so-smooth path of true love is traced with strings, horns and synthesizers on this latest vinyl wilderness of Pseudo-Psoul; late-nite groping sofa musak for employees advertising agencies.

It's a shame, since Minnie Riperton is the proud possesser of one of the largest vocal ranges in rock, with a voice that spans five octaves. This gift was displayed beautifully on the 1974 Stevie Wonder-produced "Perfect Angel" but smothered somewhat on her last elpee "Adventures In Paradise".

Sadly, the tide don't turn here. Instead we witness Minnie fight a losing battle with battallions of brass.

The set begins with "Young, Willing And Able", composed like most of the tracks by Minnie and her better half Richard Rudolph. Minnie advertises herself in no uncertain terms over a Labelle influenced backdrop of disco stomp riffs. She moans pre-orgasmically with shades of Chaka Khan and just a glimpse of that extraordinary soaring reach she has in her grasp.

Alternately, she parades her highest octave a treat on the breathy "Could It Be I'm In Love?", helped along by many oohs and aahs to illustrate the point of imminent ecstacy, while a multitude of Minnies moan pleasantly in the background.

"Oh Darlin'... Life Goes On" finds her in plaintive mood, her budding romance already flat on its face. It's a shifty soul samba, more danceable and immediately infectious than the other tracks thanks to bongo drums which add a definition conspicuous in its abscence elsewhere.

"Can You Feel What I'm Saying?" has Minnie back in an anticipatory frame of mind, ably backed by Jim Gilstrap. An otherwise lacklustre moanalongaminnie knee trembler.

"Gettin' Ready For Your Love" is a happy little gem which soars around an evasive bassline and a cute flute.

Side Two drags into action with "Stick Together", a little ditty thrown together by Minnie, spouse, and Stevie Wonder which sounds like the flip of an undistinguished disco hit, with banal words and prolonged cries of unspecified emotion. It's catchiest when Minnie quits wailing and leaves The Pastells to do their finger-popping act with pianos.

"Wouldn't Matter Where You Are" is an admirable expression of the sentiment "absence makes the heart grow fonder", while "How Could I Love You More?" moves along with considerable panache.

All good things come to an end. Fortunately, so do bad records.

In a logical progression from "Adventures In Paradise", the tortuous delicacy of "Perfect Angel" has been dumped, and Minnie Riperton's voice has become merely the icing on the trumpet.

Julie Burchill

STEELEYE SPAN
Timespan (Mooncrest)

NOT THE new Steeleye Span album, not even a collection of "previously unreleased material", but rather that curious package which record companies dutifully release from time to time to justify their existence — a compilation.

This collection is simply selected highlights from the first three Steeleye albums before Ashley Hutchings left and they signed with Chrysalis, and the group's direction began to move away from indigenously traditional material.

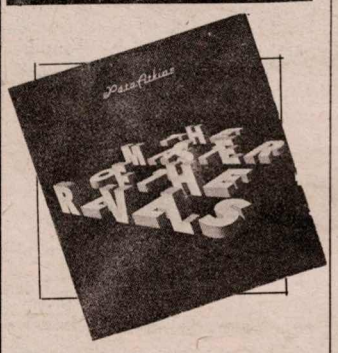
The tracks have previously come to light on both the original albums and two other compilations, "Almanack" and "Individually & Collectively". The inclusion of no new material makes it a rather redundant exercise.

Anyway, it's good to hear tracks like "Lowlands Of Holland" again, and the album does serve as a useful reminder of the group's roots as they trip through a collection lovingly assembled by Ashley Hutchings. Some of the finest tunes here are those which feature Gay and Terry Woods in the original line-up, especially their sensitive handling of "The Hills Of Greenmore".

There are also solo tracks from Martin Carthy, Tim Hart and Maddy Prior, which are pretty representative of your standard folk club repertoire.

It's a nice enough set, and a satisfactory introduction to their work for those interested in finding out about the group before they reached the financially and commercially safe position of being able to spill down £8,500 on their fans. Great, but waddya do for an encore — gold bars?

Patrick Humphries



PETE ATKIN
Master Of The Revels— The Essential Pete Atkin (RCA)

A DEFINITIVE Pete Atkin compilation would have been a very useful thing. The best songs, rescued from their often irritating surroundings, would have been a joy to hear. This, alas, is not it.

The timing is generous — 57 minutes — and all the recording details are given, compensating somewhat for the lack of sleevenotes. A group of friends and fans have nominated *their* favourites and those with most mentions got included. The impression is one of an almost arbitary selection.

Some of the finest movements have inevitably slipped the net. "An Array Of Passionate Lovers" — *the* last word on the end of the Hippy Dream — and "Carnations On The Roof" are out, whilst less worthy songs like the lugubrious "Between Us There Is Nothing" and the floundering "Screen Freak" are in.

But the standard of what's here is still very high. The bulk of it comes, correctly, from the high points of "Driving Through Mythical America" and "A King At Nightfall".

There are masterly cameos of solitude and alienation in that sinister city where lives are empty, menace lurks and it is always Night.

Lyricist Clive James' powers of observation and encapsulation are at their trenchant height. Atkin captures the mood brilliantly, whether with the perfect solo piano for the lament of the nightclub pianist in "Thirty Year Man" or the brassy impending doom for the naive in "Sunlight Gate".

The balance comes from the first, acoustic album, "Beware Of The Beautiful Stranger", including the title gem with James' wittily unfolding lyrics and Atkin's musical complement at their best, and also from the salvageable moments among the later albums crippled by their portentious and annoying pretensions: "Perfect Moments" from "Road Of Silk", "Sessionman's Blues" from "Secret Drinker" plus the horrendous revamped single version of "I See The Joker".

Mercifully, there is nothing from the awful "Live Libel", where James finally overdosed on his own cleverness.

It boils down to whether you find the Atkin / James brand of verbal tours de force set to music superbly clever or just plain dull. Rock and roll it isn't.

So there you are. A flawed introduction to Atkin and James, but worth having nonetheless.

Ian Cranna

THE BABYS
The Babys (Chrysalis)
BUSTER
Buster (RCA)

ATTITUDE MANUFACTURE; very depressing. The Babys are lined up for those neurotic hordes spoilt by the never ending flow of Heavy Metal packs; Buster were packaged a shade hurriedly for the yummy little sisters of those ageing Roller fans.

Image counts for more than the music, although in both cases the images are weakly defined and too obvious. Buster in their uniforms, free'n'easy and out to hold your hand; The Babys rugged with evil grins and lumpy poses.

Buster are too craggy and shifty-eyed, so fail, that's it. Even the music has minimal teen-drive merit. The 12 tracks, eight penned by their creative core Scott and Wolfe, are invariably airy and indistinguishable. The beat is weak.

Product pop without the zealous drive of the Rollers, Hello, Slik etc is unforgivable, though Buster do hint at overcoming their wimpoid performances on a couple of tracks.

An almost meaty "Born To Be Wild" had me grinning, and there's a keenly immature bouncer called "We Love Girls", a Monkees-Rollers hybrid that boasts consideration the rest of the tunes hunger for. If it's a single, I'll buy it. The album, though, is a wholly worthless package that doesn't persuade *me* to join their fan club (address on the cover).

The Babys are at the Bad Company end of the Metal Lineage. To vocalist John Waite, Paul Rogers is traditional, and there are constant attempts at razor-lined guitar dynamism a la once upon a time Ralphs.

All passion, poignancy and "meaningful" tempo variation. Lotsa riff-this-joint urgent sensibility, introspective melodramatics and precious little sense of humour.

Bob Ezrin has produced so that you can hear all the parts but fails to ignite any sparks in the sludge. Who could?

It's a hopeless task. Even if The Babys had been weaned on The Standells and The M.C.5. instead of Free and Cream they would be utterly anti-lethal. They seem so uninteresting and uninterested.

As it is, The Babys' dumbly-derived Metal *has* to be able to stand on its own — like Free's occasionally used to or Lizzy's occasionally does. It doesn't; The Babys are just miserably impotent and limited visionaries. They should be monks.

Paul Morley

Please get my name right
Twiggy

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"A singer and interpreter of songs with real ability... She is going to be a force to join the elite of entertainers." Melody Maker
"The new Twiggy: she's fresh and fun and as contemporary as this morning." Daily Mirror
"Her newly discovered talent as a serious contemporary artist has startled the cynics of the rock biz." New Musical Express
"She has enormous talent, a very appealing personality and extraordinary charm." The Times

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April 25 **Brighton,** Dome
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Full House every time

FRANKIE MILLER
Full House (Chrysalis)

FRANKIE MILLER sings with more commitment than ever on "Full House".

Just listen to him on Lennon's masterpiece "Jealous Guy" which Miller and his band have turned inside out.

In their hands it becomes a tortured piece of R&B in contrast to the reflective tranquility of the original. Miller wails with anguish, a victim of the green-eyed monster, splitting his vowels just the way Otis used to.

Two thirds through the band change direction, throwing the song's original structure to the wind, coming on with all the swagger of classic Free. A minor masterpiece.

As good, if not better, is Miller's inspired arrangement of Kenny Lester's "Love Letters", a hit for Elvis on which he stuck to Lester's arrangement.

Miller's version is very strong, uptempo with discreet chords from guitarist Ray Minhinnet, acoustic piano and Miller's vocal brimful of joy. A hit single, I hope.

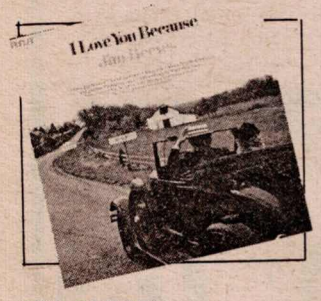
Producer Chris Thomas has gone for the same sort of Memphis/Stax sound Elliot Mazer employed on "The Rock", giving Miller's voice sparse arrangements. The only augmentations are Chris Spedding's guitar on "Let The Candlelight Shine", and unidentifiable appearances by Gary Brooker and Rabbit. The Memphis Horns are given arrangements similar to those which graced so many Sixties soul records.

Miller's Achilles' heel on "Full House" is his own material. Andy Fraser's "Be Good To Yourself" opens the album in great style, an uptempo, economically constructed sassy rocker, redolent of many of the fine songs he had helped write with Free.

"Searching", a song written by Steeleye Spanners Peter Knight and John Johnson, proves Miller is unwilling to typecast himself. It's a surprising inclusion and unlike the rest of the album has nothing to do with R&B, apart from Miller's vocal, featuring a string section, organ and nothing else. Low key and poignant, it's compelling.

With "Full House" Frankie Miller has made his third excellent album in succession.

Steve Clarke



JIM REEVES
I Love You Because (RCA)

JIM REEVES was elected to Nashville's Country Music Hall of fame in 1967. I can't think why.

Reeves always struck me as a fairly middling talent and he probably furthered the cause of C&W about as much as Dickie Valentine changed the face of rock'n'roll.

Occasionally employing Western modes, Reeves was essentially a MOR balladeer and as such hardly merits the reverential treatment accorded him by this album — a complete re-recording of the instrumental and vocal accompaniments on some of his better-known songs.

Thus, "I Love You Because" is tarted up with some ultra-smooth steel guitar and "From A Jack To A King" has the harmonica bleating from speaker, subdued guitar from the other.

These newly recorded backing tracks (produced by Chet Atkins) are anonymous to the point of self-effacement, and I don't know if it's anything to do with the remixing but Jim's vocals tend to sound somewhat sibilant (particularly on "You're Free To Go"), as though he were struggling to control an ill-fitting set of dentures.

Still, Reeves fans may want fresh versions of these songs and if you're feeling suicidally maudlin and can imagine yourself in a down-and-out C&W bar, then this is for you.

As Jim himself sings (in "A Fool Such As I"), *"Pardon me if I'm sentimental . . ."*

Excused.

Bic Platignum

HAWKWIND
Masters Of The Universe (United Artists)

IF YOU walk into a room when this is playing, careful. Do not panic. Simply move the turntable speed to 16 r.p.m. Make sure the room is totally dark. Find a safe place to lie down. Lose yourself.

Confusion . . . surroundings gone . . . reflective irregularities . . . rapid muscular and nerve reactions attempting comprehension of compositional implications . . . can't you see I'm well into accurate pattern perception using the technique of Retinal Stabilisation (something useful) . . . unemployed colours . . . throbbing expanse . . .

"Entities which have their being not in the spaces known to us, but between time, calm and primal, of no dimensions, and to us unseen" . . . sounds

Get up when you're bored stiff.

One particularly unnecessary six track collection of Hawkwind material from U.A. albums between '71 and '74.

It merely reinstates a long-held theory about Hawkwind music. They played everything at twice it's correct speed.

Paul Morley

RAY SAWYER
Ray Sawyer (Capitol)

FROM ANYONE but the mainstay of those cynical tricksters Dr Hook and the Medicine Show, this album could be taken as a competent but lacklustre exercise in down-home such as granite-jaw men in check shirts named Buck are wont to play to blonde bouffant divorcees named Marylou.

But Ray Sawyer *must* be cackling down his cuff?

On a superficial level this would seem to a mainstream country-pop album with strings, duelling fiddles, solemnly sonorous pedal steel guitar.

The compositions are principally by two people named Hazel Smith and Joel Jaffe, who should have their tongues nailed to the minute hand of Big Ben as a fitting punishment for the mediocrity and occasionally mawkish horror of their songs, which reach their gross apex on Miss Smith's "Daddy's Little Girl".

All tracks seem to deal with love of the lost variety, and love in the process of being lost.

Yes, people who like country music *are* different from us. They'll probably take this record seriously and enjoy every minute of it.

Julie Burchill

IMPORTS

By FRED DELLAR

I'VE TRIED upteen different ways to the shape the opening to this week's column in order to achieve the right impact on behalf of a certain record. But each time, I've ripped up the results and dumped them in the over-flowing waste-bin.

The problem's caused by **"Joe Ely"** (MCA), a new country-rock album by a singer-songwriter of that name. Y'see, it's just so damn good that I'd like to see every reader who's every lent an ear to such as Delbert McClinton, Guy Clark etc. shuffle on down to the nearest import corral and invest in a couple of copies.

So where do I start? Do I inform you that Lloyd Maines' steel playing is so hot that your stylus will probably melt within two minutes of lowering it onto the disc?

Or should I spend a couple of thousand words chronicling the delights of Ely's "Mardi Gras Waltz", as tasty a chunk of accordion-flavoured, Cajun 3/4 as anything that's ever had me and my favourite jole blon doin' the light fantastic around the hearth rug.

On the other hand, I'm positive that if I could induce to you to retain your seats for just one playing of "Johnny Blues", Ely's re-scripted version of "Frankie and Johnny", a cut that has Mainer and lead guitarist Jesse Taylor

JOHN HARTFORD live album on Takoma

screaming out a remarkable sequence of chase choruses over a healthy, Muscles Shoals, brass riff, then you'd be completely sold on the subject of Ely's talent and my mission would be accomplished, allowing me to move on and mention this week's other imports.

These include **Flora Purim's** "Nothing Will Be As It Is" (Warner), **Garland Jeffrey's** "Ghost Writer" (A&M), **Bo Kirkland** and **Ruth Davis'** "Bo And Ruth" (Claridge), **Wild Cherry's** "Electrified Funk" (Epic), **Roger McGuinn's** "Thunderbyrd" (Columbia), and **Ian Matthews'** "Hit And Run" (Columbia), a Nik Venet production.

"The **Jeff Beck-Jan Hammer** Group" (Epic) and **Janne Schaffer's** "Katharsis" are both on the "due in anyday" listing, while **Taj Mahal's** "Anthology Vol. 1" has already put in an appearance in the racks. Covering the period 1966-71, the compilation includes "Going Up The Country, Paint My Mailbox Blue", Mahal's theme "Statesboro' Blues", the Blind Willie McTell number that achieved fame via the Allman's workout on Mahal's arrangement; plus "Take A Giant Step" and a number of similarly blues-sodden goodies.

Anyone who latched on to **John Hartford's** recent gigs here will be gratified to hear that the arch-zany is involved on a new 'live' elpee titled "Walnut Valley Spring Time" (Takoma). Recorded at what sounds like a bluegrass festival, the disc features tracks not only by Hartford but also by flat-picking dobroman Tut Taylor, New Grass Revival and Merle Travis, the Kentuckian re-vamping a number of his time-worn classics.

EMI have just released a list of Continental imports that includes **The Shadows'** "Shadoogie" (Columbia), a triple-album job that contains some 42 tracks, plus "Rock And Roll At The Capitol Tower, Part 2" (Capitol), containing a further portion of early rock and rockabilly cut in the days before **Wanda Jackson** got religion. Also listed is "The Best Of **Leo Kottke**" (Capitol), which unlike its British counterpart, is a double-album.

If you've got an odd nine quid to spare, you might be tempted to lash out on **Olivia Newton-John's** "Crystal Lady", a 32-track Nip import. But again, perhaps you'd rather dispose of your loot by purchasing **Mac Davis's** "Thunder In The Afternoon" (Columbia), an album which, though hardly indisposable, is — at least in terms of commercially viable songs — Davis' best bet for many a fortnight.

Meanwhile, back in the USA (to quote a phrase), Canadian trumpet-man **Maynard Ferguson** has lined up Eric Gale, George Benson, Bob James, Harvey Mason and other residents of the jazz-rock community to go through their paces on "Conquistador" (Columbia).

Fred Dellar

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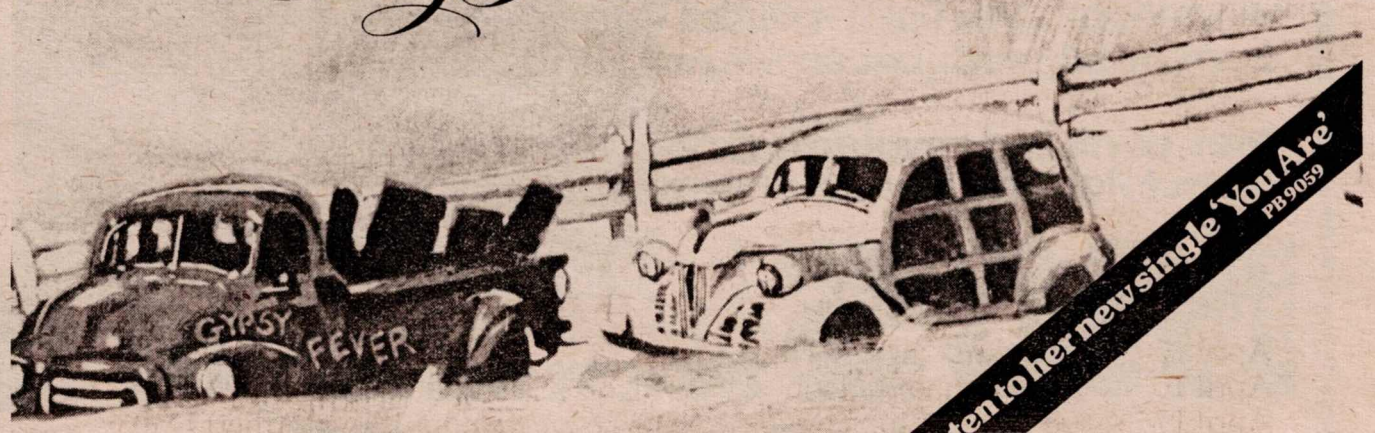

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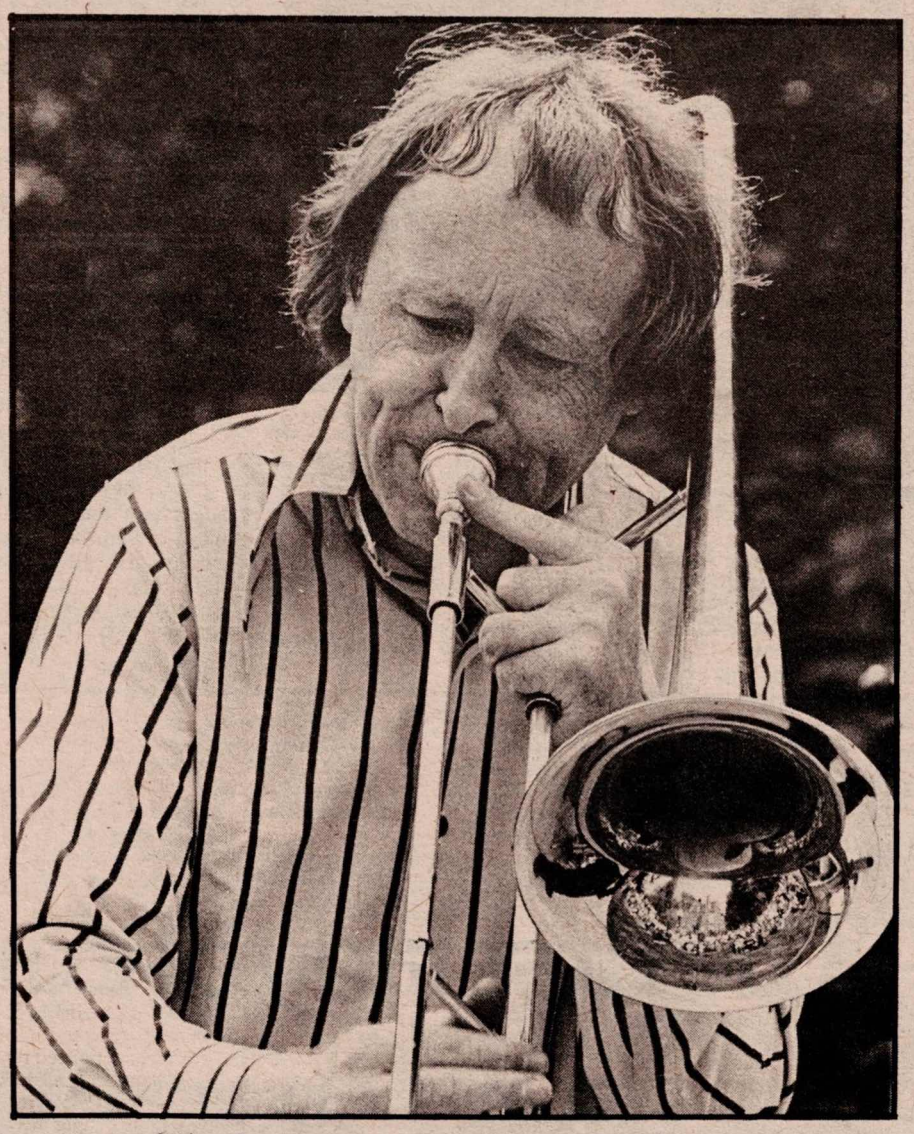

CHRIS BARBER
celebrates 23 years with the Band — through Booms, Bummers and Bigots

JAZZ
By BRIAN CASE

A SCANT quarter of a century ago, before I had my bigot's ticket together, the choice of livery took longer. 'Smart' or 'Bohemian' divided the music world between them, major breast - pocket - mouchoire punters broomed down to the Be-Boppers' Club 51, collar-stud 'n plimsolls kittys ankled off to Cy Laurie's. Modernists hung loose however hot the action; Traditionalists wagged fingers at each other as they jived. It didn't do to flaunt undenominationalism.

"I used to go to the old Leicester Square Club in 1948," Chris Barber confessed. "They used to broadcast the BBC Jazz Club from there — half trad, half modern — and they brought Reggie Arnold's team down to play half the programme with Humphrey Lyttleton. Myself and two friends solemnly booed every number the modernists played — on principle." He laughed. "Well, we were young. Stupid."

Chris, a professional jazz musician since 1952, has had more than his fair share of sectarian strictures. He even got it in the neck for importing blues artists.

"We'd have brought instrumentalists in but the union wouldn't allow it, so the next best thing was self-accompanying blues singers — Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Big Bill Broonzy and John Sellers. There was no chance of working with Bechet like the French.

"We thought it would be a good experience for us, and for the public — who were in danger of being so introverted into the British Jazz scene as being all there was. By the time we brought Muddy Waters over in 1958, the youngsters who came to the concerts went away thinking let's start a blues group — and they did, hence Eric Burdon, The Animals, etc.

"I'm only sorry that when they became the popular thing, they didn't do anything to keep jazz going. I mean, the thing John Lennon always got across, The Beatles hated jazz, so all their followers hated jazz — like parrots. None of the others like Eric Burdon said 'That's rubbish, jazz is bloody good.' "

"And your Trad supporters?" I asked.

"Oh, they all complained about electric guitars and blues singers. Ottilie would tell you that Trad fans took blues singers on sufferance. It wasn't really until 1959 or so that she started doing the last spot on the show where she had enough time to do a variety of material and get across. Before that, they'd rather hear a jazz song like 'Sister Kate' — jolly, not a serious song — the sort of thing a member of the band would sing.

"Blues wasn't acceptable. Fans weren't into that because it was too personal and direct. It was just raw feeling, getting right down to the nitty-gritty of what the music was all about."

Chris's music is always on the move, never letting the aspic settle around his original mode, the King Oliver band. Altoist Joe Harriott, an early pioneer of Free Music, played with the band in the '50s when the repertoire included Gerry Mulligan's "Bernie's Tune".

An album from 1973, "Drat That Fratle Rat!" — now deleted — features a line-up of cello, electric piano and bassoon plus the usual trombone, trumpet and guitar in a very free performance that begins with Township voicings and meanders through some near-classical pastures. Clearly, things at the hollow log have changed since The Mouldy Five v Beret Wars.

"I bet you cop some flak over your saxophone player," I opined.

"It's all rubbish," said Chris. "That all started with one or two not very informed jazz writers who decided that the real jazz was played on trumpet, trombone and clarinet. If you look at the original New Orleans bands, they had violins and saxophones — all sorts of things.

The black bands like Sam Morgan's had two or three saxophones. The only bands with that trumpet-trombone-clarinet line-up were the white bands from New Orleans which were derivative to say the least — The O.D.J.B., and so on.

"The saxophone controversy was largely because to its critics it represented dance bands. The funny thing is that 15 years earlier, the saxophone represented jazz for most of the public — 'orgiastic saxophones'."

Chris Barber, green velvet suit, machinegun delivery, knows his L'Onions. He has a definitive record collection, and recently unearthed a massive haul of jazz and blues 78s — Savoys, D.G.s, Bops — in a Chicago warehouse, a trove by jove like the Lewis chessmen. He did not get his scholarship courtesy of Tony Palmer.

The Barber Band, which grew out of the Ken Colyer's Band in 1953, has had plenty of hit-makers on the strength — Lonnie Donegan, Monty Sunshine — and hits like "Petite Fleur", "Rock Island Line", "John Henry" and "Ice Cream".

"You didn't make any money on records at that time," said Chris. "I think we got two old pennies a record, and 'Petite Fleur' sold a million and a half of which a quarter of a million were in England. About £2000 in royalties. It was the only time we made more money out of being in a recording studio rather than a concert, yet we've made in the region of 75 LPs, 1000 tunes. Records to me are a necessary evil."

We got on to the great Trad & Skiffle Boom of the late '50s.

"The sad thing was Trad won its battle with the public to a point where it was not only accepted — but ignored. When Jimmy Young plays Trad, the housewife taps her foot to it, hmm that's nice, but she'd never buy tickets for a concert. Its value got ignored. It became last year's fad. Modern jazz never had that happen to it, and Modern jazz fans should think themselves lucky. All that happened was we earned a bit of extra money, but a lot more bands were formed to cope with the lower level of the market, so it was shared out between more people.

"The audience changed towards 1957 and you got a lot of ordinary kids coming in mainly because there weren't any pop shows going round. A lot of them would have preferred rock 'n' roll, but there wasn't any to see. They hadn't got that built-in thing against going to jazz, which was given to them later, so they came and enjoyed it."

He theorized about taste: up to the mid-period, jazz is universally acceptable; modern and out, you got problems. "The average punter isn't going to music to listen intellectually. He's probably really a Max Bygraves fan at heart."

"So do you think Modern jazz should come on the rates?" I asked him. "In showbusiness, by and large, you get money according to the number of people who come and see you. Now, I'm not saying drawing a house of 40 people is any slur on their musical ability, but due to Arts Council Grants that band can get more money than my band, which will draw 300. This seems wrong to me.

"They should at all times get subsistence level — but there's a bit of difference between not starving and getting bloody good fees. Take Grand Opera. It wouldn't exist without a large subsidy. I mean, Covent Garden gets a million a year or something unbelievable! Fair enough — I don't want it to die although I don't like it, but it shouldn't be just up to the taxpayer to keep it going.

"The musician who wants to play it should be prepared to make a sacrifice too — but they're not. It ends up with Maria Callas becoming a millionaire on our money."

Chris really stretched out on this one, roundly castigating the spoonfed and the self-indulgent. "People like Bach had to write for the churches to make a living. All of his best work was written with quill and ink by candlelight after he'd finished work. Didn't stop Bach. Stan Tracey doesn't get any money out of them, but he goes on making up his weird music year in, year out. I think he's too far out, but he sticks to his guns and whether you give him tuppence or not, he'll go on doing it anyway."

"Petite Fleur" got caught in the broadsides between Art and Showbiz. Droves of British musicians stopped talking to Barber as a result of his success. It was only in America that Chris found an open-hearted reaction: "Good to see a musician doin' well," said Henry Red Allen, and pressed the flesh.

"Do you think there's any truth in the statement that the New Thing, Albert Ayler, Shepp, represents a throwback to New Orleans?" I asked.

He didn't. And then some. "Not unless they mean a throwback to a bunch of amateurs who can't play their instruments. New Orleans jazz rigidly follows chord sequences at all times. It wasn't until Be-Bop that they began to change the chord sequences of tunes, and then with Ornette Coleman they invented them as they went along."

Surprisingly, he dug Ornette for his sheer melodic inventiveness; unsurprisingly, he hated our Albert.

"Sure, it's elemental human emotion. I'm not so sure about its being music. But you can't argue with Free players because they say 'I feel it — it's jazz, man'. You've got to accept that — or be a bastard. I say be a bastard sometimes. Say 'I don't believe you.' But you can't say they're rubbish just because you don't like them, which is what the fans do."

Delving back into my youth, I came up with a tableau of Dixieland dancers, each turn to the four points of the compass as formal as court protocol.

"Do you think jiving has anything to do with your popularity?"

The trombonist gasped. "People don't DANCE anymore! I haven't seen a dancer for 10 years. There's only one place in the country where they still jive and that'a a place in Colchester which is the last outpost of the Trad skip jive.

"It finished around 1962. We used to avoid the dancing things anyway. We got out of it to play concerts in 1956."

He leaned forward and pointed. "I mean, wouldn't you rather be listened to? I still have to convince old Trad fans who say it was better when they could dance. I say, 'Was it? For YOU'."

SELECTED RECORDINGS

The Chris Barber Jazz & Blues Band: "Live In Berlin" (Black Lion BLP12110/1, "Jubilee Album" (Black Lion BLP12124/5), "Jubilee Album, 11" (Black Lion BLP 12126/7), "Jubilee Album, III" (Black Lion BLP 12128/9), "Jubilee Album, IV" (Black Lion BLP 12132/3), "The Great Re-Union Concert" (Black Lion BLP 12140/1).

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ON THE TOWN

Pink Floyd

WEMBLEY

SUPPOSE WE START right at the end. It's the supposedly final moment, that last quasi-orgasmic, wonderful climax that every rock and roll band in the world strives for, and that most of those who are able to fill Wembley Pool make damn sure they achieve.

A huge, composite, reflective disc has been raised behind the band. Its centre is a mirrored hemisphere. The outside is a set of mirrored sunbursts.

The sphere rotates one way, the sunbursts revolve in the other. Spotlight beams are focused tightly on the disc. The colours move through red, blue, purple, and then suddenly white light.

The disc's movement comes to a dead halt. The whole audience is held in a web of pencil thin beams.

Previously, while they were in motion, it was fantastic. It virtually overshadowed the music.

At rest, it's nothing short of breathtaking.

I'd even heard "Dark Side Of The Moon" being pumped into hotel lifts.

Saying yes to the job put me at a slight disadvantage. Like I said, I hadn't seriously listened to the Floyd's records in a long time, only heard the recent and most popular albums with half an ear at parties and other people's houses. I certainly didn't have any encyclopaedic knowledge of their later work.

Three kids coming out of the show were complaining that the Floyd hadn't played "Money". I realised I'd only hear "Money" once. The kids were about nineteen. The smallest and punkiest of them wished they'd done "See Emily Play". I didn't feel so dislocated after that.

At first glance the Floyd had changed a whole lot. The last time I'd seen them they themselves were the centrepieces of the show.

High points were Roger Waters' furious gong bashing and his psychotic screaming at the climax of "Careful With That Axe Eugene". Now the human beings on the stage are dwarfed by the hardware, the vast quad system, the lighting cranes and the huge circular screen that dominates the entire stage.

The Floyd, plus their extra guitarist and horn player, look more like technicians than rock stars. Visually they have more in common with NASA ground control than with The Rolling Stones.

In the old days, also, the Floyd could at times be quite ragged. Now they are as technically perfect as it's possible to be. There are no more jokes or surprises. They soar with cold ease. A cynical voice beside me says, "Jonathan Livingstone Seagull goes to Mars," and the voice is right.

In some ways, however, the Floyd haven't changed at all. They're still on the same course, the stars still frighten, but they seem kind of bored and depressed with the journey. Where poor Syd once burned himself out boldly going where no man had gone before, now there's a feeling that they are simply keeping on keeping on.

The controls are still set for the heart of the sun, but it's taking a long time to make the trip, and nobody can really remember how they got that way in the first place.

The visuals tend to confirm this impression of a depressingly hopeless journey through a menacingly sterile cosmos. On the monster disc screen, boiling seas of blood dash themselves against gleaming faceless monoliths, a flower opens only to snap shut into a featureless steel ball. A mechanical triceratops marches relentlessly across a Martian landscape. They're beautifully conceived and executed, but there isn't a trace of humanity about them.

When human beings do appear on the screen, they are faceless ciphers who tumble through space, curling and uncurling from a foetal position, or cowering in the corner of some isolated energy cube.

Even the band seem menaced by the special effects.

Dave Gilmore moves to his pedal steel, and you almost forget to listen to the music. Dry ice fog slithers and billows across the stage. The nearest lighting gantry descends on him like the flagship of a sinister galactic conqueror, until it's only a couple of feet above his head, bathing him in blazing red light. The light switches to brilliant white, and then rises majestically away. The total experience is so absorbing that there's no chance to be impressed, or not, by Gilmore's solo.

I know I really ought to be talking about the music, telling you all about the horn solo in "Shine On Crazy Diamond" or the keyboard and acoustic guitar effect at the beginning of "Wish You Were Here", but it's just not possible. There's too much overpowering technology and too much dull pain. The words *"We're just ordinary men . . . we don't choose what we do"* are sung with just too much sincerity.

Maybe it was a bad day for me to go and see the Floyd. Before I left home, the TV had been speculating on the likely fall of the government.

I know one thing, though. I doubt if I'll be going to see the Floyd for another six years. If the movie of *Dune* ever does get made and (as rumoured) the Floyd do the music, I'll probably go and see that. They should exactly catch the mood of grim depression as Paul Atreides stumbles, eyeless in the galaxy, in pursuit of his vision.

In the meantime, there are enough things to be depressed about.

I know the dogs eat the sheep.

I can do without exquisitely crafted reminders.

The big spots on the sunburst fade away. The one on the sphere holds tight for a moment and then cuts. There's an instant of darkness and then the pallid yellow houselights slink on. The Pink Floyd have vanished.

There is a roar like you'd expect from just about any other big, capacity crowd. (What does Wembley Pool hold, is it 7,000 or 9,000?) The Floyd don't reemerge. You can hardly imagine them rushing on, waving and shouting "Thank you, thank you."

The noise begins to build again. This time it holds firm, consistent and almost deafening.

Then the note changes. It's that moment when the audience is no longer demanding more. They know that they've got it.

Except the Floyd haven't come back on stage. All that's happened is that two comparatively small orange lights have flicked on, on the platforms of the crane-mounted lighting cradles on each side of the stage. They start to move, rearing sinuously towards the audience, like Martian fighting machines coming out of the Pit. The house lights go off, and the Floyd finally come on — for the encore.

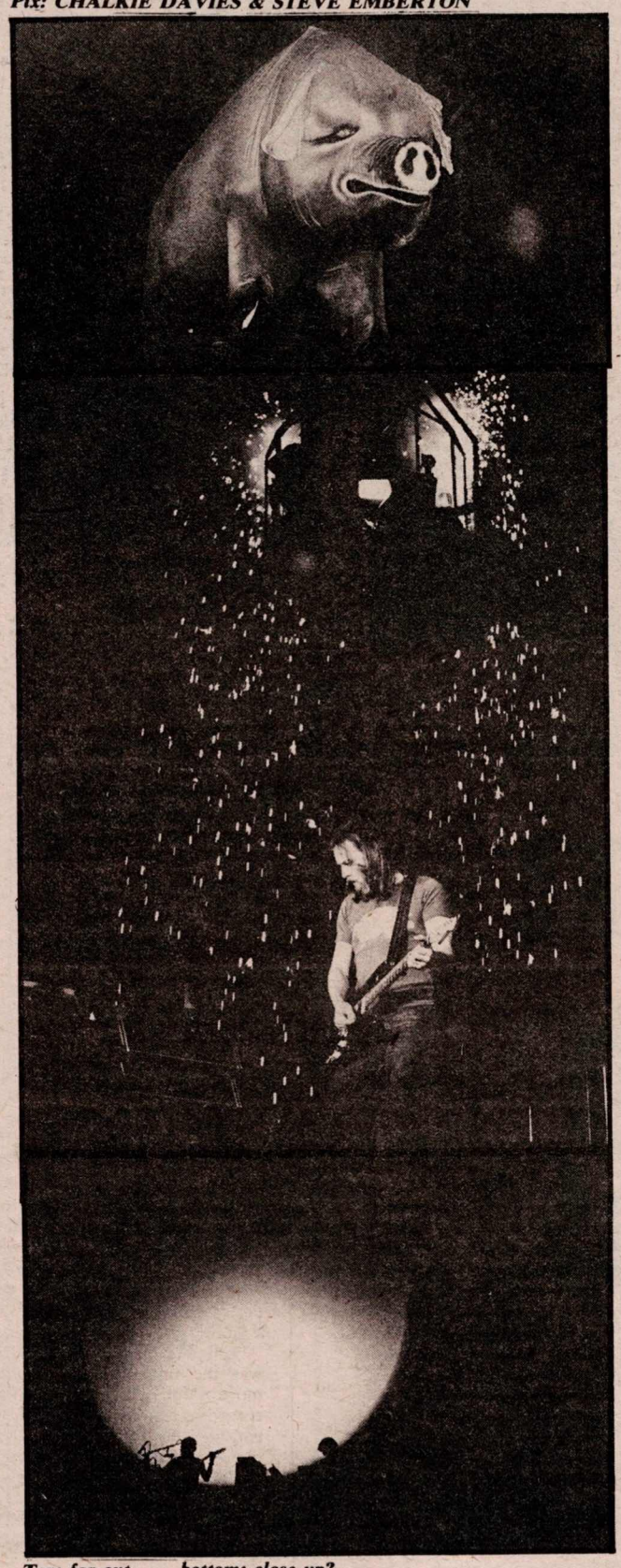
LET'S GO BACK to the start. When first asked if I wanted to review the Floyd I was about to say no. I hadn't seen the band for six, maybe seven years. After "Umma Gumma", I'd even drifted away from listening to their albums. Their whole trip seemed to have become too icily aloof. The humour had started to go, and I'd gone with it.

The Floyd had become something of an enigma. When we parted company they were very popular but were still, at root, a specialist, experimental unit. Since then, they've become to all appearances an MOR band. You can't sell that many records and not be MOR.

Mick Farren

Depressed? Anxious? Hung-up, man? Don't just sit there, bozo — get out and make money out of it! FREEWHEELIN' FARREN winds up out on the pavement thinkin' 'bout the government.

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES & STEVE EMBERTON



Top: far out . . . bottom: close up?

EYELESS IN THE GALAXY

Truck store drug drivin' person returns

Roger McGuinn's Thunderbyrd

NEW YORK CITY

A FLURRY of movement on a darkened stage then a sudden hit of *deja vu* — that voice and the song and the long jangling guitar lines on the Rickenbacker are as instantly recognisable as Elvis or The Beatles.

Roger McGuinn is the epitome of the Los Angeles underground sound of the mid-60's. There he is up there at the Bottom Line, doing a little sexy twitch with his left hip and grinning like a Cheshire cat. McGuinn *was* The Byrds — they went stale until Dylan's Rolling Thunder Review revitalised McGuinn — thus we have *Thunder*byrd, his new group.

He does Tom Petty's "American Girl," which is a perfect vehicle for his voice. It's an experienced rendition in the hands of a rock'n'roller who's been playing for 20 years. It's sung by a happy, grinning McGuinn who didn't get out out of his girlfriend's bed till 5.30 that evening so he knows what he's singing about.

The band are good. Guitarist Rick Vito can do a knife-edged amphetamine shriek with the best of them and also get laid back funky on George Jones' country "Why Baby Why."

Roger does a Townshend jump, legs apart — he can still do it — announces that the next number is a new Dylan song, "Golden Rule." It's beautiful and strange, with the usual convoluted images. The audience applauds as if the Eleventh Commandment had just been revealed to them and it said "Thou Shalt Go And Get Laid."

In back we have drummer Greg Thomas — long limbed rock and roll with a touch of jazz: his cymbal technique is not unlike Art Blakey at times.

McGuinn begins the long descending line that introduces "Chestnut Mare" — girls gasp with pleasure and several Village types yelp as if their pet poodles had just pissed in their laps. Roger sang it with plenty of double meanings, complete with grins and winks: *"I got my lariat and threw it in the air,"* he leers at the girls in the front. In the middle section he flaps his arms like an eagle — like a Byrd.

He burned up the stage with a tough bitchin' rendition of "So You Want To Be A Rock 'n'Roll Star." The rhythm section are so tight they squeak and Roger pulls out the famous solo line like a string of bubblegum on the face of a 13 year-old teenybopper.

He uses a translucent fronted Rickenbacker with red green and blue frosted lights inside its solid body which flash on an off as he boogies. It's outrageous but it works.

The guitar is unusual also in having its frets at a 7° slant — specially done for low slung boogying.

He does, oddly, a Peter Frampton number — "All Night Long," which doesn't seem to suit him that well. Roger plays with it, trying to keep a straight face, the ultimate bullshit artist.

Move on into history. Back to the old Rickenbacker and a high kicking version of "Roll Over Beethoven." There are some bands that have to end with Chuck Berry because they don't have any good things of their own. McGuinn just digs him — he can play any number of his own hits as an encore . . . and he does.

There was no way he could go without doing "Mr Tambourine Man," and he got into it rather than just doing a few obliging bars before finishing with "Would You Do It All Over Again?"

He kept the balance between old and new, uptempo rockers and more laid back LA country, absolutely right. When I congratulated him on it afterwards, he said: "Getting that balance is like staying inside the lines with a colouring book — when I was little I always had trouble staying inside the lines."

The fact is he does it intuitively. McGuinn is back — though he was never away — and he's happy, amused and in very good form. Thunderbyrd will be going to Britain in April. Catch them then.

Miles

AC/DC

LEEDS

OH SURE, I was mildly amused by their oafish, shithouse arrogance and churlish vulgarity — at first.

And Angus Young was something of a novelty — a fearsome gnome in schooldays drag executing sporadic duck dashes across the stage.

Wow, man, and he took off his trousers and bared his ass.

And he climbed on Bon Scott's (vocalist / macho brute / pain in the ass) shoulders and they walked off the stage and into the crowd, shit, man, and dig, when he clambered up those stacks right to the top and jumped off the mutha . . . wheew, I mean Holy Jesus, I had to bang my head on the wall a coupla times, know wharramean?

Etc., etc., etc.

Angus Young's brother plays in the band also; he plays rhythm guitar, quite well. I can't seem to recall what he looked like, except he wore his hair in a similar style to Fred 'Sonic' Smith. As for the drummer and bass player, well, I can't remember anything about them at all. Nothing.

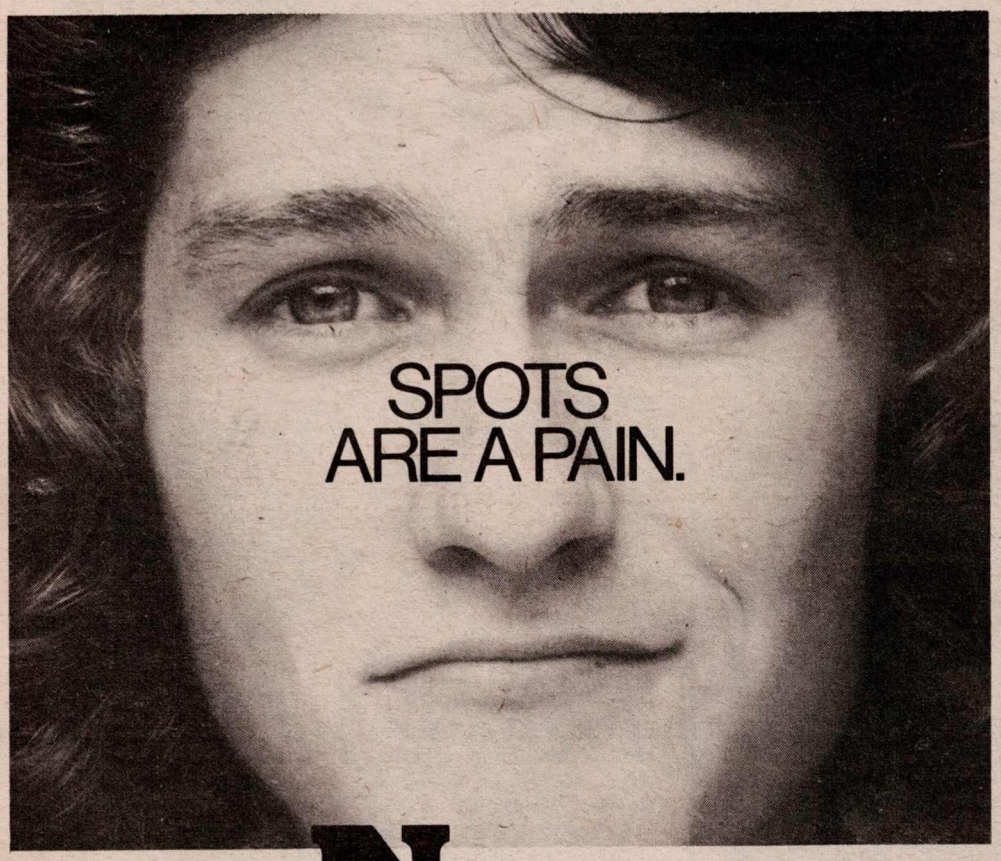
Sweet FA, in fact.

Bon Scott gives me the impression that he would like to be King Big Bad — you know what I mean, bare chest, groin rubbing, ass wiggling, bleeding boring. Actually, he sings in a similar way to Alex Harvey, minus the menacing humour. In fact minus humour period.

Is this review boring you? I hope so. I feel vindictive, I need revenge . . . Tell you what:

You can make up the rest of the review yourself. Stop when you start to repeat yourself, OK?

John Hamblett



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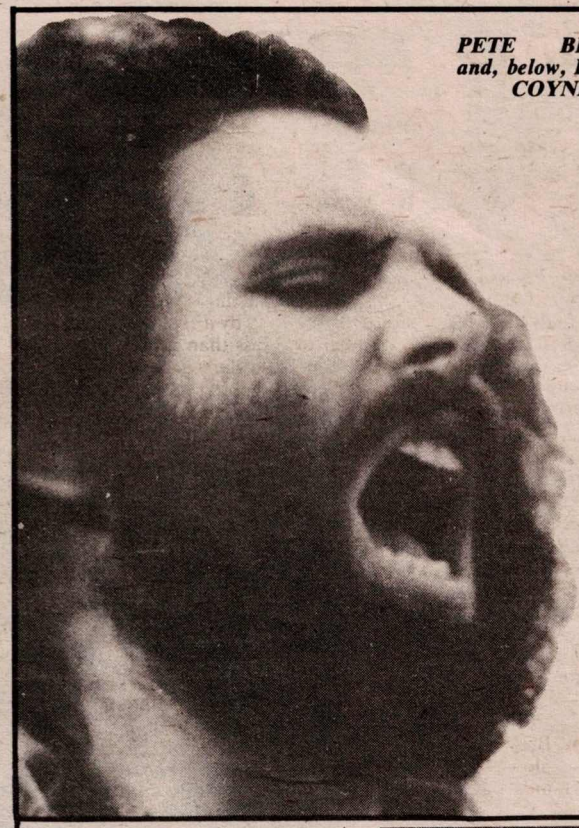


PETE BROWN and, below, KEVIN COYNE

Pete Brown

DINGWALLS

THE ONLY THING that impedes the respective bands fronted by Pete Brown is that their leader cannot completely dispel his literary past.

It hangs over everything he does like a slightly stale aroma, to the inevitable detriment of the ultimate sum. Inside Pete Brown is a songwriter in the great sentimental tradition, struggling to escape.

Back To The Front is merely another extension of Piblokto, which, itself, was an extension of Battered Ornaments: a potentially commercial and successful combo, somewhat obscured by a predilection for beat seediness. In toto, the rather limited scope of appreciation of the art-school student.

With a line-up of one saxophonist, two keyboards, bass and drum, plus Brown supplementing occasional percussion, Back To The Front is basically a cool pop-jazz

Kevin Coyne

SHAW THEATRE

SEEING KEVIN COYNE perform can be like having skeletons taken out of your closet and dangled in front of your face.

Fears, insecurities and traumas that you long ago learnt to come to terms with, he can hold them up and send them up right there on stage.

Occasionally it's harrowing, but usually it's purging because you can laugh right along with him at all the foolish misconseptions and constricting moralities, and how they can wreak so much havoc on a human spirit.

He should know because, after a period at art college during the mid-60s, he began working as a social therapist in a psychaitric hospital. Whilst there he attempted a different way of treating patients, encouraging them to express themselves rather than pummeling them into some kind of conventional line.

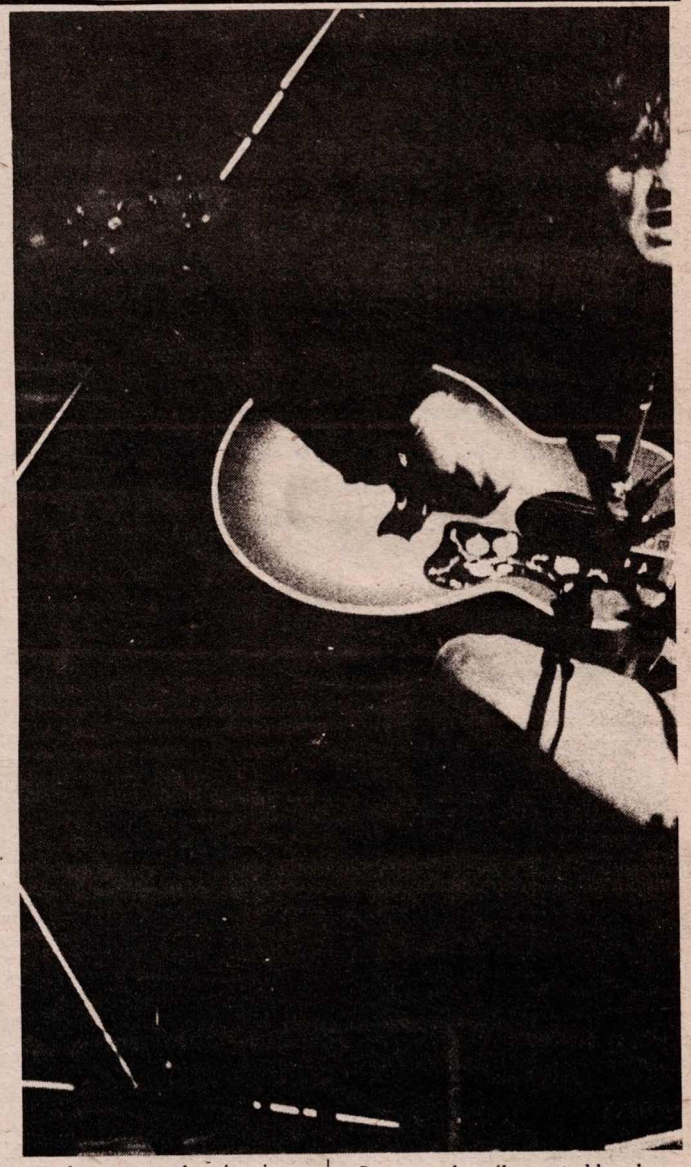
When Coyne's first group, Siren, floundered, he also spent some time as a social worker at the mental health centre in Camden Town, going on to describe that period on the "Case History" album recorded for Dandelion in '72.

Most of his songs still draw on his experiences during those times, but he doesn't simply wallow in any reflective or intellectual mire. Instead he adopts personae, and his monologues and songs come from the mouths of characters based on the people and on the fears he encountered then, deftly illustrating social alienation with the events and characters of his music.

Sounds like a morbid evening, doesn't it?

Thankfully that's not so. Just when it's beginning to get embarrassing he'll throw in some of his prankish humour, either in his singing or an aside and the situation is relieved.

His performance is a stream of consciousness affair. With the aid of pre-recorded tapes and some simple but



complementary electric piano from Zoot Money, he twists his voice from a gruff, throaty roar through to an effective Clitheroe Kid Lancashire accent, interspersing commentary, cynicism and silly stage antics as he slips from song to song.

His use of tapes has become surprisingly refined since the recording of his live album on Virgin, on which the tapes are simply Coyne mutterings in the background.

Nowadays they're all music. Some are heavily treated band recordings, but most are done with synthesisers — and he uses them judiciously and to great effect. To my mind, the only song that suffered was "Marjory Razor Blade", which could have done with the extra edge a live band would have given it.

This guy is unique. Few people would tackle subjects like social or spiritual estrangement in songs, and I doubt that many could do it so carefully or so cleverly. **Paul Rambali**

Window

GOLDEN LION

WINDOW ARE a five-piece combo, playing a convincing mixture of punchy '70s rock and '60s London pop of the Small Faces, Amen Corner school.

Have you noticed how fashionable it is to look like Todd Rundgren these days? It must be hell flattening your head out like that, but guitarist Marc Sullivan made it. He plays neat, choppy, treble hi-note runs, eyes closed, screwing up his face at the intensity of it all and mouthing the progressions. He has teen appeal.

Vocalist Kelvyn Hallifax — a prancing Marc Bolan figure with a used-car-dealer smile — struck another body blow against the tyranny of the "Y"-Front company with his tight white trousers. He's the kind of guy who muffs all the punch lines but you still feel good about it.

He sings songs for today's concerned young adults — songs about incest, Irish dope dealers and how to pull the girl assistants in Woolworths . . .

Mo Bacon, ex-Love Affair, is a pop drummer par excellence — he plays melodically, each beat fitting a tune rather than having any unpleasant "jazz" significance. Though essentially a '60s style, it sounded fresh and clean — lots of space in there, unlike many drummers of today who, with their double drum kits, blur all their shapes with too many cymbal bashings and drum-rolls.

They did "Buster Shoes", an old style hard rocker which allowed Paul Lilly on bass to show his strength (more teen appeal there) and Mike Strong to pound some electric piano (if such is possible).

"Snow Queen" is going to be their hit single — no doubt about this. It is not Carole King's tune of the same name, it's a good raunchy pop song with more hooks than a fly fisherman and featuring a searing solo break from Sullivan.

Their market is going to be the pop one. They'll probably have to make the classic compromise and cool it with the songs about incest and dope (for a while) while they bring some class to the teenyboppers.

Miles

ROLL OVER, BILL WORDSWORTH

group of exceedingly pleasant sensibility.

Focal point of the outfit is Pete Brown's protege lead singer, Helen Harding: a young woman with high-semitic features and a vocal performance that owes much to the influence of Ella Fitzgerald.

They opened their set at Dingwalls with a song called "Made To Pay", described by Brown as a calypso number but, in fact, a funk-based vehicle for the rather strained histrionics of Ms Harding. "Stations Apart", following, was a low-keyed, highly-flavoured instrumental, coolly rocking the musical atmosphere.

Then the realms of gold intervened. "In the future," Brown recited, "when things are getting lost in strange fogs and strange bogs . . ." preluding a post-psychedelic chant that reminded me of Keith West's Tomorrow. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day — to the last syllable of recorded time.

Pete Brown doesn't create any sort of sexual stance onstage; his demeanour is rather that of the involved backroom boy, leading his musicians through the rituals of theatre; projecting his fantasies through their abilities.

This was apparent in "Party In The Rain" — a tale of rekindled love with an old flame — sung by Brown and Harding with a slow, lazy delivery. "He reminds me of David Ackles," a friend observed.

"Street Walking Woman, ostensibly sung by a Broadway hooker, was less than convincing. A more unlikely prostitute than HH I've rarely seen. Naturally, it developed into a climax for Ms Harding's Fitzgeraldian scatting.

With "Down And Out" we were back to the Soho of Bernard Kops and George Melly, getting high in a '50s play, '70s style. Lying on bare mattresses with Colin Wilson's *Brandy Of The Damned* open, unread, and Mingus filtering from the record player. America, I've given you all and now I'm nothing. It's with me again — the Nausea.

The images come tumbling forth. Great music!

"In Summer Hills" cast Brown in the role of romantic. He dedicated the song to a stretch of countryside out of Berwick, *"and on my train I turned the pages, tomorrow's dreams and restless stages."* Here we have the real Pete Brown, all those dingy folk club scenes merely the artless subterfuge of a period piece; in reality, the tender bucolics of Wordsworthian sentiment. *"The sky shouts out loud and the fears disappear."*

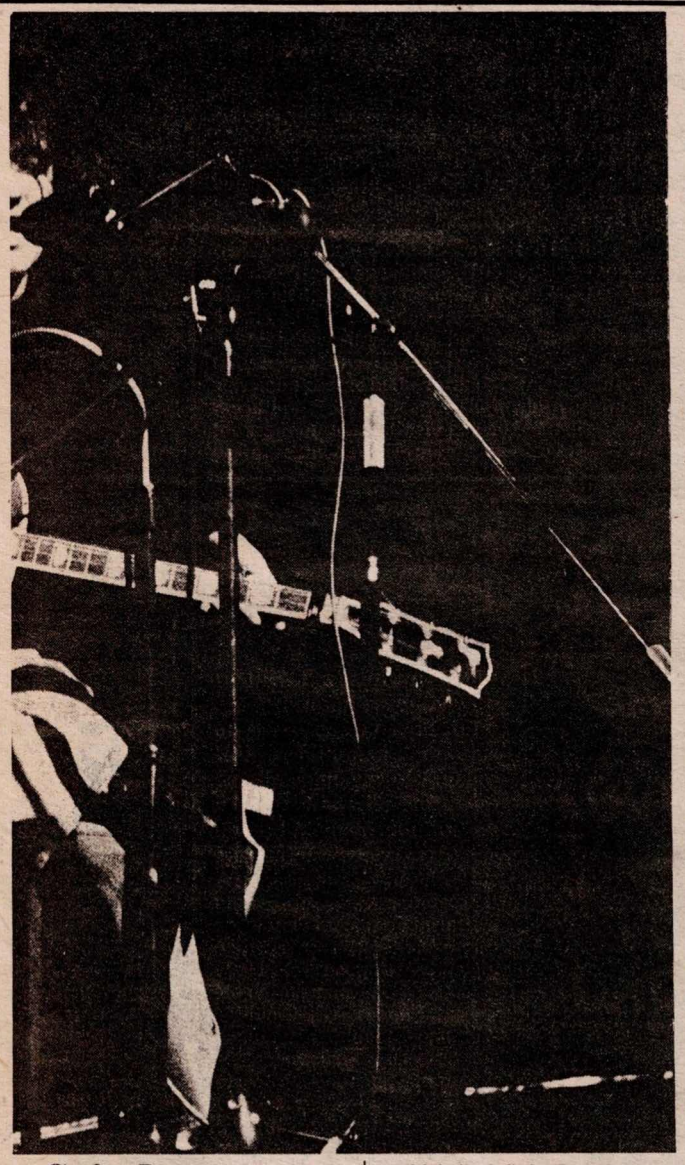
As if to eschew the mood created, our poet then played Dada, and told us what happened when the windscreen broke, with a description of oscillations between states of "reality" and "nightmare" . . . before breaking into the full-blooded "Dancing In Time".

One wonders how much influence Brown had on the "Disraeli Gears" Cream. This Helen Harding song could almost have come from that set.

"Patterns" was a classic love song, and the highspot of the evening. Taken at full, sexual tilt, Ms Harding poured her soul into the lyric, crying, *"I'm coming back to you, baby, back for more."* Then, as if to prove the necessary existence of the concrete poets, Brown recited words of *"nylon, rayon, fablon, fabulous, fabulouson,"* just in case people were going to accuse him of selling out.

And ended with Jack Bruce's song about Pete, "White Room", before the band careered headlong into the breakneck Bo Diddley riff — by way of further acknowledgement.

Penny Reel



Cafe Jacques

EDINBURGH

SOMEONE SET the fire alarm off, the police closed the bar early, there were two power failures, two dope busts, a couple of fights and several drunk and disorderly arrests. A regular Musselburgh Friday night, in fact.

The soundtrack was provided by two of Scotland's top bands, Cafe Jacques and Ignatz. If you regard Cado Belle as being still based in Scotland, then these two occupy the number two and three slots.

Cafe Jacques are Pete Veitch on keyboards and violin, Chris Thompson on guitar and lead vocals, Gordon Hastie on bass and Mike O on drums. Their material is their own, as are their arrangements.

Despite suffering from the power failures at the start, when Mike O suddenly found himself doing an unscheduled drum solo, they turned in an enjoyable and professional set.

The highlight is "Crime Passionelle", when they reshuffle Chris to keyboards and Pete to violin to produce a truly destinctive sound and one which is definitely under-used in their current set. Comparison with name bands would scarcely do this individual approach justice.

They have given more than a passing nod to the soul music which is so influential among many Scottish musicians, but theirs is not the purist approach of AWB. Their style combines funk roots — the rhythm section plays in the current busy black style which keeps the dance floor crowded — with a definitely white sounding superstructure. Robert Palmer's "Spanish Moon" is included, but their gritty, assertive approach owes as much to rock as it does to soul.

Their own songs are not so direct, and incorporate harmonies, time changes and varied structures to produce excellent songs like "Back To Asho" and "Lifeline".

CBS have signed Cafe Jacques, and their transplant south is now (alas) almost complete. Lots of luck, guys. Next month they start recording — at last — under Ron and Howard Albert (as in SB&Q, etc) and then they're off to the States. Meanwhile you better sit up and take notice.

Ian Cranna

Nasty Pop

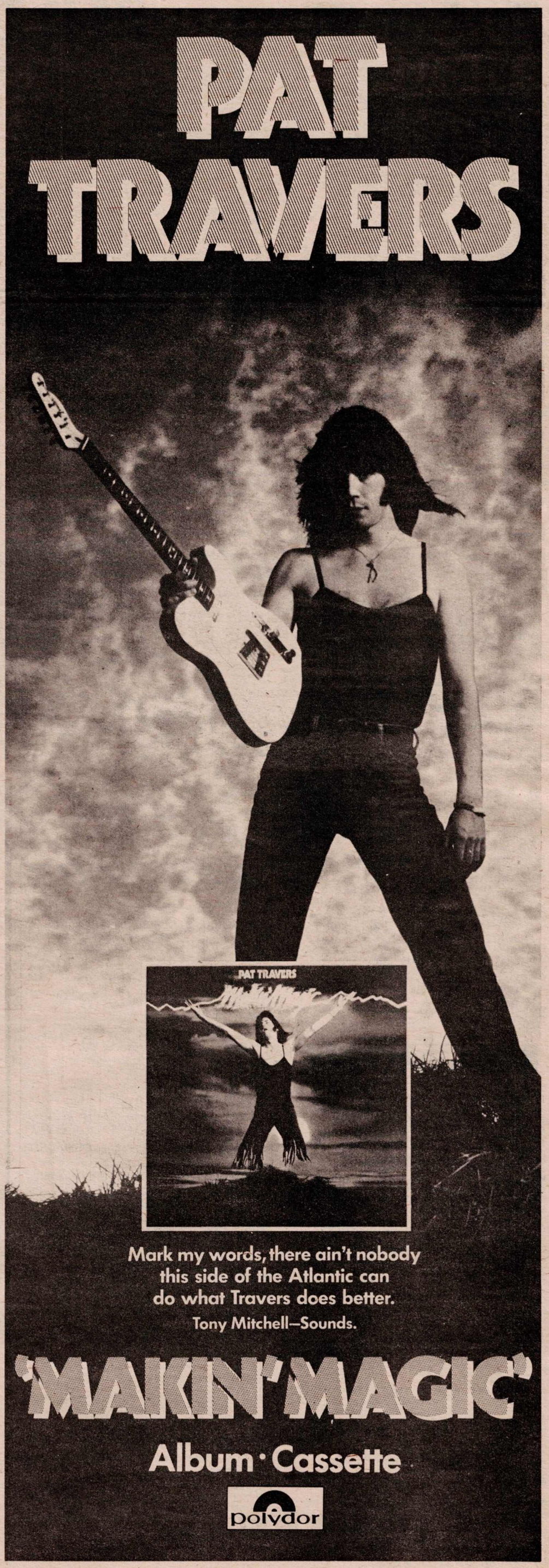
MARQUEE

WITH A NAME like that you'd expect something special, wouldn't you, maybe a chainsaw version of Steely Dan's sardonic razor. In fact, all you get is a very average, modern, British, 'clever' pop band: tightly arranged vocals and harmonies, with one fairly distinctive voice from keyboard player Jon Fitzpatrick, over attempted catchy melodies with unexpected twists and turns, in the same vein as 10cc.

It's a good idea, but the songs and hooks just aren't strong enough. They are competent, well rehearsed and well groomed, but it's all just like so much icing. Apart from "Pretty Author" and "Crow" (a curious single from '75), there doesn't seem to be any content. The songs from their second album, "Mistaken ID", have even less identity, sounding very LA-ish and therefore somewhat bland.

They are either going to be the new Badfinger, the new 10cc or the new Mr Big, none of which holds exciting possibilities for the future. They might make a few good singles one day, though.

Paul Rambali


PAT TRAVERS
PAT TRAVERS
Mark my words, there ain't nobody this side of the Atlantic can do what Travers does better.
Tony Mitchell—Sounds.
'MAKIN' MAGIC'
Album · Cassette
polydor

NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
AYLESBURY Britannia: TEQUILA
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: HEMLOCK
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: RACING CARS
BOLTON Technical College: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BRADFORD Princeville Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BRIGHTON Dome: OSCAR PETERSON
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
BURTON Eves Disco: J.A.L.N. BAND
BURY Log Cabin: HARVEY ANDREWS
COVENTRY City Centre Club: RADIATOR
COVENTRY Tiffany's: STRAY/STRIFE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: COMMODORES-/MUSCLES
DUNSTABLE Bluenote Country Club: BILLY J. KRAMER & THE DAKOTAS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: STYLISTICS
FALKIRK Callender Park College: BERNIE & THE BIONICS
FLEETWOOD Queen's Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
HARROGATE Royal Spa: BURLESQUE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: BEES MAKE HONEY
IPSWICH The Manor: TYLA GANG
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: BETHNAL
LEEDS Town Hall: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: BULLY WEE
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
LONDON CHELSEA College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: HARLEM SHUFFLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STRUTTERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE BOYS
LONDON E.1 Montefiore Centre: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SMITH
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE JAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CLOVER
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: CAN
LONDON Marquee Club: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
LONDON NEW X Goldsmiths College: PETE & CHRIS COE
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHN MARTYN
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: KINKS/CHARLIE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WALKING WOUNDED
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WESTMINSTER St. Margaret's Church: IMRAT KHAN (sitar)
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: HOT CHOCOLATE
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: STEVE BROWN BAND
NORTHAMPTON The Romany: SCRATCH
NORWICH R.A.F. Coltishall: FLYING SAUCERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Isabella 2: SASSAFRAS
OXFORD Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
PENZANCE The Garden: THE STRANGLERS
PLYMOUTH Wood Centre: COUNT BISHOPS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: WURZELS
STAINES Pathfinder Club: FIVE HAND REEL/JOHN RODGERS
STOCKPORT Heaton Moor: THERAPY
TAUNTON Black Horse: VIN GARBUTT
WALSALL West Midlands College: HORSLIPS
WARRINGTON Padgate College: MARTIN SIMPSON
WITHAM Community Centre: BOB DAVENPORT
WORCESTER College: NASTY POP
WORCESTER Green Room: DUST
WORKINGTON Slypt Disc: JOBE ST. DAY
WORTHING Balmoral Castle Bar: BEAVER HATE-MAN BAND
WORTHING Central Hotel: AMAZORBLADES
YEOVIL Sparkford Inn: JIGSAW

FRIDAY

BECCLES Public Hall: FLY-BY-NIGHT REMOVALS
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: RADIATOR
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: MEDICINE HEAD
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: HOT CHOCOLATE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKPOOL Winter Gardens: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
BLOXWICH Nags Head: STAGE FRIGHT
BODMIN Garland Ox: VIN GARBUTT
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: J.A.L.N. BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: RACER
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGE FRIGHT
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: CAN
CHELTENHAM Montpellier Pavilion: BOOZER
CHELTENHAM Tramps: JIGSAW
CHESTERFIELD Blue Bell: JOBE ST. DAY
CHICHESTER College of Education: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
COVENTRY College of Education: LITTLE ACRE/GONZALEZ
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: OSIBISA
CREWE The Masonic: ANY TROUBLE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
DORCHESTER Clay Pigeon: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
EDINBURGH Clouds: IGNATZ/STREET NOISE/REZILLOS
FLEETWOOD Queen's Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: DEAF SCHOOL
HODDESDON The Crown: CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: NASTY POP
HULL City Hall: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
IMMINGHAM Civic Centre:A.F.T.
KENDAL Underbarrow Punchbowl: MARTIN SIMPSON
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: CANNY FETTLE
LEEDS Pentagon Suite: MUSCLES
LEIGHTON BUZZARD The Swan: PRISM
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: SILLY WIZARD
LIVERPOOL Le Metro: MARSEILLES
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: RACING CARS
LONDON ARCHWAY Caxton House: FOXY LADY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAPTAIN VIDEO/. STATELINE
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: ELAINE DAVIS BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BABE RUTH
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: MIKE BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STEVE CURRY BAND
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: SASSAFRAS/DARTS
LONDON HOUNSLOW Middlesex Polytechnic: FOSTER BROTHERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON N.17 White Hart: CADILLAC
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: BOOT BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GOLDEN EARRING-/WIDOWMAKER
LONDON Royal College of Art: THE JAM
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: APPLE-JACKS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRUTTERS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: IRON MAIDEN
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.C.1 Birkbeck College: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: SUN SESSION
MALTON Milton Room: BEANO
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: PAM AYERS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: BURLESQUE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE/GEORGE HATCHER BAND
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
MARCH Cromwell's: EDWIN STARR
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SHANGHAI
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: STEVE BROWN BAND/HOT SNAX/YOUNG BUCKS
NEWCASTLE Northern Counties College: WARREN HARRY
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
NEWTON ABBOTT Seale Hayne College: BRANDY
NORWICH Keswick College: ARTHUR'S AXE BAND
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: SLENDER LORIS
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
REDDITCH Tracey's: SOUL DIRECTION
RUGBY Lanchester Polytechnic: JACK THE LAD
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: AGNES STRANGE
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: JOHN KIRKPATRICK & SUE HARRIS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BARRY WHITE/LOVE UNLIMITED
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: HORSLIPS
SUNDERLAND Black Cat Club: JIMMY HELMS
THATCHAM Hamiltons Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
TRIMDON (Durham) Village Hall: THERAPY
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
WAKEFIELD Newton House Club: FLIGHT 56
WARRINGTON Padgate College of Education: HOOKER
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: STRIDER
YORK Askham Bryan College: BETHNAL

SATURDAY

BEDFORD Corn Exchange: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS / SUN SESSION
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GONZALEZ
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: BARRY WHITE / LOVE UNLIMITED
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: BANDYLEGS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: PAICE ASHTON LORD / BANDIT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI-POLLOI
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: GENERATION X
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: WURZELS
BOLTON Institute of Technology: TIGER
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: HOT CHOCOLATE
BRIDLINGTON J.B.'s Theatre Bar: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
BRIGHTON Alhambra: SMITH
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: S.A.L.T.
BRISTOL Granary: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BRISTOL Polytechnic: JACK THE LAD
BRISTOL Reeves Club: JIGSAW
CARDIFF College of Education: COUNT BISHOPS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SHOWADDY-WADDY
DARLINGTON Bee Hive: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / STRAY
DUDLEY J.B.'S Club: STRIDER
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: COMMODORES / MUSCLES
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: DEAF SCHOOL
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: JIM KNIGHT
EWELL Technical College: STRUTTERS / GRIND
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: GIGGLES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / GEORGE HATCHER BAND
GLOUCESTER Tracy's: SPARROW
HARLOWTechnical College: GRIND
HARTLEPOOL Gemini Club: BEANO
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: STRANGLERS / RACER
HEREFORD Balls Park College: SASSAFRAS
HUNTINGDON Camelot Club: THE CHANTS
IPSWICH Running Buck: FLY-BY-NIGHT REMOVALS
KINGSTON Polytechnic: DODGERS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: MEDICINE HEAD
LEICESTER Binbrook RAF Station: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LETCHWORTH Lordship Farm School: FLAKY PASTRY
LINCOLN Imp Inn: OLDE ENGLISH PUB BAND
LIVERPOOL C. F. Mott College: BURLESQUE
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: ALBERT DOCK
LIVERPOOL Open Mind: SHEFAQ
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ANAHATA / PHIL RAM BAND
LONDON CLAPHAM The George: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BABE RUTH
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON FULHAM The Swan: ELAINE DAVIS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAW FUNKK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: QUINTESSENCE II
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies Club: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: ROOGALATOR
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: HINGE & BRACKET
LONDON Marquee Club: SCARECROW
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: RIOT ROCKERS
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: CADILLAC
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: STEVE HILLAGE BAND / PAUL BRETT
LONDON RICHMOND Community Centre: BRIAN KNIGHT
LONDON S.E.3 Kidbrooke House: BURNT ASH BAND / DAVE LLOYD
LONDON SLOANE STREET Holy Trinity: NOEL PAUL STOOKEY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLIMPS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JAGUARS
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON University College: NASTY POP
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: FLIGHT 56
LUTON The Unicorn: CHAMPION
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
MANCHESTER Electric Circus— THE ENID
MANSFIELD Swan Hotel: FLYING SAUCERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: WARREN HARRY
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: STRIFE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PETERLEE Senate Club: JIMMY HELMS
PORTSMOUTH Tricorn Club: TOBY
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: WHY WORRY
RHYMNEY Constitutional Club: RUFF HANDFUL
ROCHDALE Champness Hall: TRACTOR
SAFFRON WALDEN Town Hall: MAJOR CADE / MARJORY RAZORBLADE
SALFORD University: RACING CARS / RICHARD DIGANCE
SALTBURN Philmore Disco: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
SOUTHEND Kursaal Ballroom: CAN
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
ST. ALBANS CITY Hall: CASINO
STROUD (Glos.) Leisure Centre: J.A.L.N. BAND
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: HOOKER
TAMWORTH Chequers Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
TODMORDEN Bay Horse: GREEN SLEEPER
WAKEFIELD Technical College: CHARLIE

SUNDAY

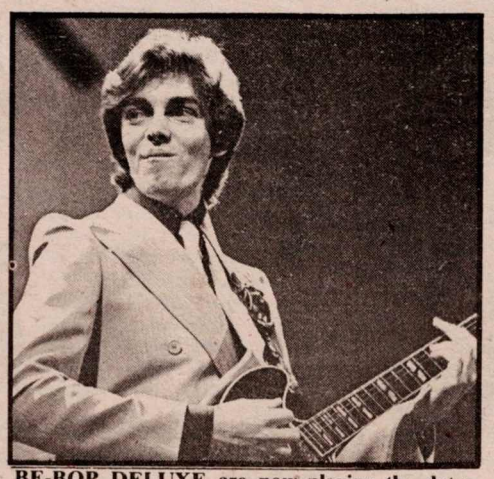
ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
AYLESBURY King's Head: LEFT HAND DRIVE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: PAM AYERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ROKOTTO
BRISTOL The Bristol Flyer: VIN GARBUTT
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
CHELTENHAM Crown & Cushion: BILL CADDICK
CHESTER Farndon Raven Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
COLCHESTER Embassy Suite: J.A.L.N. BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: OSIBISA
CROYDON Greyhound: STRANGLERS
DAGENHAM Working Men's Club: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
DUNSTABLE Civic Hall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: BETHNAL
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: ANDY RAMAGE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SUN SESSION
HORSHAM Roffey Club: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: MEDICINE HEAD
LEEDS Grand Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
LEICESTER Beaumont Club: FLYING SAUCERS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE STYLISTICS
LEICESTER Scraptoft Valley WMC: BREAKER
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: PAICE ASHTON LORD/BANDIT
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JOHN TOWNSEND/JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: COME ALL YE
LONDON Chalk Farm Roundhouse: HORSLIPS/CLOVER/LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: ROY ORBISON
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: FATS DOMINO
LONDON NOTTING HILL GATE Old Swan: SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: CLICHE
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. St. Martin's Folk Club: JOANNA CARLIN
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW Lord Brooke: BULLY WEE
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: STAN ARNOLD-/WILD OATS
LUTON Cesar's: DRIFTERS/MADELINE BELL-/SECOND GENERATION
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: STRAY
NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
NORWICH Theatre Royal: OSCAR PETERSON
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: MATARKA
NUNEATON Arts Centre: MARTIN CARTHY
POYNTON Community Centre: BERNARD WRIGLEY
POYNTON Folk Centre: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
QUORN Brandywine F.C.: McCALMANS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: DEAF SCHOOL
SALE Locarno: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: BURLESQUE
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO

KINKS, HILLAGE, DOMINO FOR

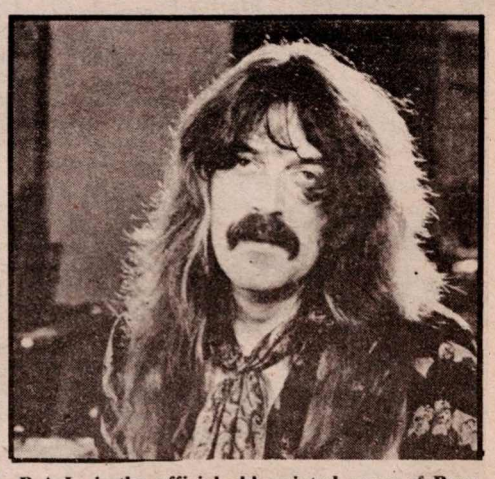
THE KINKS interrupt their highly successful U.S. tour to play a one-off Rainbow concert on Thursday, aimed at promoting their new "Sleepwalker" album. Pictured: Ray Davies.

STEVE HILLAGE and his band play their only British gig until the summer, when they appear at the Rainbow on Saturday. Another Rainbow show of note is by Golden Earring on Friday.

ON THE ROAD: BEBOP, P.A.L.



BE-BOP DELUXE are now playing the dates they were forced to postpone last month when Bill Nelson (above) was injured. They're at London Hammersmith (Friday and Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Bournemouth (Monday) and Eastbourne (Tuesday). The Steve Gibbons Band again support.



P.A.L. is the official abbreviated name of Pace Ashton Lord (Ian, Tony and John respectively), who set out on their debut tour this week. The five-piece outfit visit Birmingham (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday) and Glasgow (Wednesday). London follows on April 1.

GUIDE

ST. ANDREW'S Fold Club: IOLAIR
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: CAN

MONDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: XTC
BIRMINGHAM Ralway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BRADFORD St George's Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
CHATHAM Central Hall: ROY ORBISON
CHESTER Quaintways: FOSTER BROTHERS
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: VIRGINIA KIRBY / MISTY DREAM
COVENTRY Mr George's: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: MEDICINE HEAD
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
EXETER University: HORSLIPS
GODALMING Shackleford Social Centre: CILLA FISHER AND ARTIE TREZISE
GRANGEMOUTH International Folk Club: IOLAIR
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: BURLESQUE / WARREN HARRY
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LANCHESTER King's Head Hotel: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: SEPTEMBER SKY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LONDON Marquee Club: CHERRY VANILLA AND THE POLICE
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: CHAMPION
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BERT JANSCH
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: SEGOVIA
LONDON SOUTHBANK Polytechnic: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SLOWBONE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: MONTANA RED
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: DOWNLINERS SECT
NEWCASTLE City Hall: PAICE ASHTON LORD / BANDIT
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: JENNY HAAN'S LION
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: PINK FLOYD
SWANSEA Licensing Centre: BILL CADDICK
WINDERMERE Hydro Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON / FIVE HAND REEL / MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: ROY ORBISON
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: JACK THE LAD
BLACKPOOL Victoria Hospital Club: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
BRIGHTON Top Rank: NASTY POP
CARDIFF Top Rank: JENNY HAAN'S LION
CHALFONT ST. GILES Newlands Park College: BURLESQUE
CHELTENHAM Tramps: J.A.L.N. BAND
CHESTER ABC Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PAM AYERS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
EXETER Jolly Porter: VIN GARBUTT
EXETER University: MAX BOYCE / THERAPY
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: TIGER LILY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: VIBRATORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SWIFT
LONDON Cunard-International Hotel: BRANDY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLIE BARRETT
LONDON ISLINGTON The Florence: CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: S.A.L.T.
LONDON Marquee Club: HERON
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE JAM / CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS / THE CRABBES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MIKE KHAN BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EDWIN CHARLES BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
STAFFORD Bingley Ball: PINK FLOYD
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL COXHILL
WEST BRIDGFORD Dancing Slipper: ARBRE
WREXHAM Aston College: WARREN HARRY
YORK St. John's College: MUSCLES

WEDNESDAY

BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: A.F.T.
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SILLY WIZARD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: ROY ORBISON
BRIGHTON Top Rank: EDWIN STARR
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CARLISLE Coach House: CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlins Cave: THE VERMIN
CHESTERFIELD College of Technology: S.A.L.T.
COLCHESTER Institute of Higher Education: MUSCLES
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SALENA JONES / DENNIS WATERMAN
DONCASTER The Rock Line: STRANGLERS
DONCASTER The Woolpack: HARLOW
DURHAM Dunelm House: STRETCH
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: PAM AYERS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: PAICE ASHTON LORD / BANDIT
GRANGEMOUTH International Hotel: BERNIE & THE BIONICS
GT. YARMOUTH Garibaldi: ARTHUR'S AXE BAND
GT. YARMOUTH Technical College: BUSTER JAMES BAND
KILBRIDE Folk Club: IOLAIR
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RADIATOR
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: KITES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE JAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: STRIDER
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: COMMODORES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SKINEE
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: ZOOKI
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ANACONDA
LONDON W.1 Adams Arms: BOB DAVENPORT
MANCHESTER Didsbury College: MAE McKENNA
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: GAGS / SNEAKERS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
MARGATE West Coast: STAGE FRIGHT
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
OXFORD New Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES (replacement gig)
PENICUIK Navaar House Hotel: THE HEROES
PLYMOUTH Crown Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: GENERATION X
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall— SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
REDRUTH Regal Cinema: MAX BOYCE / THERAPY
RIBCHESTER White Bull Hotel: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: PINK FLOYD
SWINDON The Affair: ULTRAVOX
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: NASTY POP
WORTHING Down View: RACER

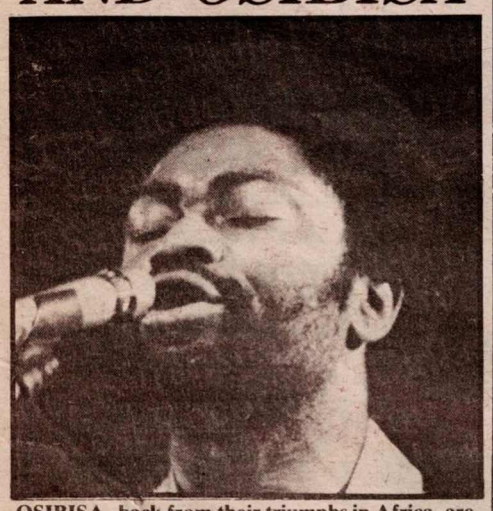
RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: THREE DEGREES
Week from Sunday
BEDFORD Nite Spot: DIANE SOLOMON
Tuesday (29) for five days
BLACKBURN Cavendish: BIG JOHN'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS
Thursday for three days
HARROGATE Gallop Inn: SPARROW
Week from Monday
HULL Bailey's: EDISON LIGHTHOUSE
Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: ACKER BILK BAND
Week from Monday
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: NOBODY'S BUSINESS
Thursday for three days
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern): CRUISER
Thursday for three days
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: BERT WEEDON
Week from Sunday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: VANITY FARE
Thursday for three days
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: PINK FLOYD
Monday for four days
STOKE Bailey's: THE CHIMES
Thursday for three days
STOKE Jollees Club: STYLISTICS
Week from Monday
WATFORD Bailey's: THE DRIFTERS
Week from Monday
WORKINGTON Rendezvous Club; CHAMPAGNE
Week from Monday

LONDON GIGS

FATS DOMINO is headlining a fairly extensive European tour, but for some reason is confining himself to only one concert in this country. It's at London New Victoria on Sunday.

AND OSIBISA



OSIBISA, back from their triumphs in Africa, are headlining a handful of concerts kicking off at Coventry (Friday) and Croydon (Sunday). Pictured above is Teddy Osei.
● Also this week: Pink Floyd begin their four-day season in Stafford on Monday night.

TV/RADIO

INVARIABLY we turn to BBC-2 for salvation, and this week is no exception. They have three shows. well worth seeing and, as it's difficult to choose between them, we'll take them in date order:

● Saturday's "Sight And Sound In Concert" provides an hour of the electrifying **Graham Parker and the Rumour,** now nearing the end of their triumphant tour with Southside Johnny. Those unfortunates who haven't been able to catch them on the road will now have an opportunity of seeing what they missed. And there's the usual stereo link with Radio 1, of course.

GRAHAM PARKER

● Monday's offering is a 45-minute special titled **"Leo Sayer** Sings" (8.15 pm). Those whose knowledge of Sayer's work is confined to his chart entries will, so I'm assured, be surprised by the range of his talents displayed in this show.

● Tuesday is "Whistle Test" night, and this week's programme gives us a chance to see **Roy Harper and Chips** in action, in a sequence filmed before he was hospitalised; also appearing are Big Jim Sullivan's **Tiger.** By the way, also on Tuesday is another in the series **"Oscar Peterson** Invites".

Very little on BBC-1 this week, apart from **Dave Lee Travis** with "Top Of The Pops" and the British Academy TV and Screen Awards (both Thursday), though the latter is threatened by another cameramen's black-out. At presstime, BBC-1 was still planning to go ahead with part two of the Eurovision Song Contest Preview on Sunday, which seems a little odd now they've officially dropped this year's event.

BBC-1 also have a movie worth seeing on Friday night — **Michael Caine** in the spy thriller "The Ipcress File". And ITV's film of the week on Thursday is the original cinema version of "Planet Of The Apes" with **Charlton Heston** and **Roddy McDowall.**

The Damned are in evidence in this week's "Supersonic" (certain ITV regions, Saturday midday), which also marks a second appearance by **Leo Sayer.** Also in the line-up are **Marmalade, Strapps, Dead End Kids, Liar** and **Bandit.**

Tony Palmer's "All You Need Is Love" continues it relentless course through the world of contemporary music with an episode subtitled "Always Chasin' Rainbows", dealing with Tin Pan Alley. Among artists featured on film are **Al Jolson, Bing Crosby, Hoagy Carmichael** and **Perry Como.** It's on the ITV network on Saturday night.

All that remains on ITV is the **Muppets** (Saturday) . . .

Radio 2's "Country Club" on Thursday has the **James Donaldson Band** and **Cliff Whelan** as guests. It's followed by "Folkweave" with **Packie Byrne, Frankie Armstrong** and **Vernon Rose,** among others.

A reminder that Radio Luxembourg now opens at 7.45 pm daily (6 pm on Sundays), continuing through until 4 am — not 3.45 as announced last week.

APPEARING SATURDAY at 5.45 pm
LORETTA LYNN
CONWAY TWITTY
CARL PERKINS
The OAKRIDGE BOYS
JODY MILLER
TOMMY OVERSTREET
DON GIBSON
CARROLL BAKER
THE COTTON MILL BOYS
and DENNIS "McCLOUD" WEAVER

APPEARING SUNDAY at 5.45 pm
DON WILLIAMS
BILLIE JO SPEARS
JEAN SHEPARD
JOHNNY GIMBLE
LLOYD GREEN
JIM & JESSE AND THE VIRGINIA BOYS
HANK THOMPSON
THE MERCEY BROTHERS
RAY LYNAM
and DENNIS "McCLOUD" WEAVER

Single Day Tickets: Saturday or Sunday
£7.50 (SOLD OUT) £6.50 £5.50 £4.50 £2.50

Two Day Tickets: Saturday and Sunday
£13.00 (SOLD OUT) £11.00 £9.50 £7.50

APRIL 11

APPEARING MONDAY at 4.00 pm
EMMYLOU HARRIS and the HOT BAND
MICKEY NEWBURY
DON EVERLY
CRYSTAL GAYLE
J. J. BARRIE
THE DILLARDS
LARRY GATLIN

TICKETS: AVAILABLE from BOX OFFICE: Tel. 01-902 1234

Third Day Tickets Only: Monday
£5.50 £4.50 £3.50 £2.00

CONCERT TICKET ADMITS HOLDER TO EXHIBITION FREE
9.30 am - 5.00 pm Saturday and Sunday 10.00 am - 3.30 pm Monday

ALL PROGRAMMES SUBJECT TO CONFIRMATION & ALTERATION

MAC MERVYN CONN PROMOTIONS

LIVE PAGE

DON'T BE AN APRIL FOOL!
ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE
For details ring Brian B on 01-261 6153

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm. to 11.00 pm.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 24th March (Adm 85p) Welcome return of . . . **MICHAEL CHAPMAN** Plus support & Jerry Floyd	Mon 28th March (Adm 80p) **JOHNNIE THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS** Plus guests &Jerry Floyd
Fri 25th March (Adm 65p) **ULTRAVOX!** Southern Electric & Ian Fleming	Tues 29th March (Adm 75p) **HERON** (Featuring MIKE HERON(Chelsea & Jerry Floyd
Sat 26th March (Adm 70p) Free admission with this ad before 8pm. **SCARECROW** Masterswitch & Ian Fleming	Wed 30th March (Adm 65p) The Return of . . . **STRIDER** Street Band & Jerry Floyd
Sun 27th March (Adm 70p) **PLUMMET AIRLINES** Plus friends & Nick Leigh	Thurs 31st March (Adm 65p) **GENERATION X** Gloria Mundi & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday March 25th Free — STEVE CURRY BAND
Saturday March 26th Free — RAW FUNKK
Sunday March 27th Free — DUST ON THE NEEDLE
Thursday March 24th 50p — LEW LEWIS BAND
Wednesday March 30th 50p — JAM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday March 24th £1.00 — CLOVER
Friday March 25th £1.00 — ROOGALATOR
Saturday March 26th & Sunday March 27th £1.40 Back by Public Demand — MEAL TICKET
Monday March 28th £1.00 — ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
Tuesday March 29th Free — S.A.L.T.

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

Corn Exchange, Bedford
Rock'n'Roll Spectacular
Sat. March 26 8pm-11.30
SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
+ Sun Session
Supported by Screaming Demon Jive Show
Licensed Bar, Tickets £2.00

CHERRY RED PRESENTS
MALVERN WINTER GARDENS
Saturday March 26th
THE DAMNED
+ THE CORTINAS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
OSIBISA

FAIRFIELD HALLS PARK LANE CROYDON
GEN. MANAGER MICHAEL TEARLE
SUNDAY 27th MARCH at 7-30
Tickets-£2 50-£2 00-£1 50 available from Theatre Box Office 688-9291
London Theatre Bookings shafts av.W.1 439-3371, usual agents, or on night

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 27th MARCH at 5·30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
HORSLIPS
CLOVER
LEW LEWIS BAND
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'
ADM.£1·70 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R'HOUSE BOX OFF. 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1. 439-3371 or AT DOOR

LOUGHTON COLLEGE S.U.
Borders Lane, Loughton (Debden Tube) Essex
present
A **BENEFIT GIG** FOR OUR FIGHT THE CUTS CAMPAIGN
with
THE SPLITZ KIDS
Bar (Abbot Ale) Disco Lights
FRIDAY APRIL 1st at 8 p.m.
Students parties 50p each, Students 60p, Guests 70p
Also **CUTS CONFERENCE** at 5 p.m. to discuss united action.
Free food and drink available.
Enquiries: 01-508 3268/8331

90° INCLUSIVE
Catch them if you can at
MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC, HENDON
Friday 25th March
HARLOW TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Saturday 26th March
DEBUT VERTIGO LP "90° INCLUSIVE" 6360 139
VERTIGO marketed by phonogram

Kingston Poly Ents. Presents
Saturday, March 26th at 8 pm
in the Main Hall, Penryn Road
THE PIRATES
+ THE DODGERS
BAR—DISCO. Admission £1.00

BEGGARS BANQUET PROMOTIONS PRESENT
BY POPULAR DEMAND
SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
AND THE
ASBURY JUKES
RAINBOW WEDS APRIL 6th, 7.30
232, Seven Sisters Road, N.4
Tickets £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 in advance or on night from Rainbow box office, Premier box office & London Theatre Bookings, Beggars Banquet, Harlequin & Manzi Record Shops
ALL ENQUIRIES 01-370-6175/6/7

Soundout Promotions Present at the
LODESTAR HOTEL
RIBCHESTER ROAD, BLACKBURN
THURSDAY MARCH 31st AT 9pm
STRIFE
ADMISSION 60p
(Only 10 mins from M6, exit 31 along A59 East)

= WORDS = (Barry Clarke) **QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL, DUNSTABLE**
Saturday March 26th at 7.30 pm.
EDGAR BROUGHTON'S CHILDERMAS
+ SIDEWINDER + Ardazell
Licensed Bar Advanced tickets £1 (inc. VAT) from Box Office, Tel: 603326, or £1.20 (inc VAT) on door.

CALIFORNIA BALLROOM
Whipsnade Road, Dunstable
Saturday April 26th
THE COMMODORES
Admission £2

THE
ADAM & EVE
HOMERTON HIGH STREET, E.9.
Touching down . . .
THURSDAY MARCH 24th
VISITOR 2035
Admission 60p

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY
Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4261

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm
Wednesday 23rd March — JOHN WILLIAMS BAND
Wednesday 30th March — SME + Jean-Francois Pavuros and Gaby Dizien

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30pm
Thursday 24th March — STAN TRACEY OCTET
Thursday 31 March — JEFF CLYNE's TURNING POINT

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUN/MON-10th/11th APRIL at-5·30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
JOHN CALE
CLASH
SUBWAY SECT
THE BOYS

ADM.£2·00 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R'HOUSE BOX OFF. 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1. 439-3371 or AT DOOR

MARCH 24th HEXAGON, FROME
MARCH 25th COVENTRY CITY CENTRE CLUB
MARCH 26th COVENTRY CITY CENTRE CLUB
APRIL 1st VIADUCT, LIMPLEY STOKE
Management: RAY YATES, HERALD ENTS, ALBION HOUSE, SIDMOUTH ST., DEVIZES, WILTS. TEL: 5011
Take Off With BIGGLES

SPEAKEASY 01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARLY

Thursday March 24th
Friday March 25th
Saturday March 26th
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
Monday March 28th
THE ENID
Tuesday March 29th
INSTANTS
Wednesday March 30th
ALFALPHA
Thursday March 31st
JOHN OTWAY
Friday April 1st
ONLY ONES
Saturday April 2nd
JOHN DOE
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St.
Oxford Circus, W.1.
Reservations 01-580 8810

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET, EDMONTON, N1

Thursday March 24th 60p — **JAM**
Friday March 25th 75p — **BEES MAKE HONEY**
Saturday March 26th £1.00 — **ROOGALATOR**
Tuesday March 29th £1.00 — **JOHN OTWAY** + Dust on the Needle
Wednesday March 30th 60p — **DOWNLINERS SECT**

TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS

AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

March 24 KINKS
March 25 GOLDEN EARRING
March 25/26 BE BOP DELUXE
March 26 STEVE HILLAGE
March 27 HORSLIPS
March 27 FATS DOMINO
March 27 ROY ORBISON
March 27 OSIBISA
March 30 SELINA JONES
March 30 COMMODORES
April 1 PAICE, ASHTON, LORD
April 2 FRANKIE MILLER
April 3 STYLISTICS
April 3 RACING CARS
April 3 GARY GLITTER
April 4/5 GLEN CAMPBELL
April 6 SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
April 7 HARRY CHAPIN
April 7 S.A.H.B. (without Alex)
April 10 FLEETWOOD MAC
April 10/11 JOHN CALE
April 13 KLAUS SCHAULZE
April 15 JACK BRUCE BAND
April 15 TWIGGY
April 16 ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL
April 17 STRANGLERS
April 17 3 DEGREES
April 18/21 JAMES LAST

April 24 ROY HARPER
April 24 THE DAMNED + MOTORHEAD
April 25/30 FRANKIE VALLIE & THE FOUR SEASONS
April 26 TWIGGY
April 27 SMALL FACES
April 27/28 ERIC CLAPTON
April 29 CHUCK BERRY
April 30 ELLA FITZGERALD & COUNT BASIE
April 30/May 1 McGUINN HILLMAN, CLARK
April 30/May 1 SUN SOUND & LIGHT SHOW

May 1 SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE
May 1 NEW SEEKERS
May 1 SACHA DISTEL
May 8 BILL ANDERSON
May 9/15 JOHNNY MATHIS
May 12 SLADE
May 12/14 J.J. CALE
May 15 SPLIT ENDZ
May 16/21 NEIL SEDAKA
May 23/28 STEVE LAWRENCE & EYDIE GORME

For more information send s.a.e. to:

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1. Tel. 01-439 3371

Danny O'Donovan in association with Beggars Banquet Promotions presents

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AN EXTRA SHOW

COMMODORES

NEW VICTORIA, Wilton Road, London, S.W.1
Wednesday March 30th

Tickets £3, £2.50, £2, £1.50 from Theatre Box Office (01-834 0671) in advance or on night. Premier Box Office & London Theatre Bookings, Beggars Banquet, Harlequin & Manzi Record Shops. Enquiries: 01-370 6175/6/7

NEW CIVIC HALL, HERTFORD
Saturday April 2nd, 7 pm. to midnight
A 'Release' Benefit with

TIM BLAKE & FRIENDS (Ex Gong)
+ WANDERING SPIRIT
BAR — LIGHTS — ADMISSION £1.25
Tel: Hoddesdon 44912

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex
Friday March 25 in The Kingdom Room

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
Tickets £1.20 advance, £1.40 on door

Tickets available from Social Secretary, Brunel University S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel (89) 39125. Members Bar.
Tube: Uxbridge. Buses 204, 207, 233, M4 one mile.

CAPITAL RADIO IN ASSOCIATION
WITH ROD MACSWEEN AND TRINIFOLD
"HELP A LONDON CHILD"
presenting A Charity Performance of

GOLDEN EARRING
with special guests **WIDOWMAKER**
THE RAINBOW THEATRE, LONDON
Friday March 25, 1977 at 7.30 pm
Tickets: £2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Box Office: The Rainbow Theatre, 232 Seven Sisters Road, N4
Tel: 01 263 3148

DACORUM DISTRICT COUNCIL
(in association with Nigel Butler)
at the
PAVILION, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
SUNDAY APRIL 3rd at 7.15 pm

OSIBISA
+ TOBY
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Box Office, Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead, telephone Hemel Hempstead 64451, or £1.60 on door
APRIL 12th: JACK BRUCE BAND

The Commodores

Birmingham, London, Leeds

WHILE IN THE bowels of British cities something nasty stirs, up and over on the sunny side of rock'n'roll the only genuine musical revolution of the last decade — the emancipation of American blacks — keeps on keeping on, wiping out previously insurmountable barriers.

New Wave seems to be the fashionable tag this month, so I guess I'm talking about new wave soul. Except that as far as the creators are concerned it's only rock'n'roll, on the for-real side. It's the era that was opened up by Sly and Jimi and is currently headlined by the likes of Earth, Wind & Fire, Parliafunkadelicment Thang, The Ohio Players . . . and now The Commodores. No Question.

From out of Alabama and neighbouring southern states by way of New York and LA The Commodores have snuck up on the great American consciousness and finally given Motown street-level credibility in the 70s. 'Fact is, they're probably their brightest hope.

Certainly they're their most exciting act.

After witnessing, absorbing and getting damn near hysterically carried away by the first three gigs of their first major European tour I'm not suggesting that they're great . . . I'm telling it as a stone cold fact.

It's not lightly I admit that a group has moved me to dance *and* to tears, both in a public place, and both in the short time span of two consecutive songs.

Salty cheeks were occasioned by their immaculate performance of "Just To Be Close To You", their latest single over here and already firmly established as one of the classic emotive soul ballads.

It's more compelling even than "Sweet Love", their previous ballad hit, performed with equal conviction and actually able to provoke British audiences to stand up, sing the chorus and wave their arms from side to side like lilies.

Similar harmonic and melodic empathy was triggered by "This Is Your Life" and "High On Sunshine", while the rest of their act is funky fun, from their opening party hearty and "Do The Bump" instruction, through a killer version of "Fancy Dancer" (so much stronger than the record) to the closing medley of their early disco-strut hits, "Machine Gun", "I Feel Sanctified" and "Slippery When Wet."

Look, I realise that a lot of you misunderstand stage uniforms, dance routines and the whole peripheral trappings of black musical tradition, but if you can't cope with the window dressing just be cool and go in and sample the goods. Get next to the music.

Commodores are rock-'n'roll, rhythm and blues, any ole way you choose it. They're great.

Cliff White

Chieftains

National Theatre

IT'S A NICE place, the Olivier Theatre. You can have a drink in the well appointed Olivier Bar after a snack in the Olivier Buffet before being shown to your seat in the Olivier Stalls by the Olivierettes.

The Chieftains are the first group to be invited to play at the National Theatre, after composing the music for *Playboy Of The Western World*, which finished last week.

The stage was still set for *Playboy* when Paddy Moloney led The Chieftains on to dazzle and spellbind a capacity house. Despite Sean Potts doubting the authenticity of the set, it's the nearest that an audience will get to seeing the Chieftains in a 'natural' environment now that they're capable of selling out concert halls virtually anywhere in the world.

Not that they need a phoney set to aid their music. It's so charged with atmosphere that even the vastness of the Olivier became as intimate as a Dublin bar.

Despite the group's initial nervousness, it was a triumphant evening for them, as they showed the audience, restrained at first, that there's more to a Chieftains concert than a Royal Tank Corps singsong, and demonstrated why their concerts attract the sort of superlative that make a publicist superfluous.

It was a well balanced set, from the ridiculously fast Kerry slides to the elegant airs from Derek Bell's harp. You could have heard the froth settling on a pint of Guinness during the achingly beautiful "Carrickfergus", and there can't have been a dry eye in the house.

It still amazes me the response that Chieftains music evokes. After fiddler Sean Keane's two jigs the audience threw restraint to the winds and went berserk — not polite, enthusiastic, didn't he do well applause, but foot stamping, raise the roof bananas.

It's essentially simple traditional Irish music, but lovingly arranged by Paddy Moloney and played spectacularly. Despite the complexity of Moloney's arrangements, you can't deny the outward simplicity and appeal of the tunes.

The marathon "Bonaparte's Retreat" just gets better and better, from the haunting opening lament, "Flight Of The Wild Geese", through the rousing "March To Victory", with the collapse of the French Empire thrown in for good measure.

If their next album is a live one — in glorious Olivierama — then a splendid time is guaranteed for all.

Patrick Humphries

JAZZ DIARY

LAST CALL FOR Jazz Centre Society's "Jazz At The Shaw". **Clark Terry's Big Band** and **Keith Tippett's Ark** kick things off on 28th March, with Terry also blowing at the Davenport Theatre, Stockport on 27th. **Chris McGregor's Blue Notes, Jimmy Raney's Quartet** and **Adam Makowicz** are on 29th March. **Buddy Tate & Jim Galloway** and **Axel** are on 30th, plus the **Louis Stewart / Peter Ind Duo.** On 31st, the London Jazz Composers' Orchestra. April 1st has **Stan Tracey's** "Under Milk Wood" with **Donald Houston** and the **Tracey Quartet,** plus **John Dankworth / Paul Hart Octavius.** On 2nd **Bobby Hutcherson,** plus **Jasani.**

Often overlooked, the regular Friday night gig at Peanuts with **Mike Osborne, Jeff Green, Harry Miller** and mates — Kings Arms, Bishopsgate. **Jeff Clyne's Turning Point** are playing at South Hill Park, Bracknell on 25th March and down the 7 Dials on 31st. At the Phoenix, **SME** with both **Trevor Watts** and **Evan Parker** on 30th. At the Stapleton, on the corner of Crouch Hill and Mount Pleasant Crescent, the **Heinz Dreshel Quintet,** including **Frank Roberts** and **Simon Woolf** on bass, blowing on 28th for free.

New releases from Germany include **Jack De Johnette's** "Pictures" with **John Abercrombie** for ECM; bassist **Arild Andersen's** "Shimri" also on ECM; trumpeter **Herbert Joos'** "Daybreak" with symphonic strings for JAPO.

New jazz books out include **Duke Ellington's** *Music Is My Mistress* published by Quartet, with a wealth of photos; *Duke,* a portrait by **Derek Jewell,** Elm Tree Books; and *The World Of The Big Bands* by **Arthur Jackson,** published David & Charles.

Brian Case

Jack Bruce Band

Sheffield University

AFTER THE ego clashes of the Bruce/Bley/Taylor conglomerate, it comes as no great surprise that Jack Bruce should surround himself with relatively unknown musicians and plonk himself right back in the driving seat with his new band.

What does come as a surprise, however, is that this band should, on their debut tour, do a mammoth set which coolly takes in *dejasvu* from the whole of Bruce's career — a feat which in itself points to the awesome versatility and range of the musicians involved — and places them unashamedly side by side with their newer material.

The band (Bruce on bass, Tony Hymas on keyboards, Hughie Burns on guitar and former 801 drummer Simon Phillips) is naturally not without its faults, but these, one feels sure, can only be transient.

Of the older material, "Born Under A Bad Sign" suffers most, primarily from what appears to be a slight rhythmic breakdown between Bruce and Phillips. The diminutive Burns, very natty in kilt and sporran, takes a solo which could also stand improvement, and for a short while I'm drawn to wonder whether Bruce's intention is merely to showcase his own impeccable playing against a backing of weaker musicianship. As the song progresses and Phillips gets to grips with things, however, such notions are rapidly dispelled.

"Lost Inside A Song", from the new album, suffers from a forced emotional ending, with Bruce's strained vocals set against The Dreaded Mellotron Backdrop.

"Something To Live For" redresses the balance, the band in a more restrained mood, gently pushing out a smooth strutting rhythm. Bruce's bass playing is as stern and upright as ever, but now seems to be imbued with far more bounce than before, rather like an elaborate Alan Spenner.

The band's potential is only hinted at much of the time, and only realised to any extent when everyone's going full-tilt. Phillips shows himself to be a quite staggering drummer in the tried and tested "fusion" tradition; in conjunction with Bruce's bass, the band have as solid and imaginative a rhythm section as can be found anywhere in these sceptered isles.

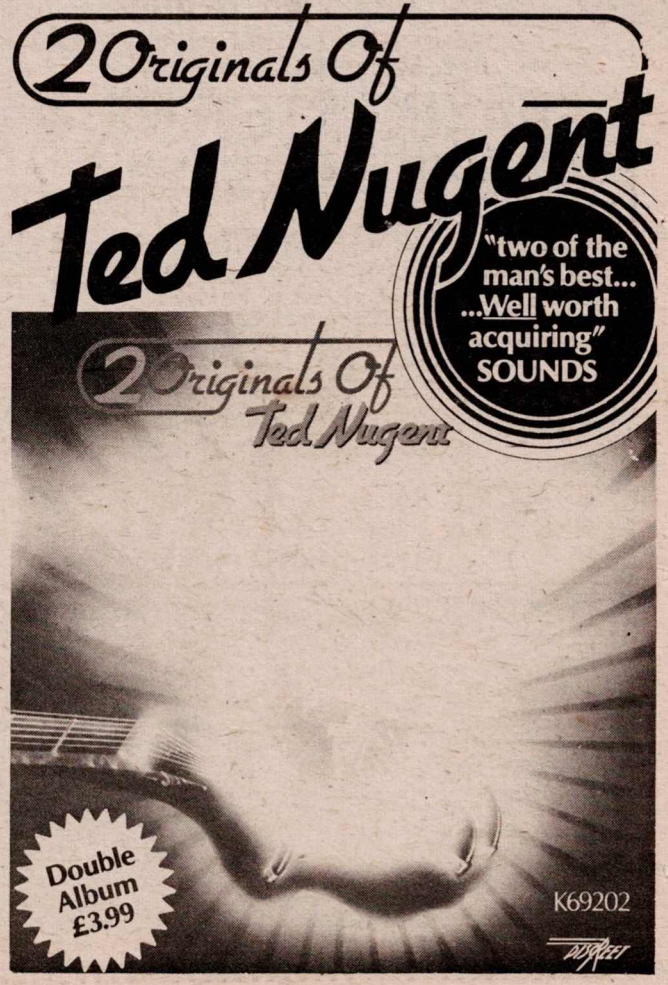
Hymas appears to be content with the occasional rhythmic prod, doing much the same job as Max Middleton does for Jeff Beck. (It's interesting to note, in passing, that Beck and Bruce are now closer musically than Bruce and Clapton ever were: the similarity is often astonishing).

Unfortunately, Burns is no Beck, and lacks, as yet, the breadth of imagination to cope with an extended solo. He possesses, however,a remarkable tenacity and obvious desire to learn, and it shouldn't be too long before he fulfills the promise Bruce sees in him.

There are very few complications in the musical stance of this band; they take their lead from established funk-jazz traditions and place plenty of emphasis on the Bruce / Phillips axis: double-threat music which hits on both the physical and cerebral levels, as their version of Lifetime's "Spirit" so aptly demonstrates.

Vocally, Bruce is in fine form: occasionally sounding like Dino Valente, occasionally camping it up (as on the cathartic "Sunshine Of Your Love"), but always expressive, and obviously well at ease within his latest setting. The Jack Bruce Band may well do for him what Wings has done for McCartney; maybe now he'll be more than merely "ex-Cream".

Andy Gill



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Gabriel freaks and Petty breaks:

TASTY TOONS IN BIG APPLE

Peter Gabriel

NEW YORK

WEARING NOTHING more than a hooded track suit, Peter Gabriel turned in a show on Saturday at New York's Palladium Theatre as magnificently bizarre as anything he's done in the past with Genesis.

At one point during Gabriel's hour and a half set — which featured his solo album in its entirety, as well as (would you believe) Marvin Gaye's "Ain't That Peculiar" and the Kinks' "All Day And All Night" — the singer zapped everybody out by walking into the audience for parts of "Waiting For The Big One", a slow blues hybrid of Randy Newman's affectionate cynicism and Tom Waites' booze-drenched pathos.

Gabriel had baffled the audience by starting the song, not from the stage itself, but flopped out on a ledge about 20 yards stage right, looking like the song's happily dejected drunk. And he got weirder as the show progressed, never opting for anything other than the unpredictable.

In the preceding "Moribund The Burgmeister", by merely hunching up his back and grotesquely toying with his suit's hood, Gabriel became that song's subject too.

When he wasn't 'acting' Gabriel would sit, head slightly tilted to the audience, at a piano stage left.

The set included two new songs, "What To Do", and a number yet to receive a lyric. To compensate, the baffling Gabriel sang gibberish into a harmoniser, a device which syntesizes your own voice with a previously recorded one. The effect was like something out of "Sparky's Magic Piano"; with its lovely melody, Gabriel got away with it and the adoring audience loved it.

"What To Do" was the set's only weak song: It came on like third rate Genesis in a musically romantic mood. Perhaps with the benefit of his former colleagues, "What To Do" could have been knocked into shape, but now the song is doomed for the chop and won't be included when Gabriel reaches Britain next month. In its place will be "Strawberry Fields Forever."

Gabriel's performances of the oldies, "Ain't That Peculiar" and "All Day And All Night", were pretty damned crazed too. As ever, Gabriel's seven-piece band (some of the highest paid sessionists in America) played great, guitarist Steve Hunter (a star in his own right in New York) scything in on the latter with power chords so potent they'd axe an oak in seconds, Gabriel acting the songs, rather than singing them, with affectionate parody.

It was as if Gabriel, on these songs, was some schoolboy who, despite never having a cat in hell's chance of making it as a soul or rock'n'roll singer because of certain physical inadequacies, had found himself onstage in front of an audience and wasn't about to get inhibited.

Otherwise, while sometimes lacking his usual vocal power, he sang straight from the heart. Ironically enough, it was a Genesis number, "Back In New York" from "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway", which Gabriel sang with the most overt commitment — doubtless because of his familiarity with the song.

The encore had Gabriel changing out of his track suit into his Rael gear — jeans, T-shirt and black leather jacket — to give a very moving performance.

Although he has surrounded himself with the musicians who worked on his album, they don't always stick to carbon copies of the records' arrangement. For instance, the show opened with a truncated version of "Here Comes The Blood", ending before it reached its heroic climax.

Later in the show the song was reprised, something which I for one thought signalled the end of the set. However, it wasn't to be and there were, confusingly enough, a good few numbers to go.

But to the band itself. These guys are the tops — and yet the music didn't always have the necessary depth or light and shade to bring out arranged music like Gabriel's, something which presumably will come with time. The mix was muddy, to say the least — the bass was totally inaudible.

I've always admired Steve Hunter's performances on record, but on Saturday night, although technically excellent, he came on as too slick by half with his lame guitar hero posturing, emphasised all the more by Gabriel's own very creative visuals.

Also on guitar was one Robert Fripp, sitting down (of course), at the stage's very perimeter looking tediously cool, as if by his lack of posing he was out to out-pose everyone. Because of the sound it was impossible to tell what his contributions were.

However, when introduced, the New York audience gave Fripp an exaggerated standing ovation. God, they like their cult heroes over here.

Gabriel's show, like his album, proved him to be one of the most challenging, stimulating and creative forces in rock. And it's about time those of you prejudiced against Techno-rock wised-up to the fact that Gabriel transcends the genre anyway.

Genesis fans will dig it and more besides. It isn't rock-'n'roll, but it's moving. Sure the set needs tightening up, but with only two weeks on-the-road experience you can't expect perfection, can you?

Steve Clarke

TOM PETTY charged on stage at New York's Bottom Line in his little black dog's collar and Edgar Winter hair and he and The Heartbreakers knocked everybody over on their bums. The local audience swallowed great gobs of rock'n'roll in ecstasy, as the skull-faced archetypal guitar hero jerked about as if he were plugged into the mains.

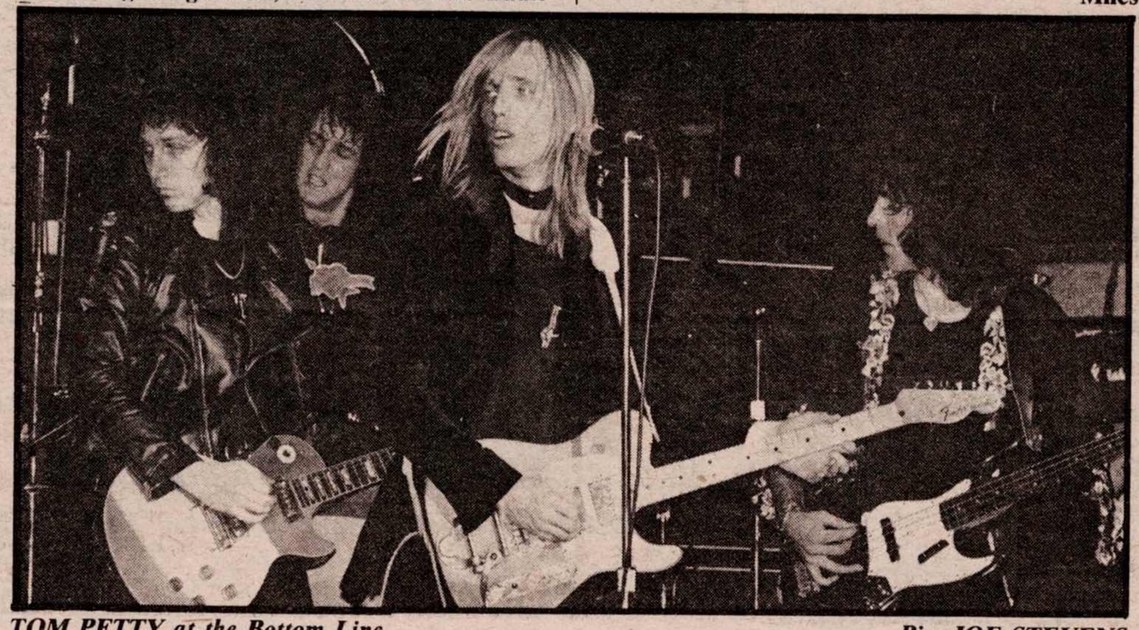
They did "I Don't Know" and Petty's elegantly wasted lead guitarist adopted a stance which looked like he was propped up in a 3.00 am alley as he allowed his hand to lazily strum immense power chords — all the time looking away as if it wasn't him playing that stuff.

He's a great guitarist, axe held low like Eddie Cochran or Chuck Berry. The stage at this place must be splintered and worn from so many duck walks, but there's always room for one more — particularly if it's as authentic and uncompromising as this.

On "American Girl" Petty sounded like McGuinn, which is odd since, though McGuinn sings it too, it was Petty who wrote it. Great song. Guitar solo sounded like it was ripped off from a 1958 Presley tape.

They left the stage with a feedback roar which left everyone's fingertips tingling and a bevvy of record company executives plotting to try and steal Petty away from his company. Some of the best rock and roll I've heard in years!

Miles



TOM PETTY at the Bottom Line *Pic: JOE STEVENS*

Horslips

EDINBURGH

WELL NOW, this was an eye-opener, wasn't it? I confess I still had them down as electric folkies but I was so wrong. What we have here is an unusually gifted and inspired ROCK band.

To begin at the beginning, you sit facing a magnificent backdrop of a Celtic-inspired pattern, flanked by two quasi-mythical beasts, gold on black.

The drum kit is stage centre, with gilded monsters sitting erect on either side. The lights dim, the tapes roll, and the monsters, bathed in red light, begin to blow smoke.

Just when you begin to get the notion that things are not going to be what you expected, on march a leather jacketed crew of five to lay down straight, uncompromising rock.

Strident organ chords open "The Power And The Glory" before Eamonn Carr weighs in on drums. He's having none of this Dave Mattacks pussyfooting, and any notions of folkies are quickly dispelled.

There's no let up for "The Rocks Remain", which follows straight on, nor for "Mad Pat" or "Blindman" after that. Finely crafted, melodic rock — this is a revelation. The brain begins to reel with barely suppressed superlatives.

The only break is for some of the quieter moments from "A Celtic Symphony" before they're back driving on to the climax of "Dearg Doom".

Their material is fairly evenly split between the old and the new. There are only two songs from "The Tain", but significantly those are "Dearg Doom" and "Silver Spear", which show where Horslips are now — joyous, lifting rock music.

They air most of the excellent new album, "The Book Of Invasions", praised by Angus MacKinnon a couple of months ago and now available here on DJM. Particularly recommended are "The Power And The Glory", "The Rock Remain", "Trouble With A Capital T" and "Sword Of Light", all of which are in the new set.

Somehow the word 'rock' doesn't really do justice to the wealth of imagination in Horslips' ideas. It doesn't adequately convey the sympathy in spirit (if not content) for the traditional, nor the sophistication in composition. They now use the traditional as an inspiration, rather than a vehicle, for their own thoroughly contemporary music.

Rock at least conveys the emotion and excitement present in Horslips.

The combination may not please the hairies in the pubs of Dublin who accuse the band of "murtherin' " the traditional music, but Horslips' is by far the most comfortable of the marriages of rock and traditional music to have yet emerged. Theirs is a natural conceptual whole, not a hybrid or a shotgun wedding.

Vitality is the key word, from Eamonn Carr's drumming and Barry Devlin's firm, assured bass through to the frontmen weaving their patterns of sound over the rhythm powerhouse.

Jim Lockhart fills out the sound unobrusively on organ and leads on flute and whistles; the small dark and suitably elfin-looking Charles O'Connor provides the excitement with mandolin, fiddle and concertina.

That most unlikely guitar hero, John Fean, a skinny kid in a black T shirt, looks unmoved, almost uninvolved — yet he pours forth powerful, blues-fired guitar that would wrench a heart of stone. Together, the band exude a totally unforced energy, manifested in powerful, accessible music with a soupcon of the supernatural.

Ian Cranna

Roy Orbison

BRISTOL

THE RED VELVET and gold tat Victorian Hippodrome decor creates a voluptuously warm atmosphere — they ought to have more rock gigs here. Tonight The Black and White Minstrels have made way for this show, though you wouldn't know it to look at the over half full family audience. The second perfomance later this evening is sold right out.

The slightest hint of a scream — "It's him!" — and on walks Roy Orbison.

Waitaminute! — what am I doing at a Roy Orbison concert? *Remember what Nik Cohn said — "He wasn't a likely looking pop star but he could cut just the same . . . he had a classic voice . . . Orbison was the very best brew going . . . The big O . . ."*

Yet more self justification; *You might get some idea of how our current batch of pop superstars are going to look in the 1980s. And from Slim Whitman to the Shadows, OAP rock is big business these days, right?* Oh yeah.

Onstage Orbison looks like a vertical corpse, his face an unreal deathmask white — but apparently that's what it has always resembled. His podgy frame is stuffed into a fringed white leather Vegas jump suit of the type made popular by those truly wonderful Guys 'n'Dolls.

Straight into "Only The Lonely" (to think I was just a cute two year old when that was topping the UK charts), and one hour and nineteen songs later "Pretty Woman" signals the end.

Throughout he's accompanied both by an adequate — as in Play-the-guitar-in-24-hours — eight-piece band, all of whom seem possessed by a frantic compulsion to demonstrate that they too have that sparkling ring of confidence, and by string and brass sections, who obviously feel embarrassed in their black Moss Bros evening dress.

Although Orbison's voice still sounds in good shape, the songs which I can recognise lack the power of their vinyl predecessors. And judging by the method in which he hurries the proceedings along, this is a strictly disinterested conveyor-belt deal — take the money and run.

The paying customers, on the other hand, are having a ball: each song gets a polite round of applause as it starts and the sort of ever so rapturous reception at the end that sounds like a sea-lions' coach trip to Billingsgate.

All Orbison says between songs is "Thank you" — until the finish, when he manages the eloquent "Thank you, you've been a fantastic audience." Too right, squire, and more than you deserve. There can be few business men around building themselves such a large pension fund with such ease.

If this is what my heroes will be doing in the 1980s, I hope I'll be into Lithuanian folk music in ten years' time.

David Housham

Jan Akkerman & Kaz Lux/ Kayak

SHEFFIELD

THE FIRST time I heard Kayak was earlier on the day of this gig; they came across on record as a more pleasant, condensed version of Yes (not exactly the band I'd choose to be shipwrecked with) with a nice line in catchy melodies and none of Yes' ponderous pretensions — although a little on the contrived side in terms of content and approach.

The first I *saw* of Kayak was a pair of white satin wings flapping from the singer's arms; these I shortly perceived, with a snort of derision, to be ridiculously flared sleeves, the like of which I'd not seen since....well, for quite a while, anyway.

So, how was it that from such unfavourable first impressions, I should end up paying a great deal of attention to Kayak? After all, I've not been able to locate a single album by Yes, Supertramp or Genesis — the bands Kayak most resemble — that I've felt other than violently disposed towards.

The answer, I feel, lies in Kayak's penchant for short songs, and their strict rationing of solos to minimise tedium. Okay, so their arrangements are a little on the grandiose side, and at least one of their songs, "Rivers From A Distant Age", not only suffers from a 4th-form "metaphysical poetry" title, but is also just as boring as that title suggests; nonetheless, they score a few stars for being tightly-rehearsed and managing to retain their onstage excitement.

Much of the credit for the superiority of their live performance over their recorded work must go to new drummer Charles Louis Schouten, who not only rocks like the proverbial bitch, but also handles complicated little fills and frills with ease, in pretty much the same way that Preposterous Prairie Prince drives the Tubes along. Highlight of the show, surprisingly, was the percussion break, where vocalist Max Werner took to the timbales to accompany Schouten on what was more than just a drum solo.

Suffice to say that if they can match their live performance on record, they shouldn't have too many problems.

Suffice also to say that if the Jan Akkerman/Kaz Lux Band had generated one-tenth the interest of Kayak, I (and many others) would have been well pleased with this double-Dutch show. As it was, they exemplified the worst aspects of late '60s—early '70s rock, with all its attendant self-indulgent solos and pretension, but in an area which long ago became a cul-de-sac for such as Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea.

Gone is the pseudo-classical boredom of Focus, and in its place is the funk-jazz boredom of much latter-day fusion music.

Individual details, if any exist worth mentioning, are hazy: ex-Focus drummer Pierre van der Linden tried to sound like Steve Gadd, with debatable success; pianist Joachim Kuhn bored many with an overlong solo in the hackneyed "classical-rock" tradition; bassist Cees van der Laarse, on the evidence of his passe funk solo, has presumably been listening to his Stanley Clarke albums a little too much, without discovering how to *move* people like a Larry Graham; Kaz Lux has an annoying, pseudo-emotional grunt intead of a voice; Jan Akkerman gave an interesting impression of flogging a dead horse with a double-necked guitar.

And I left during the drum solo.

Andy Gill

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DISCOS: By IAN DEWHIRST

THROUGHOUT the last 20 years discotheques and clubs have played a large part in the exposure of most forms of music, but only recently have they really hit the limelight — mainly due to a revival of interest in the U.S.A. and the staggering number of disco releases each week.

So from now on *NME* will cover the complete spectrum of disco music and the club scene, reviewing most mainstream disco releases and the hot, new U.S. imports. We'll have spotlight features on various clubs and D.J.s throughout Britain, and also a comprehensive disco chart.

And in addition to these, we'll be examining record companies' promotion policies — possibly the biggest bone of contention with most D.J.s.

Since disco music often occupies 50 per cent of the singles chart, it's about time it received better treatment.

Ian Dewhirst

Import Sizzlers

AS THE nature of this column will be pretty erratic over the next few months, rather than review this week's selection of rather dire imports, I'll give a lowdown on the hottest imports of the last few weeks, which are currently packing the dance floors in the hipper clubs.

BO KIRKLAND and RUTH DAVIS: Your Gonna Get Next To Me (Claridge). Without a doubt the most catchy, popular sound of the moment. Chris Hill at London's Lazy Lady and Ian Levine and Colin Curtis at Blackpool Mecca, have been playing this solidly since before Christmas. It's also been the No. 1 import seller and when RCA decide to release it here it should be a top 30 hit. Excellent!

CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR: Dancing (Delite). This group, along with The Tramps, lead the way for disco music connoisseurs. It's almost a rip-off of "Shaft", but far more compelling and DEAD CATCHY! Now that Polydor here have lost the rights to the Delite/Vigor stable, let's hope Contempo pull out the stops on these excellent labels.

SHALAMAR: Uptown Festival (Soultrain). It's not fair of me to review this as I co-produced it, but bias apart it is the No. 1 record in the gay discos and looks like becoming No. 1 on the U.S. disco charts. Basically it's a medley of all those old Tamla Motown tunes, complete with a catchy, percussive break in the middle. Out over here next week on RCA and a hit! (I hope!).

AQUARIAN DREAM: Phoenix (Buddah). I don't particularly like this, although it has all the ingredients. There's a catchy tune, with the girl group chanting the title repeatedly and it does register after a couple of plays. It is about time Buddah scored with a disco record — so this should be it.

SYLVETTI: Spring Rain (Salsoul). The ever brilliant Salsoul comes up with a fantastic disco-intrumental, recorded in Madrid last year but thankfully bearing no resemblance to the dreaded "El Bimbo". A piano belts out the tune, and interspersed throughout are several drum breaks, complete with echoes. Salsoul could have had 5,000-plus plus sales here — 'cos that's what it's done on import so far!

JOHN DAVIS MONSTER ORCH: Up Jumped The Devil (Sam). Although not as catchy or commercial as the others on this page, this is probably the most compulsive dancer. Unlike John Davis's other material (high on the dross register) this cuts the ice, although crossover appeal will be limited.

THE ISLEY BROS: back in their "Fight The Power" bag.

And now for some matters of import . . .

ISLEY BROS: The Pride (T Neck). I can never figure these guys out. Half the time they are into a real mellow, laid-back style, then they revert back to their "Fight The Power" days. Yes folks, The Isleys are back with the biggest hunk of funk today. A must for all specialist clubs.

G.F. AND FRIENDS: Body Language (Monument). This makes life worth living. It's almost like heavy dub meeting 60's funk. Dead basic, but also very original. There's a very sparse backing, with various chattering effects and an insidious funk beat. Absolute dynamite, floor-packer, sinus unblocker. And the instrumental flip completely cured my asthma. A.1.

OTHER RELEASES which generally stand out are: **Joe Tex** "Ain't Gonna Bump No More" (Dial) — definitely his best dancer for several years; **Bootsy's Rubber Band** "The Pinnochio Theory" (WB) — George Clinton, Bootsy and Co. delivering the most popular track off their album; **Players Association** "Love Hangover" (Vanguard) — an instrumental workout of Diana Ross's hit last year . . . could have been better; **Macho** "Mucho Mucho" — very synthesised disco sound, with a girl heaving orgasmic grunts here and there. I like it!

And now just a quick mention for two records that have been around a while but are getting great reactions in clubs, both North and South:— **Roy Ayers'** "Hey uh, What You Say Come On" has a sing-along chant at the beginning that's great to get a crowd going, and "Jam, Jam, Jam" by **People's Choice** is solid, uncompromising, fairly uptempo, gutsy with a great vocal from Franky Brunsun.

ALBUM WISE, things aren't so good. **Theodore Pendergrass's** first solo album should have been a monster, but after several plays it leaves me cold. Theodore (ex lead singer with Harold Melvin) never really exerts himself on mostly nondescript tracks.

Likewise, **Norman Whitfield** comes up with "Nytro" which again disappoints me. It's mostly hard core funk, but nothing really stands out.

I quite like **Brainstorm's** debut album on Tabu, featuring the popular long version of "Wake Up And Be Somebody" and several killer slowies. And finally, there's a group called **Slave** making their debut on Cottilion — very much in the Brass Construction/B.T. Express vein. It's all good gritty stuff, but again no standouts.

So I'll stick to **The Crown Heights Affair's** "Do It Your Way" or **Bo and Ruth's** album.

UK DISCO TOP TEN (BRITISH RELEASES)

1 **"Boogie Nights" — Heatwave (GTO)**
2 **"Don't Leave Me This Way" — Thelma Houston (Tamla)**
3 **"Sound And Vision" — David Bowie (RCA)**
4 **"This Is Tomorrow" — Bryan Ferry (Island)**
5 **"Love Hit Me" — Maxine Nightingale (UA)**
6 **"Saturday Night" — Earth, Wind And Fire (CBS)**
7 **"Gimme Some" — Brendon (Magnet)**
8 **"What Can I Say" — Boz Scaggs (CBS)**
9 **"Don't Leave Me This Way" — Harold Melvin (Phil Int)**
10 **"Sir Duke" — Stevie Wonder (Tamla)**

UK DISCO TOP TEN (US IMPORTS)

1 **"You're Gonna Get Next To Me" — Bo Kirkland and Ruth Davis (Claridge)**
2 **"Uptown Festival" — Shalamar (Soul Train)**
3 **"Phoenix" — Aquarium Dream (Buddah)**
4 **"Dancing" — Crown Heights Affair (Delite)**
5 **"Up Jumped The Devil" — John Davis Monster Orch. (Sam)**
6 **"The Pride" — Isley Bros (T Neck)**
7 **"Disco Inferno" — Tramps (Atlantic)**
8 **"Spring Rain" — Sylvetti (Salsoul)**
9 **"Love Hangover" — Players Assoc. (Vanguard)**
10 **"Whodunnit" — Tavares (Capitol)**

Disco-Lips . . .

THIS DISCO page will be featured fairly sporadically over the next few weeks, and we are not yet following any specific pattern. So if any of you D.J.s have ideas for features — such as a problem page, or a forthcoming release schedule — etc. please write to me c/o *NME* and we can try to get it together . . .

Anyway, it's bitch time now — and I'm going to ask a general question: "Why do U.K. record companies wait so long before they release US soul and disco items?"

Quite often a record can be **hot**, and D.J.s will play hell out of it while it's available as an import — because obviously the demand builds and someone has to quench it and the import companies happily do this.

But . . . they also have to face fairly heavy flack from the British companies and a small concern called the MCPS (Mechanical Copyright Protection Society).

For virtually every new import single, the import companies have to pay 4.6 pence to the MCPS — on top of the US wholesale price, freight charges, customs and VAT. If you think that's bad, just think how much albums cost!

Thus, for providing an excellent nationwide promotion service, British import companies are hit with every charge in the book.

British record companies maintain that initial import sales kill off their own sales — but somehow I doubt whether records by Boz Scaggs, Earth, Wind And Fire, Thelma Houston, Rose Royce, Tavares and James Brown to name a few, would have made the charts without the added impetus of thousands of disc jockeys throughout Britain buying them as imports and playing them.

What's the answer? Simultaneous release with the USA as several companies have already done. Result: No sales lost to imports, same sales impetus and *cheaper to the consumer* i.e. US! Over to the Record Companies . . .

Just for the record (no pun intended) I am intending to write a longer article on this subject in the future, so if you have any points please air them . . .

PROGRESSIVE Heavy Metal disco-goers may be astonished to hear **The Brian Bennett Band's** new record "Saturday Night Special" — since it bears more than a passing resemblence to a well known Allman Bros tune!

. . . Now that RCA are handling the TK roster of labels, expect a good number of disco releases, starting with **Timmy Thomas's** "Stoned To The Bone" and **Latimore's** "Something About 'Cha". Also available from RCA is **Loleatta Holloway's** great "Hit And Run" . . . **"Fat Harry's Band"** (U.S.WMOT) L.P. would seem a good bet for UK release at the moment. 'Centre City' Night Time Boogie' and 'Music Maker' are all receiving heavy play at present . . .

. . . Surprising amount of good disco items out on Decca. Check out **The Otis Waygood Band's** "Get It Started", **Hazel Dean's** "Look What I've Found At The End Of The Rainbow" and **Jimmy Chambers** "Love Don't Come Easy Girl" (Cube). The latter sounds very much in the Billy Ocean/Maxine Nightingale vein . . . Pat on the back to Atlantic for their impressive marketing and advance promotion for Boney M and Cerrone. Twelve-inch disco discs that *retail* for 70p are excellent value, although U.K. Whitfield label was first . . .

. . . CBS/Epic would make quite a few friends by digging into their vaults for some *good* Northern gems they own. I still say **The Poppies'** "Pain In My Heart" and **The French Fries'** instrumental of "Dance To The Music" would be massive disco items. Incidentally The French Fries record is probably the most demented punkoid instrumental rocker ever — seriously! . .

. . . Talking of Northern Soul, Capitol are currently doing well via their **Nancy Wilson** and **Al DeLory oldies** . . . Congrats to **Noel Edmunds** for having the impeccable taste to play "Free" by **Deniece Williams** as his record of the week.

DISCO SCENE

All lineage in this section 12p per word

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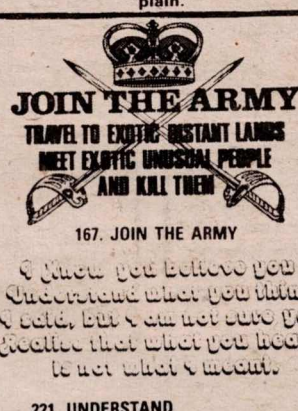
125. VULTURES

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

663. COOL IT (FONZIE)

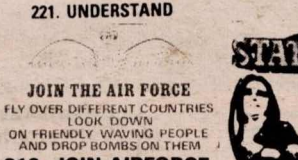
214. BIONIC COCK



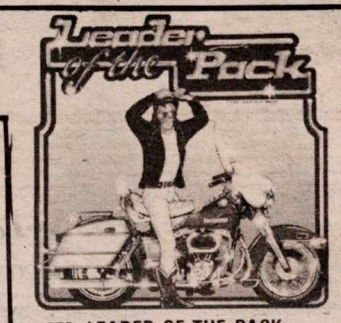
167. JOIN THE ARMY

I know you believed you understood what you think I said, but I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.

221. UNDERSTAND



219. JOIN AIRFORCE



673. LEADER OF THE PACK

503. SCREW

665. SILVER JUBILEE

239 OFFICIAL GOOD IN BED EMBLEM

LIPSMAKIN
THIRSTQUENCHIN
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188. PRODUCT

142. SANTANA

134. GENESIS

168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

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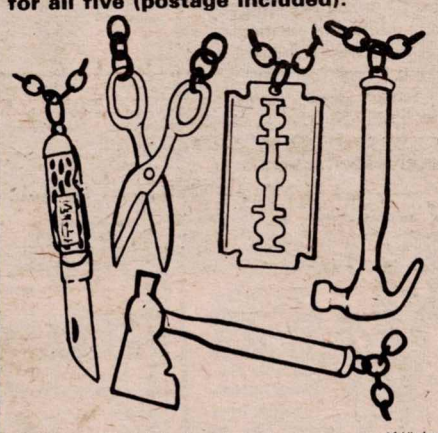

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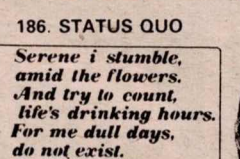
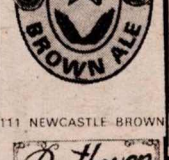
612. PATCH

528. APOLLO



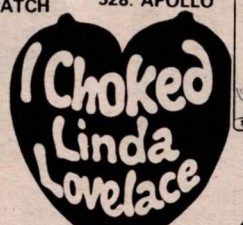
186. STATUS QUO



111 NEWCASTLE BROWN

229. SERENE BOOZER

506. STATUS QUO



650 CHOKED

159 BEETHOVEN

175. UNION JACK

135. STATUS QUO

224. WINGS

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EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

CONTENTS
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CERTIFIED
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GUARANTEED PURE

129. CONTENTS

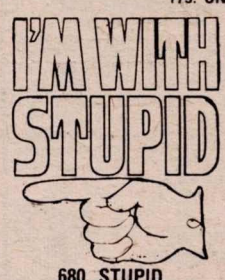
227. MILCH TRAY

215. SING IN MORNING

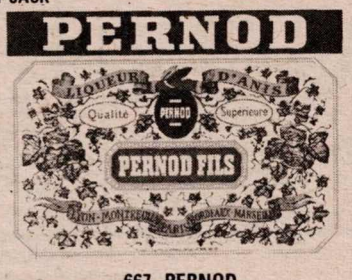
220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN



680. STUPID



667. PERNOD

682. HAWKWIND

200. NAZARETH

148. LED ZEP

677. SUPERSIGN

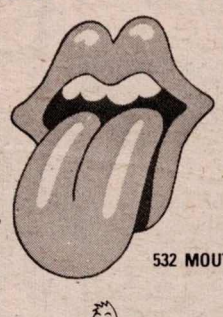
No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

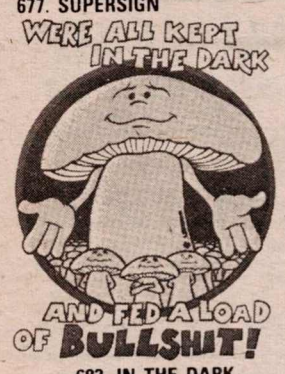
143. SON OF A BITCH

653. STARSKY & HUTCH

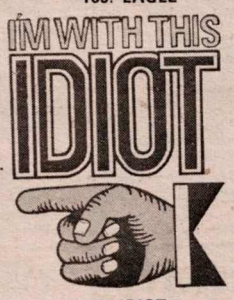


532 MOUTH

232 REALITY



683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN

115. BLACK SABBATH

234. THIN LIZZY

674. OSTRICH

235. GUITAR & DRUMS

664. CAMEL SMOKER

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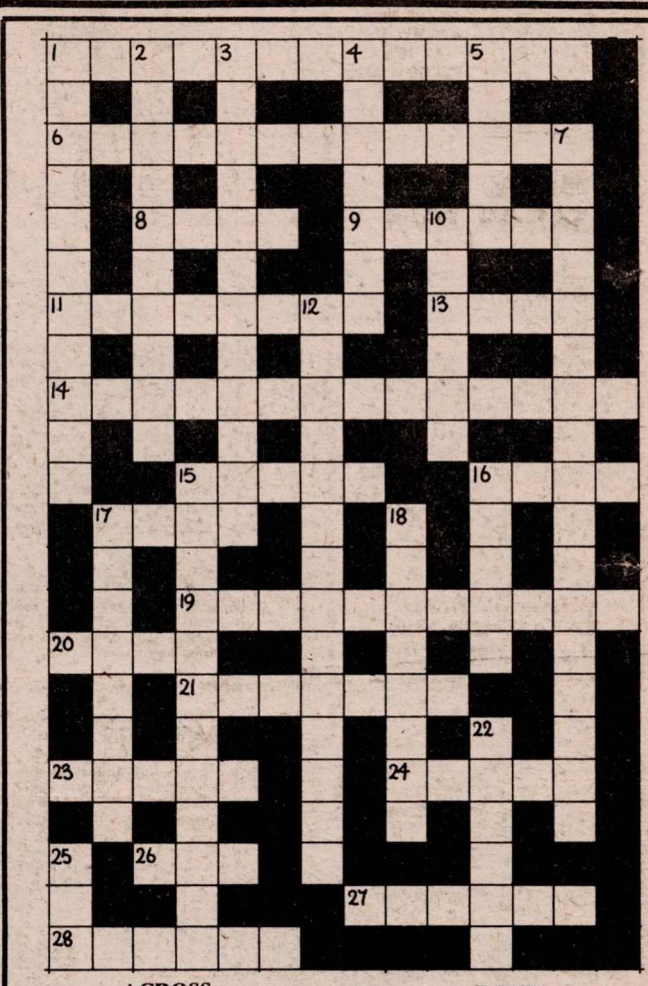


ACROSS

1 Rolling Thunder fiddler — also on "Desire" and "Hard Rain" (7,6)
6 L. Sayer L. Pee (7,6)
8 Mrs Visconti — she's one of the voices on "Sound and Vision"
9 See 27
11 Formerly of Brinsley Schwarz Schwarz Schwarz, producer of "Damned Damned Damned" (4,4)
13 Forerunner of Vinegar Joe, featured Elkie Brooks and Robert Palmer as vocal front line.
14 Had his biggest hit with "Patches" in 1970 *(no relation)* (8,6)
15 Bobby Hebb hit currently under revival (?) by Bony M
16 Kalin Twins hit currently under revival (?) by Showaddywaddy
17 Ageing Glaswegan currently in need of revival (?!?)
19 Deceased wimp outfit had No.1 with "Juliet" in 1964 (pre-Decimilization) (4,7)
20 Beatles oldie (of the movie of the same name)
21 Bespectacled oldie (his other trademark was his prediliction for black)
23 Ex of the band of the same name, he went on to sing with Boxer
24 For dancing in Paris?
26 & 17 down Dutch axeman
27 & 9 Tiny tootsie person
28 See 5

DOWN

1 Wrote and sung on the American smash "Rhiannon" (6,5)
2 It's too late for *him* to say he hated "Rock Follies"! (4,6)
3 Now here's a man who man knows 'is mohair!' (3,9)
4 Jackson, Davison, Moraz
5 & 28 Creator of the "Frankenstein" monster
7 A Crossword Playlet Worried Mum: "It's my Eddie doctor, he just sits in his room whittling the cat every day." GP: "Don't worry madam, he'll grow out of it. And if the lobotomy doesn't work we,ll have his head off." Crossword Compiler: "7,10". Applause. Curtain.
10 See 22
12 Another Beatles oldie (2,3,4,2,3)
15 Otherwise known as the Zim's Folly (4,8)
16 John/...../County
17 See 26
18 Wrote "Down In the Boondocks" for Billy Joe Royal and "Games People Play" for himself (3,5)
22 & 10 Producer and co-founder of Immediate, fancied himself as the British Phil Spector
25 David gets down

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Heavy Metal Kids; 6 Robert Henrit; 8 "If You Leave Me Now"; 10 "Hound (Dog)"; 11 Move; 12 Steve (Cropper); 13 Roger (Scott); 16 "Sabotage"; 18 Clive Davis; 19 "(Hound) Dog"; 21 Scott; 22 (Paul) Rodgers; 24 "Boxed"; 25 (Manfred) Mann; 27 David Crosby; 28 Frankie (Miller).

DOWN: 1 Herbie Hancock; 2 Amboy Dukes; 3 The Ramones; 4 "In The Ghetto"; 5 Sam Cooke; 7 Reeves; 9 "Under The Boardwalk"; 14 "Radio Romance"; 15 "Peggy Sue"; 17 Martha (Reeves); 19 "Dream Baby"; 20 "Odds'n'Sods"; 23 Cropper; 26 Nice.

I WOULD LIKE to give you an eye witness account of the events which happened in Leicester on Friday, March 11th, with regard to the Generation X/The Boys concert. If you have not heard about how the lead guitarist in Generation X had a glass smashed in his face, then here it is from a simple punter's view.

Leicester University's Grand Easter Ball with the inclusion of the first punk bands to visit Leicester had caused tremendous interest from hippies to punks, from councillors to Mothers' Institute members. Everyone who was anyone on the local music scene had to get a ticket; consequently a 40p ticket was going outside for £2-3 — not very much you might say, but for a band practically unknown outside London, and for a usually apathetic Leicester audience, quite amazing.

I hadn't got a ticket so I settled down outside along with about 50 others to try and see what we could through the glass walling, then some bloke whispered in my ear that they were selling tickets in the toilet. When I got there, some bald headed shark was whipping out these tickets, and yes, I paid through the nose. The way I'd worked it out it was OK, because I'd walked six miles from one side of the city to the other (no bus route) to see the New Wave and wasn't going to be stopped by £3.

So I got inside. I made for the bar on a direct route between the buildings, sunk a couple of brown ales, then took about three cans back to the hall.

At this point I began to notice that pint *glasses* (as in silica) were being taken in, an unusual thing at any rock concert let alone a punk rock concert where — due to the much publicized incident in the 100 Club where a girl lost an eye — it seemed very strange and not in accordance with the intelligence accorded to university councils and organisers.

The feeling inside the hall was one that I personally have never felt before. It was one of apprehension, the unsettling feeling of not knowing what you're about to see or what you've let yourself in for. After all, these people are reportedly not controlled by the morals of rock's unofficial bible. There was visible nervousness, without reason.

I positioned myself about two yards from the stage on the extreme right close to the speaker system. The disco blurb shut off and, "Ladies and gentlemen, let's have a big hand for THE BOYS." On they came. They certainly fitted in with everything we'd read about punk, looking dangerous, slightly comical, with a superior air and a superficial and very nervous 'couldn't give a damn' expression.

The PA system wasn't working so we didn't hear the first number's vocals, but bloody hell! We could hear the band and it certainly wasn't unpleasant. I think I'm telling the truth when I say the audience was checking on the musicianship rather than the sound, and when they found as I did that they weren't being played to by a band of morons, they began to get into it and respond, old farts and all.

Then the band had to get off after their second number (very good one) because of bad sound. When all was sorted out, the audience had talked themselves into acceptance, and when the band came out and played — man you should have seen the adapted boogie-rock dances there are in Leicester!

Another strange thing happened, people all around me, even on the other side of the room, were smiling and looking at the band, all except for a sullen faced group of about 5-10 hippies who had mentally refused to do anything but jeer. Most people had cans but they had glasses.

All the time the band were getting a reaction, stronger and stronger by the minute, with some great riffs, drumming and leadwork, until too soon, they were leaving the stage. They were so good in fact they almost got an encore (unheard of in Leicester).

The question running round the audience was, if they were the support, what on earth would Generation X be like?

A few minutes and a couple of brown ales later, on they came, to a buzz of excitement. It sounds cliched, but it was real excitement. They started the first number with a keep-your-distance attitude, and Billy Idol's "hurt - but - I'm - going - to - do - it - anyway" expression, combined with his angular but rhythmic movement, really set the place alight. The music was a fusion between 50s and 60s rock'n'roll and 70s connecting riffs. And what turned out to be their last number was great.

Even towards the end of the song heads were turning because of cans beginning to reach the stage from the proximity of those jeering hippies. Then I turned and noticed something miss Billy Idol's head by an inch, and any approximation led me again to that bunch of gits across the room. Someone else had noticed it and was getting told to piss off by them. In fact, the glass had hit a punter's foot and broken, cutting through his shoes and feet — the result, lots of blood and an angry bunch of mates.

I noticed two more glasses come across, one just flying past the drummer and another, more or less on the same trajectory as the first, designed to get either Idol or the lead guitarist. Luckily it missed, and the song finished. I clapped the band but really I was pleased that they had finished the number because it also meant the glasses stopped.

I must explain that now the audience was dividing into punks near the stage and farts further back, and it was the farts throwing glasses. There was no identifiable separation between the two groups but . . .

Generation X ripped into their fourth number. They were on the point of conquering the majority of the audience when it happened. Just as the lead guitarist was starting a break a glass hit him on the head. I saw the blood pouring down his face, going down his forehead jumping his eyebrow, onto down the line of his nose, then onto his plectrum playing hand and the floor. I'll give him 10 out of 10 for guts, he stood there for about 15-20 seconds still playing, watching his blood pour out on to the floor in front of him and onto the strings of his guitar. What got me was the detached way he watched it until he realised it was his own. He then blacked out and fell painfully on his guitar.

There was a lot of movement at the back of the hall, with the exit doors going 15 to the dozen, with cans following. There was a lot of confusion, the guitarist was taken backstage, Billy Idol began to yell for blood and asked the "Bastards" to "come up here and try it." Then a couple of punks got on stage and started throwing cans in the general direction of the glassers, who'd long gone by now, hitting some non-involved and possible converted hippies, and the whole thing was nearly a riot, saved in the nick of time by the Scottish roadie leading a condemnation of the glassers over the P.A.

I felt sick and ashamed. We all did — bewildered. Then a punk climbed onstage, grabbed the mike and said it all: "The one thing about a free society is you can listen to who you choose, and I'll be fucked if I let them take it away from me."

My sentiments exactly, and a lot of others' besides. I only hope Generation X would be good enough to come back because if they do, please tell them they'll need to book the De Mont with all the support and friends they've earned last Friday.

P. PALY, Scab On Soar, Leicester.

For your efforts in the field, you win the Bag's Commonsense and Service to Humanity Memorial LP Token. Just one thing, shouldn't we stop calling Heavy Metal Fans with long hair "Hippies", especially when they have as much to do with "peace and love" as The Battle Of The Somme — N.S.

DEAR NME and everyone in it, the process goes something like this.

On the one hand you have jobs as rock critics. This indicates you're not the kind of person who'll be satisfied with the usual ways of getting on comfortably in society. There are easier ways of making a living, and whether your motive for your peculiar job is a straightforward social concern for the things humans do at weekends, or whether it's because you want to be Metropolitan and socially celebrated (and a wish for fame usually indicates a degree of inability to fit in with things as they are), you'll always be looking for some kind of experience in the music or image of a band that will lift you away from the greasy realities of Roxploitation and justify itself on some absolute aesthetic/political level.

The NME especially — no doubt from sound commercial motives — has a policy of using journalists who write in a pseudo-radical style and who're always looking for a standard of excellence that's not merely defined by chart positions.

On the other hand you yourselves are *inevitably* — because it pays you — a part of the network of commercial exploitation that's necessary for record companies to push plastic, but which often has pretty disastrous effects on you and the bands you write of. The main point is the way you can't change your minds too often because you will alienate your readers, your bread and butter. They, feeling like identikit schoolkids or workers or unemployed want a *style* to latch onto that will make them feel like unusual or exciting people when they go out at night. That's a need for social respect quite different from your professional or intellectual motivations.

That's why you're in such a spot about New Wave rock or whatever it is. Let's say that several excellent bands — The Damned and The Clash and the Sex Pistols before McLaren hyped the purpose out of them — appeared recently. Being contemporary Londoners, they had a certain common attitude; people like Burchill & Parsons thought it might develop into some kind of transcedent shit-kicking revolutionary awareness or something (I don't know — exactly what they're looking *for* they never say). So you get excited.

In order to fulfil your purpose and sell NME, though, you have to create a *style*. This means you have to write about all the dross that gathers round the few good bands, and which you yourself help to attract through your articles' free publicity.

I was struck by this when reading your article about the Roxy Club. At first your disillusioned tone struck me as hypocritical. How *dare* you make a point about people only being there to be photographed, when you yourself pander to their wishes by *putting photos in the article?* Can't you see you're one cause, however unwitting, of their desperate social thrashings?

But now I think you're just being naive. You've numbered the Roxy. You say, "The New Wave is no more built around one club than it's one band." So what will happen is that all the NME-reading New Wavers will move to another place which you with your 180,000 or so circulation will catch up with in a week or so, and it will turn into a shithole and you will say so and so on.

The very fierceness of your longing for a New Rock Scene is self-destructive. Your cultural aspirations and your function as publicity agents for the record companies just contradict each other all down the line. But instead of acknowledging it, you're constantly being surprised and disillusioned, lying low and then rediscovering *the* answer. The ability of Nick Kent, whose critical honesty I like, to do this after so many sell-outs of so many musics is astonishing.

I'm not suggesting solutions, except maybe it would help if you weren't so ready to fit all new bands into stylistic pigeon holes. I used to want to be a rock critic but now I want to write SF — that's a medium where there's *no* starfucking (if only because hardly anyone makes enough money for it to be necessary). Meanwhile I shall listen to The Damned and The Clash, Bob Dylan, "Surf's Up", Henry Cow, Can, Steve Miller, "On Your Feet Or On Your Knees", Gong, Rundgren, The Who, Mozart, Debussy and the first 10CC album.

And I know you will too.

PETRE FERGUSON, Bainbridge, Leyburn, North Yorks.

P.S. Listening to "Low" makes me happy. Eat dirt, MacDonald! "Lament For Western Civilisation", eh? Leave the fancy metaphors to the idiots who review each other's books in the Sunday papers. At least CSM's review wasn't so pleased with itself.

Your perceptions, chum, are utterly disarming. Quite simply, I agree. — N.S.

We don't — T.P. & J.B.

There must be someway outta here. — The Joker (to The Thief).

WOW! Err . . . hey man! Like errr . . . this old hippy/punk rock scene is gettin' *really* heavy, huh? And pretty damned boring too!

I remember the good old days when your pages were alive with deep, meaningful, compassionate correspondence regarding such everday things as TITS, L.P. TOKENS, SPECIAL FRIENDS, etc.

Could it be that *tits* may one day save the world? They're a sight more entertaining, interesting, and stimulating than all the old wave/new wave verbal warfare that has filled your whateverthehellbagitis for the last few weeks.

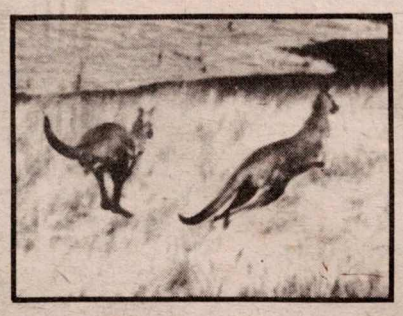
A. LARGEBROWNNIPPLE, Prenton, Birkenhead.

Yes, but do they sell papers? — N.S.

Yes, yes — Rupert Murdoch.

After the storms of winter, at last the sleeping earth awakens to the touch of a new season. As the lambs quietly growl in the new-sprung clover, and a young man's fancy turns to beating up innocent elderly citizens, it's time for . . .

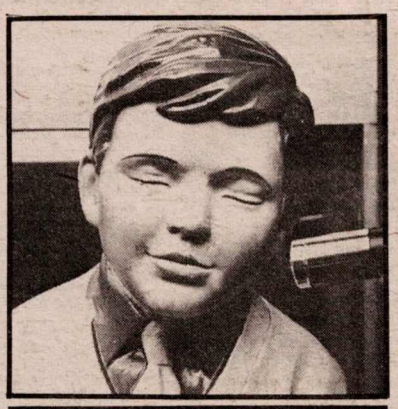
SPRING BAG

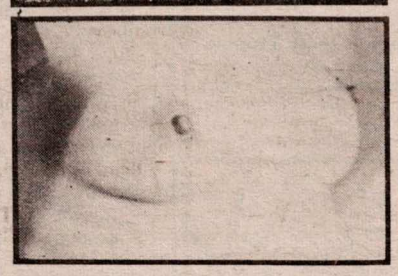


In other words, GASBAG is flinging wide the shutters, resolutely cleaning up its act, and cleaning out its old letters . . . Here's just a few of the changes in the Bag's springclean . . .

OUT GO

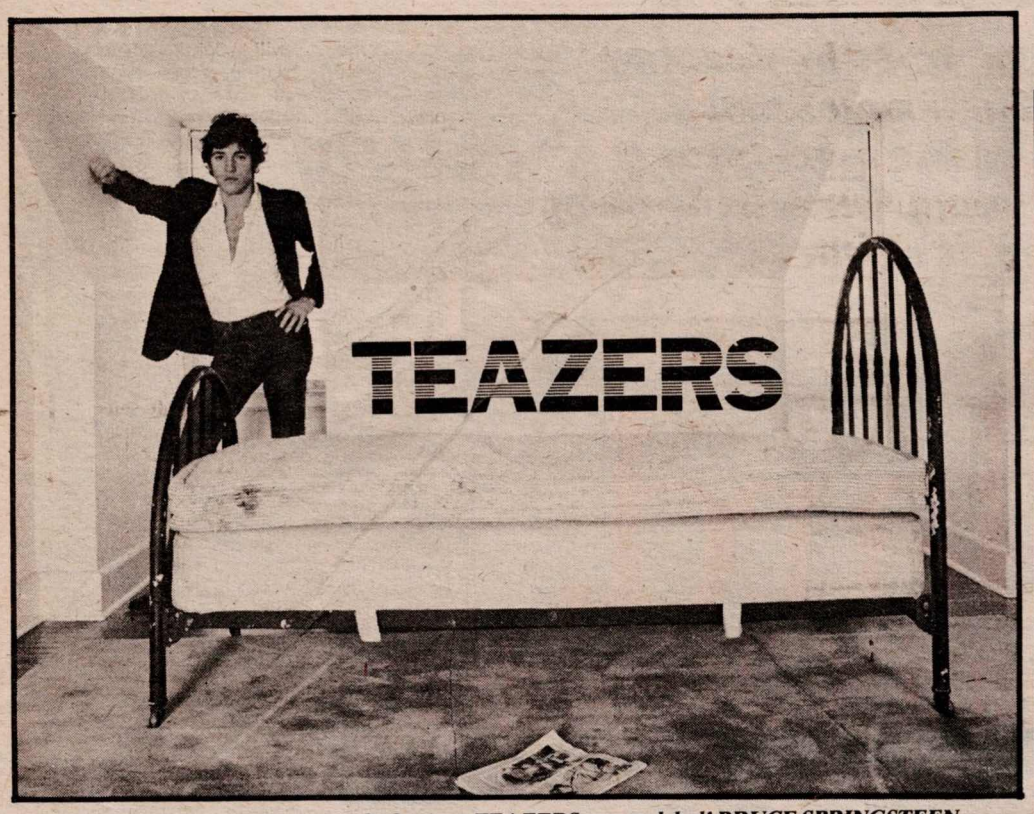
IN COME





Edited by NEIL SPENCER

Scribe your jibe to us at GASBAG, NME, 21st Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1. "Watch it mate!"



Woke up this mornin', someone had written TEAZERS over mah bed! BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN contemplates one possible outcome of his legal wranglings with manager Mike Appel. Photo by David Gahr. See interview page 7.

A WEEKLY POSTURE-SPRUNG HOTBED

A BAFFLED AND CONFUSED **Paul Cook** and **Steve Jones** of **Sex Pistols** discovered by your night-shift *T.Zers* correspondent the day after the A&M firing fiasco. Cook (baffled, drums) and Jones (confused, guitar) convinced your reporter that they knew little about The **Bob Harris** Incident, denied reports of general all-purpose debauchery (excrement in in-trays and suchlike) at the A&M offices after their press conference, and generally exuded Innocent Bewilderment (if listening to The Beatles got **Glen Matlock** the elbow, what's Innocent Bewilderment gonna do for Cook and Jones?).

"We wuz just ourselves. They knew what they were getting," said The Lads, who added that they just wanna hear a Sex Pistols record. "I had to buy a copy of 'Anarchy'," pleaded Jones.

Manager **Malcolm McLaren** (29), on the other hand, allowed that His Charges were maybe a "little drunk" at the A&M offices and that "someone broke a window", but argued in mitigation: "They're just young boys who were in high spirits because they felt good at being in out of the cold again."

And the rumours that A&M secretaries fled in fear of their lives from Pistols threatening rape and pillage?

"That's a lot of hoo-hah," said McLaren. "There were mentions of a toilet being smashed, but these are all such exaggerations.

"We really don't understand. It's beyond belief. And when we went to A&M, the people we saw there were excited about working with the Sex Pistols — they told us they were glad they didn't just have to work with the **Captain & Tenille** all the time . . ."

Meanwhile, McLaren's Boys did manage A Gig of sorts Monday night when the Pistols played a London club for the cameras of an American TV crew making a punk documentary. They did two numbers and split. Quick . . . (See also news, page three).

No less a subject for gossip-column fodder these days is the formerly Very Private **Bob Dylan** (35). The Zim's wifey **Sara** (34), who wants a divorce, has been telling a U.S. judge how scared she is of her husband of 12 years. Mrs Dylan claims Mr Dylan hit her in the face and subjected her to "physical and emotional abuse". She says she's scared to go home (home being the family's Malibu mansion), and that her children are "greatly disturbed" by her husband's carryings on and "bizarre life style". What Sara wants is custody of the children (temporarily granted), the house (The Zim's been ordered out), and a pretty hefty slice of Dylan's fortune — estimated by some at a cool 200 million greenbacks . . .

Veteran **Four Seasons** record producer **Bob Crewe** facing encasement in a chin-to-toe body cast for up to a year after being hit by a car while crossing a street in LA. Crewe broke a leg in some 20 places . . .

In New York recently, two photographers who figured on getting exclusive piccies of the *very boring* **Kiss** group *without* make-up ended up with knuckle-sandwiches instead. The action happened outside an N.Y. radio station where, at the first click of the shutters, the band's bodyguards apparently seized the cameras and hurled them to the ground. Fisticuffs ensued. . .

But can you tap your foot to it?: In the *Daily Mail* last week, reviewer **Bart Mills** wondered aloud how many **Pink Floyd** fans returned home after a concert, vanished into closets and quietly hung themselves. The melodramatic Mills decided after seeing them at Wembley that the Floyd produce the "most persuasively, unremittingly pessimistic music available today". . .

A *T.Zers* informant noted **Hank Marvin, Alvin Stardust, Kiki Dee** and **Kenny Jones** amongst the audience for the **Floyd** Wembley bash, but at press-time all were reported to be sound of body and mind (or at least as sound of body and mind as they were when they went in). . .

In a neck brace and wooly hat, **Patti Smith** among the guests at a New York party to mark the paperback publication of **William Burroughs'** *Junkie*, the movie of which is to be screenplayed by **Terry Southern** with music by **Miles Davis** and/or **Lou Reed.** Patti sent her love to all her friends in the U.K. with a special long-distance hug for **Paul** of **The Clash.** OK Patti that's your last free ad; next time use the Public Announcements like anyone else. . .

Stevie Winwood applying finishing touches to a solo album. Advance reports range from excellent to truly brilliant. . .

Good news for **Bob,** sorry, **Sara:** Architect **Dave Towbin** is denying reports that the **Dylans'** court-contested Malibu mansion is slipping into the Pacific. . .

Roger McGuinn and **Steve Soles** — of the Rolling Thunder Review — joined the Playboy Club in Los Angeles the other week. McGuinn: "That was always something which I despised, you know . . ." So he did it!

Aformentioned **Pink Floyd** intensifying bid for colour supplement market with double-page ad for "Animals" in last weekend's *Sunday Times Magazine* (the paper with the highest A, B and suicide rating in the country?). . .

While rest of **Stones** split everywhichway, **Keith Richard** stays on in Toronto recording in the studio with **Ian Stewart.** Richard and Stewart (just guitar and piano) did a take of "Worried Life Blues" which might or might not be autobiographical since, as we hear it, Keef looks far from the peak of phsyical condition . . . Ill, y'dig. . .

Correction: even as we write (gosh this is a *hot* column), **Keef Richard** has joined **Mick Jagger** in New York. The pair of them caught the **Iggy Pop** gig in the city and were *not* impressed . . .

After nearly ten years editing *Zig Zag*, **Pete Frame** has again given up the editors' chair. The latest ish contains a pathetic hatchet job on **The Damned's** album by **Mac Garry,** who may or may not be Frame in disguise. . .

Linda Lewis (25) finally made an honest man of her long time boyfriend/producer **Jim Cregan** (27), ex of **Family** and **C.Rebel** and currently of **Rod Stewart's** band, when she walked him down the aisle at East Molesey, Surrey, on Friday. The couple are honeymooning in the Seychelles. The bride wore white and "a shapely thigh" *(D. Mirror)*. . .

Party of the week was the one thrown by **SAHB** bassist **Chris Glen** and wife **Jennifer** for their pet pooch, **Caio,** on the occasion of his first birthday. The Glens invited seven of Caio's doggie friends to drop round for a spread of minced meat and potatoes (yummy). . .

The Ad That Never Was For The Single That Never Got Released. Booked as a full-page for this week's NME but withdrawn by A&M. The lyrics go something like:
God save the Queen, a fascist regime
It made you a moron, a potential H-bomb
God save the Queen.
She ain't no human being.
There is no future in England's dream.

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